LAYS OF A SOUTHERN MINSTREL

DAVID L. PULLIAM

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To
"Frank Pitts" a fine person
and friend to us -

Dave and Ann Pulliam
The author's son and daughter-in-law

South Central Virginia
Genealogical Society

David L. Pulliam

LAYS

of

A SOUTHERN MINSTREL

By

DAVID L. PULLIAM

"Poetry is the remembrance and anticipation of things: what it celebrates is not dead, and what it sings already hath existence."

—LAMARTINE

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By
David L. Pulliam
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Jewels of the South

—"Honour is the subject of my story!"

—*Shakespeare*

—"Jewels
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time sparkle forever."

—*Tennyson*

—"There are deeds which shall not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the Earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay—
The enslavers and the enslaved—their death and birth;
The high, the mountain majesty of Worth,
Should be and shall, survivour of its Woe,
And from its Immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine Snow
Imperishably pure beyond all things below!"

—*Byron*

—"Who, with heart and eyes,
Can walk where Liberty has been, nor see
The shining footprints of her Diety,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely tell her Spirit had been there!"

—*Moore*

—"My faithful Harp shall praise thee!"

—*Moore*

—"Enthusiasm is a holy fire: its flames cannot be analyzed, for it dazzles while it burns."

—*Lamartine*

—"With a Tale forsooth he commeth to you,—with a tale which holdeth children from play, and men from the chimney corner, and pretending no more, dooth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to vertue."

—*Sidney*

—"The face of Truth is not less fair and beautiful for all the counterfeit visors which have been put upon her."

—*Shaftesbury*

Dedicated

to

The Women of the South

—"Her office here, to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each."

—*Tennyson*

—"Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness,
A gathered mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace!"

—*Donne*

—"Love, suffering, hope,—what else doth make the strength
And majesty of Woman!" —*Bulwer*

—"No angel, but a dearer being, all dipped
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,—
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread!"

—*Tennyson*

—"Women have more heart and imagination than men. Enthusiasm arises from the imagination—self-sacrifice springs from the heart. They are therefore by nature more heroic than heroes. And when this heroism becomes supernatural, it is from woman that the wonder must be expected. Men would stop at valour."

—*Lamartine*

—"Man *dreams* of fame, while Woman *wakes* to love!"

—*Tennyson*

—"The mission of Woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of Woman: permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd curse,
The blessing that mitigates all: born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick World that leans on her."

—*Bulwer*

DEDICATION

Fair Women of the South! I cull no flowers
To crown the beauty of your brows and hair,—
No sweet love-ditties from famed Troubadours,—
No jewel's lustre, which were the despair
Of antique carver to enshrine in gold:
I sing your matchless glory, as 'twas told
Unto my heart, when at my Mother's knee,
Which with my life hath shone, fore'er to be
The light of all I know of Earth and arching Sky,
Of stream and leafy glen, of hills and dales,—
Of mountain-summits pinnacled in high
And snowy altitudes, of fire-side tales,—
Of your fond smiles,—your sorrows, and your
bliss,—
Your children's joys,—your love's enraptured kiss!

In Olden Days, when Knights ennobled Earth,
And trod the ways of Chivalry and Fame,
And Jesu's faith enriched a holier birth
In loftier souls, who feared the touch of shame
And vile dishonour,—and loved Truth and Right;
And walked erect from mediæval Night
Into the Orient of a purer World,
With spears a-gleam, and bannerets unfurled,
That shone like jewels in the glittering List;—
Our grand-dames stood the peeresses of peers;
And when each warrior stooped and fondly kissed,
With bearded lips, and helmets dewed with tears,
The rosy sweetness of each clustered mouth,
He drank the beauty of the beauteous South!

To whom shall we bring guerdon, save to ye—
Our Mothers, Sisters, Sweethearts, and our
Wives,—
Whose flowers of life are woven with our lives,
And blended with sweet blooms of ecstasy
And joy; and, oft, with cypress wreaths of woe,
That saddened our famed days of Long Ago;
When heroes strove, and ye dropped holy tears
To heal their wounds, or sanctify their biers;—
And your fond smiles were light unto the eyes
Of pain and anguish; and your touch was balm
Unto the broken spirit. High enterprise
From your sweet kisses sprang; and fear of harm
Died in the bliss of love: until the South
Grew beauteous as your soul and witching mouth!

Your glory is the splendour of Our Race!—
Which shall not die, though days and years shall die
And melt in the infinitudes of Space:
For 'tis the glory of your Hearts! Not banners high
Flaming in battle-fires,—not bugle-notes
Soaring in triumph, as brave foemen fly
From fame-lit Fields,— not loud huzzas from throats
Of heroes flushed with victory and lust
Of Patriots' love,—have made our fame—though
Time
Hath blazoned them o'er Earth!—Your love and
trust
And angel ways make Southron fame sublime!—
Pray sing my lays, till your sweet ministrelsy
Shall make their music immortality!

Prologue

—"All that I saw returns upon my view;
All that I heard comes back upon my ear;
All that I felt this moment doth renew."

—*Wordsworth*

—"No words may utter love; no sovereign song
Speak all it would for love's sake. Yet would I
Fain cast in moldéd rhymes that do me wrong
Some little part of all my love; but why
Should weak and wingless words be fain to fly?
For us the years that live not are not dead;
Past days and present in our hearts are wed;
My song can say no more than love hath said."

—*Swinburne*

—"O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a Stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"

—*Shakespeare*

—"The old Order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the World.
Comfort thyself!"

—*Tennyson*

—"They never fail who die
In a great cause! The block may soak their gore,—
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to City gates and castle walls,—
But still their spirit walks abroad!"

—*Byron*

—"Errour lasts only for a time, while Truth endures for ages!"

—*Lamartine*

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PROLOGUE

Imagine now old Time hath counted o'er
On hoary fingers, fifty fleeting years,
And marked them high on the Eternal Score—
Some bright with glory, and some dark with tears.

Things that were then but quick'ning in the womb
Have blossomed into life, and passed away
To gorge the maw of the insatiate Tomb—
As transient as the glist'ning pageantry
Of some bright carnival, which ere the laugh
That greets its joyance dies upon the air,
Lies mute beneath the wine we madly quaff—
Is swallowed up by cormorant Despair.
Eyes that were then the stars of other eyes
That swooned beneath the rapture of their light,
Still shine as stars, illumed with mysteries
That stud the sky of an eternal night!
Hearts that then bloomed beneath the rip'ning rain
Of holy love, and innocent delight,
Have withered at the fiery touch of pain,
That fed upon their glory, like a blight
Upon the verdure of the flowery mead,
That blushed like fabled Tempe, in its prime.
Ambition high hath grasped the gory meed
Of War, and hid his greed and sanguinary crime
Beneath the purple splendours of Renown;
Then sunk, disrobed of majesty and state—
And left a skull, engirded by a crown!
Virtue arose, resplendent and elate,
And mocked the scoffs and contumely of Sin,—
Empanoplied with Truth, hath bravely strode
O'er prostrate foes, nor feared the battle's din;
But walked with seraphs the imperial road
That leads unto the stars; yet died in doubt,
Though faith embraced her in her circling arms.
The revel, dance,—gay festival, and rout
Have glittered, like the dew—and died. Alarms
Of horrid War have shook the quaking fields,
With crimson glories; brave banners high
Have shone and blended with the gleaming shields,
In the proud front of dauntless Chivalry,—

Yet those fair banners, mould'ring in the dust,
Have shrouded forms that oft have borne them high
On War's red crest; and those bright arms are rust—
A mocking glory of their blazonry.

The Time is changed—and we must shift the scene:
In this small space we set our mimic Stage;—
Now on its boards is seen the gorgeous sheen
Of martial throngs: anon, the awful rage
Of arméd hosts, that like puissant seas
Are lashed in splendour to the vaulted sky;
Yet soon subside and smooth their agonies,
And smile beneath the starry peace on high:
And lovers too,—for in Fate's sable woof,
Sweet golden threads of ecstasy are wrought,
By Joy's deft hand, at amourous Love's behoof;
And over all is cast the lustre, fraught
With fragrance caught from fair Hesperian fields
Of Poesy, and Woman's angel smiles,—
And Cupid, cradled in bold warriors' shields,
Is rocked by Beauty, captive to his wiles.

Come, like a holy bedeman, count with me,
The jewelled beads on Time's rich Rosary,
And con them o'er, ere they forever be
Entombed in darkness, with Eternity:
And as they shine on Mem'ry's magic chain,
Revive their powers—relume their light again!

Invocation to the Southern Muse

—"I am the Holy Muse,
Whom all the great and bright of spirit choose—
'Tis I who breathe my soul into the lips
Of those great lights whom death nor time eclipse."

—Bailey

—"Poets are the trumpets which sing to battle!"

—Shelley

—"The voice of Days of Old and Days To Be."

—Tennyson

—"But stay! What subtle notes are these
Borne on the fragrant Southern breeze
From out the palms?—strange witcheries
Of purest art to genius wed
Float sweetly, grandly, overhead;
Most willingly our souls are lead
Thro' paths of fancy and delight,
Whereon the sunshine, streaming bright,
Seems mingled tenderness and might!
Oh, golden Lays! no common lyre
Outpours those strains of love or ire,
All instinct with the sacred fire!"

—Paul Hamilton Hayne

—"It softened men of iron mould,—
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone."

—Byron

—"Blest
Is he whose heart is the home of the great dead,
And their great thoughts."

—Bailey

—"The Muses, symbols of Inspiration, are the daughters of Memory!"

—Lamartine

INVOCATION TO THE SOUTHERN MUSE

Muse of the South!—Thy magic Lyre is flushed
With passioned music and supreme delight,
As virgin's heart, when her soft cheek is blushed
With Love's first wooings and his rosy light.
Await, no more, the wizzard's thrilling kiss
To wake thy slumbering melody to Song!—
Oh! give thy lowly devotee the bliss
And passion of thy love!—I'd do no wrong
To thee—sweet Mistress of the Heart and Lay!—
But cull the greenest laurels from the wood,
And with them wreathe the jasmine's starry ray—
To crown the beauty of thy maidenhood!—

Stay with me, yet awhile, Oh! Southern Muse!
And rove with me our famed and sun-lit Land:
Loiter in verduous glens; and with me lose
The frowns of Fate in flowers: and with thy hand
Lead me, in joy, o'er old historic fields
Of Fame and Glory,—where the sad eye dims
With tears unshed, and golden harvest-yields
Have healed the scars of War, and battle-hymns
Are hushed in cadence of the songs of Peace.
Their wealth and beauty, and majestic power
Outshine the glories of old Rome and Greece,
And from thy minstrelsy shall ever flower!

Enchantress! lead me to no haunted heights
Of old Olympus, famed in fabled lore;—
But to thy fountains, mirroring the lights
Of far, unfathomed stars, in forests hoar
With antique Eld, on mountains, rude and high,—
Sublimed in storms and awful altitudes—
And the vast glory and wild majesty
Of immemorial woods, and solitudes
Of shadowed valleys, where thou lov'st to dwell
And loiter with the flowers, by stream and glen,
And pluck'st the greenest bays from hill and dell,
To crown thy Poets in the Courts of Men!

Ah!—let me, like the Troubadour, who knelt
At Dulce's feet, and gazing in her eyes

So pure and blue, saw Provence fondly melt
In his sweet passion, and the paradise
Which dwelt within the glory of her face,
Sing, while I dream the sweetness of thy mouth
And the enrobing splendour of thy grace,
The glories of our fair, belovéd South!—
Give me to drink of light!—Fill fresh and high
The cup that Hebe poured in nectared flame,
To fire the souls of old Divinity—
That I may sing the South's imperial fame!

THE SOLDIER'S LOVE

A soldier looks in azure eyes,
That melt with love and grieving,
And kisses lips, whose brightness dies—
For he his love is leaving;
And he breathes, soft and low—
Sweet love, from thee I go—
Dear love, love me,
As I love thee—
Forever, evermore!—
Oh, love, love me,
As I love thee,—
Forever, evermore!

A soldier looks in azure skies,
And stars their vigils keeping,
As on the battle-field he dies—
Soon Death shall watch his sleeping;—
Yet he breathes, soft and low—
Sweet love, from thee I go—
Dear love, love me,
As I love thee—
Forever, evermore!
Oh, love, love me,
As I love thee—
Forever, evermore!

To the Veteran Heroes of the Confederacy

—"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms!"

—Beattie

—"Men whom we build our love round like an Arch
Of Triumph, as they pass us on their Way
To Glory and Immortality!"

—Bailey

—"They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gales their Names seem sighing;
The waters murmur of their Name;
The woods are peopled with their Fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claims kindred with their sacred Clay:
Their Spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their Memory sparkles o'er the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Roll mingling with their Fame forever."

—Byron

—"Great Deeds cannot die;
They with the Sun and Moon renew their Light
Forever, blessing those who look on them."

—Tennyson

—"Interest is the true key to memory. The heart of man only remembers what moves and impassions it."

—Lamartine

THE VETERAN HEROES OF THE CONFEDERACY

We stand, to-day, and gaze upon your ranks,
O, Veteran Heroes!—whose triumphant deeds
Of lofty Valour and of high Renown
Have made you foremost in the love of men,
And crowned your brows with amaranthine bays:
And in your presence bow our humbled heads,—
And do you reverence for the mighty past!

Ye, men, who march in peace and quiet ways,
With banners flaunting to the wooing breeze,—
And strains of music swelling to the sky,—
Amid the smiles and blessings of the throng
Of beauteous women, and the joyous laugh
Of children flowering from the multitude;
And loud huzzas from hearts as brave as yours,—
Were once as hot in battle's bloody front,
As lofty Paladins on glory bent,
When led by Richard and his famous Peers—
And Guesclin bold, and Bayard pure and high,
The knightliest Spirits of fair Chivalry,
On ancient fields whose glory cannot die:
And yet, you march beneath the flag you fought,
That blends its splendour with the flag you love;
And yield to God who never bowed to man!—

Our hot eyes dim at empty sleeves, and garbs
That speak aloud the fame you would disclaim!—
Behold you falter in the lined array,
Who once were stalwart as the mountain-oaks,
And rode the Field with Valour's dauntless mien—
The favoured Courtiers of victorious Mars!—
When first you heard the bugle's clarion note—
And throb of drum—the thund'rous crash of arms,
And cannons' roar—your eyes were bright and keen,—
And you, as eagles, rushed upon the Foe—
Fearless and mighty in the ranks of War:
Time's burthen's on you now: no more you move
The Conquerors of Fate: yet, your faces bold,
Uplifted in the faith of noble deeds,—
And Truth, which dies not, though the struggle's lost,
That's waged to hold its high supremacy,

Gleam with proud purpose and the brave resolve
That made you victors in the stormy past;
And like old mountains, rearing to the storm
Their breasts, unyielding to the tempest-blasts,
You tower in grandeur to the Stars of Fame—
Matchless and glorious in your laurelled days!

Pass on, brave Warriors of our hallowed Cause!—
We greet you, from our hearts, with patriot-love!—
We clasp again your strong, chivalric hands,
And proudly look into your Hero-Eyes,
And clothe you in our love, more rich and rare
Than robes of splendour worn by haughty kings,
In purple state, and majesty of place:
And we shall love you, while our fields and skies
Are starred with flowers and gemmed with golden lights;
And while our streams shall flow into the deep,
And lose their lucid beauty in its tides:
For all our glory, in the coming days,
And all our deeds of Peace, and War, and Power—
Shall merge with yours, and blazon to the World
The South's unconquered Loyalty of Faith,
And her exultant primacy of Fame,
That, in the lapses of Eternal Years,
Shall flood the heart and memory of Men,
As the imperial glory of the Sun
Illumes the billows of the boundless Sea!

Latane

—"He was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine!"

—*Byron*

—"Thickest where the sabres gleamed,
And the scattered plumage streamed,
And the broken swords were tossed,
And the shivered lances crossed,
And the gray-clad sleepers round
Made the harvest of the ground."

—*Hemans**

—"There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didest cease to live,
And saw around me the wide Field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."

—*Byron*

—"Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto Eternity."

—*Shelley*

—"Love's very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the World divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave!"

—*Shelley*

—"Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valour lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!"

—*Timrod*

—"Blow bugles blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And echoes answer, dying! dying, dying!"

—*Tennyson*

*Adapted.

LATANE

He stands within the ancient halls
Of his famed sires—the sun-beam falls
Through latticed windows, high and dight,
And glorifies with golden light
Each thing he'd loved, so long, so well:—
The gilded books, whose wondrous spell
Had charmed his soul from chase and play;
The desk, where he was wont to pray,
When from the student's rapt delight,
He turned, in witching hours of night,
To dream of paladin and knight,—
Of Fields of fame and crimson gore,
Of donzel sweet and ladies bright,—
And Love's enchanted, starry lore,—
That glow from Scott's immortal page,
Or live—the Wonder of an Age—
In precious legends of Froissart,
Where Truth and Marvel blend in Art,
To charm and fire the human heart;
Or in the glories of Old Song,
That lead the heart from guilt and wrong,
And fire the mind, and hue the soul,
With fame's high mast'ry and control:
The chair where once his father sat;
And the embroidered, antique hat,
Worn by a sire of courtly grace—
A master of the dance and chase.
Yon time-stained helm and dinted shield
His grand-sire bore on many a field,
When Harry led the Huguenot,
To fame his sons have ne'er forgot.
In his keen eye there beams the light
That flashed for France, and Truth and Right,—
The Spirit of his ancient Race,
Though softened by the tenderer grace
That lights his mother's lip and eye,
With love's soft charm and witchery,
'Till roused, she shows the lion's front
Of Norman blood and dauntless eye—
Prepared to whelm who dares confront,
With pride and high ascendancy,—
As forth she stands upon the hearth,

By which she reared him from his birth,—
With sword in hand—his father's sword—
Whose blade had flashed, in days of yore,
In the harsh faces of the horde,
Who dared invade our sacred shore,
And strove to fasten Britain's might
Upon our heroes, and the right
To sail where'er there is a Sky,
In which our Starry Flag to fly—
O'er the wide kingdom of the conquered sea,
With spirits boundless, and forever free!

He is a youth of slender frame,
Though tall,—and stately in his height:
And his proud eye is lit with flame
From mind that shines serenely bright.
With head erect and face of power,
Though spare, he seems to grandly tower;
For on his brow is set the might
That marks a leader in the fight,—
A statesman, with finesse and skill—
Who dares to conquer by his will,—
An orator, whose flaming word
Can fire the people's heart, till stirred
Into a tempest of proud deeds,
Which clash against old sapless creeds,
While on their wreck, the new uprise
With inspiration, to the skies,—
Yet on his face there glows the joy—
The softness of the guileless boy,—
The nameless grace that lives with youth,
When hearts are gold, and lips are truth,
Ere Time has brushed away the dew
And lustre of the Soul that's true,—
The freshness of the dawning light,
Ne'er dimmed by Sorrow's starless Night,
Whose radiant sheen and cloudless ray
Live in the glorious gleam of Day!
The mother stands before her boy,—
Her face is pallid with deep care,
And touched with no soft hue of Joy—
White is the glory of her hair,—
As forth, with beauty and with grace,
And courage of her noble race,

She stands, and with her tear-stained cheek,
And proud eye dimmed with holiest dew
Fresh from her heart, she strives to speak,—
Her sweet, pale lips are trembling too—
While on his bendéd head she lays
Her soft, white hands, and gently says,
With words she fain would make more bright,
While her wet eyes are raised on high
Unto her God, and blessed with light
That streams in glory from the sky,
And through the window shines her face,
And lights it with a seraph's grace:
"My son—my child—Thou goest afar
From me, to fight—and in this War,
To do thy duty, as a Knight—
Pray God, thy every deed be right,
And honest in His dear Son's sight!—
Be true unto thyself—be brave!—
I'd liefer see thee low in death,
Than live a Tyrant's cringing slave—
Thy soul enamoured of base breath,
Purchased by bowing to a creed,
Thy soul abhors in thought and deed:
I'd liefer see thy life-blood flow,
Though this fond hand should strike the blow,
Than see thy Country need thy hand,
And thou not follow her command!—
Remember, son, thy gallant blood
Is drawn from sires of hardihood—
Spirits who stooped to no disgrace;
But boldly rushed in Glory's place,
And plucked the laurel from the front
Of every danger they'd confront;
And its pure strain's as red to-day
As when it glowed in Knightly Lay,
And glorified, with shield and lance,
The majesty of old Romance!
Keep it as pure and true as then—
Live glorious in the hearts of men,
Or like them—die upon thy shield,
And let thy last be Glory's field!—
Lift up to God thy soul in prayer—
For He is ever in the air,—
In field, in wood, in peopled mart—

Make Him a temple in thy heart!—
And if returning, thou shalt bring
High Honour's meed, Fame's offering—
Thy Country's weal and holy creed,—
And the Patriot's lofty deed—
I'll bless our God, and then bless thee;—
But if thou com'st no more to me,
And they shall bury thee afar,
Where naught shall watch thee, save the star
Of Evening, which shall shine so sweet;
And I'll no more thy coming greet,
When Eve is melted into Night,
In the hearth-stone's ruddy light—
My heart shall bleed, but dare and brave
The world—its Despots can't enslave!—
Go—go, my son!—in peace of God—
Thou'lt bear the laurel—I the rod!—
Take—take, my child, thy father's sword,
And keep it stainless as his word!"
His lips are lifted to the bliss
Of one fond, loving, farewell kiss—
And then he passes from her sight—
Oh! Youth is Day!—Oh! Age is Night!
He passes from the welcoming door,
Into the golden lights of Day,
That all their splendours round him pour;
And from the fields come scent of hay,
And the soft murmurings of the bees
As flitting on from flower to flower,
They live their fleeting, gaudy hour;
And the sighings of the trees
O'er his high heart, enchantments cast
From out the sweet and golden Past,
And brave resolve is lost in grief,
For which his heart finds no relief,
Save in the meed by Virtue won,
And blessings of the Holy One!

Ah! when he passed from out the door
Of his fond Home, he nevermore
Crossed its charmed threshold; but with Lee
And Stuart, strove for Liberty,
Under the ensigns borne on high
By th' South's dauntless Chivalry:

And his bright-burnished sword flashed gleams
By brave Virginia's woods and streams,
As stout a Blade as shone afar
O'er the fiery deeds of War!
And his proud Name became the theme
Of martial pride, and minstrels' dream,—
And in the ranks of Liberty,
He won his glory clean and high—
As valiant as could e'er illume
The flaming Shield, or famous Plume
Of Knights and Champions in the List,
When Fame their jewelled helmets kissed,—
And Heroes wrought 'neath ladies' eyes,
For Honour's meed, and bold emprize.
In storm, and battle still he bore
His pennon, as his Sires of yore—
In all the Conflict's storm and rage
They dared confront from age to age,—
From old Crusades, until the hour
He struggled for Virginia's power,
And her free sovereign right to tower,
Like an Avenger, in the List,
Above her base antagonist!

Days sped: And now 'midst wrack and woe,
Richmond's beleaguered by the foe,
Whose armies strive to cleave a path
Of blood, and misery, and wrath,
Through patriots to her Capitol.
No need in Song to here extol
The glorious ranks that stood to thwart
The foes' dire hate and fierce assault,—
The battles that were bravely fought,—
The deeds of valour done and wrought,
To hurl the vaunting foe away,
Who came to devastate, and slay,
And desolate with force and ire,
All who should fight, or dare aspire
To stand, for Freedom, in the front
Of famous legions, and the brunt
Of War, that flashed with fiery wrath
Along their lines, and fame-lit path,
Which flamed with scathing shot and shell,
In Battle's hot and seething hell.

Their devoirs, and achievements done,
Have laud and glory ever won,—
And shine on History's loftiest page,
To blaze their fame from Age to Age—
The highest Splendour of great Days,
Immortal in heroic Lays,—
And flower in Mem'ry's mystic Vase,
The greenest laurels of her praise!

'Tis dawn!—The silv'ry reveille
Floats o'er the forest's canopy—
Of tenting leaves!—The Troopers rise
From earthy couches, with surprise
And question as to what's in hand:
Quick comes the loud and stern command
To eat their pittance, and prepare:
And "Boots and Saddles," in the air,
Rings through the woodlands, keen and clear!
A-h!—they mount and form! And they cheer
Great Stuart, as he rides with grace,
Along their lines, with Soldier-Face,
And bearing of a Cavalier,
Who dreads no foe, and knows no fear:
See! Latane rideth by his side,
With buoyant hope, and youthful pride!

They ride through fair Virginian woods,
Like Champions of the brave Knighthoods,
In merrie England, and in France,
When Glory garlanded Shield and Lance;
And Spencer sang, and Sidney died—
The boasts of England's Song and Pride!
No Trooper knows the path he'll take,
But follows for his Leader's sake;
And knows that Leader's Plume and Star
Shine brilliant o'er the deeds of War!
Ah! soon they know that they must go
Around the armies of the foe,
And boldly cleave their way afar
Through fierce and serried files of War.
Strange!—Strange! they see no banners flaunt
Their bold, advent'rous quest to daunt,—

No bugles sound—no blades are seen
Glistering in the forest green!
They laugh to deem no vengeful foe
Shall stay their way with blow for blow!

Halt!—Soft!—What stirs in yonder wood?—
It is the foe!—Their soldierhood
Is rouse to do a splendid deed,
Of which long Centuries shall read
In Fame's great Book of storied Lore—
Whose glory'll shine forevermore.
Latane's arouse with courage high,
And ardent intrepidity!
He's at the front!—And with the grace
And valour of his hero-race,
Leads his Chevaliers 'gainst the foe.
A-h!—see them strive—reel to and fro:
Then charge and waver in the fight!—
A-h! shot are heard, and sabres' light
Flashes and glitters o'er the ranks,
And triumphs on the Northern flanks!
They fly!—They fly!—the vict'ry's is ours!—
Forward!—Forward!—The perilous hours
Bid them rush forward on their way!—
Stop!—Stop!—They pause—they reel they halt:
The foe have turned and dare assault!—
O God! doth Latane sink and sway
In his saddle?—Alas! he bleeds!—
No more his gallant Troop he leads!—
Great God!—his blade is in the air!—
And all that's left them is despair
That one so young, and stout, and brave,
Shall fill a Soldier-Martyr's grave!

They grieve that there is no relief!—
Alas! he's dead, and the sad, brief
Farewell is said!—Ah! they must go,—
For they are compassed by the foe,
Who menace them with death and wrath,
And stand within their onward path!—
They bear him to a nearby Place,
Which courtesy was wont to grace,—
And eagle-aerie of the Free,—
A Home of light and melody:

And in the baleful, darkened days,
Still holds aloft its Torch ablaze!—
A Lady greets them at the gate,
With eyes alight, and brow elate,
As though she stood in her own Hall,
The cynosure, and toast of all,
Whose presence graced the pageant bright,
Of some memorial, festal night!—
Her slaves around her group in awe,
And fearful of the scenes they saw,—
But she undaunted by her fate,
Stands statued like a fearless Saint!
They leave with her their Hero-Dead:
And, kneeling there, she takes his head
In her embrace, and smooths his hair
From his pale brow, where Death's despair
Hath limned a purer, nobler grace,
And glorified his martial face;
And kisseth his sublimed, heroic mouth,
Where shines the splendour of her lovéd South!—

The war-worn Troopers from her sight
Pass like the shadows of the night:
And, turning to a trusted slave,
She says: "Go dig for him a grave,
In my ancestors' burial-ground,
Where cloistered 'neath each sacred mound,
My sainted kindred have been laid—
Beneath the weeping-willows' shade—
Through all the years of grief and mirth,
Since proud Virginia had her birth.
Go!—bear him there!—And I'll keep guard,
O'er him, until his grave's prepared!"
The Negroes bear him on his cloak,
Which ruddy blood-drops steep and soak;
And lay him in the summer-air,
Upon the earth so brown and bare,
And she beside him, with wet eyes,
Gazes unto the azured skies,
That through the twilight's darkling bars,
Illume the spot with summer-stars.
And there they buried him at night,
Encircled by the torches' light,
Upheld by Negroes' dusky hands,

At their rapt mistress's commands.
She from the Church's Missal read
The holy service for the Dead,
And Her pure prayers of Faith and Love,
That lift the Soul to God above:
And left him shrined beneath the sod,
In love of men, and grace of God!—

No martial music glooms the breeze,
That chants soft requiems through the trees,—
But far-off, golden, mellowed notes,
From his brave Troopers' bugles' throats,
Float grandly on the perfumed air,
To soothe the pain of their despair!

The hours have melted into years,
Since that sad Eve of grief and tears;
And Memory, though wan and pale,
Still loves to tell the wondrous Tale;
And great Virginia boasts his Name,
As glorious as Westminster's Fame!

THE SENTRY

Beneath the starry canopy of Night,
Bold Soldiers, in the presence of the foe,
Lie silent, save in converse soft and low,—
Grouped on the grass, alert to do their task,
As pickets in the front of Jackson's ranks.
Fierce in the distance hear the bugles sound
A hot defiance for the lurking death,
That's hidden 'neath the umbrage of the trees,—
And nigh, from out the solitudes and shades,
The whippoorwill wails out her vesper-song,—
Glooming the scene with melancholy notes,
That lure their hearts back to the quiet life
Of their sweet homes, and wives, and children dear,
And kin, and loved ones, who for them still pray,
And all the joy and happiness of Peace.

The Sentry walks his beat, with measured tread,
Apart from his brave comrades,—and the while
His mem'ry wanders o'er her golden track,

To the fond eyes of her he loves the best,
And her caressings, and responsive lips,
Whose kisses are his Paradise on earth.
He passes by his comrades, who now sleep,
Knowing his valour and his watchfulness;
And though they're in the jeopardies of War,
And hostile trumpets peal upon their ears,—
They trust him, for he's brave and ever-true;
And they have seen him bear their banner high,
In the wild tempests of a hundred fights.
He passes them again, and then anon:
And they still sleep, and murmur in their dreams
Of blisses that are lost in storms of War,
Like songs of birds are hushed 'mid battles' roar.

Now see him stand beside the branching tree,
That spreads its leafy tent to hide the stars.
Hark! what sees he there?—the glitter of a gun!—
A flash!—a loud report!—defiant cheers!—
He falls, he sinks despite his struggles to th' earth!—
His comrades, startled, rush to where he lies:
They raise his head,—he murmurs in his pain:
"My wife—my child—my God!"—he sinks—he dies,—
The leaves are crimsoned with his patriot-blood!—
His duty's done—the Soldier's Soul's with God!—
No more he'll see the eyes he loved in bliss,—
No more he'll lead his comrades on to fame,—
No more he'll sleep beneath the silent stars,—
No more he'll walk erect in strength and light,
Until God's golden trumpets shall resound,
Through Heaven and Earth, and he shall march in joy,
And peace, and glory to the throne of God,
And there receive the crown of righteousness!

Our Captain
Stonewall Jackson

—"Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff:
Attention!—it's his way."

—Palmer

—"One whom we build our love round like an arch
Of triumph, as he passes on his way
To glory and immortality."

—Bailey

—"And there are those whose spirits walk
Abreast of angels and the future, here.
Respect and love such!"

—Bailey

—"Soul splendid with all-righteous love of right,
In whose keen fire all hopes, and fears, and woes
Were clean consumed, and from their ashes rose
Transfigured."

—Swinburne

—"The splendours of the firmament of Time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil."

—Shelley

—"A fall is majestic when accompanied by Virtue!"

—Lamartine

OUR CAPTAIN
STONEWALL JACKSON

Thou standest alone,
Like some bold peak of Alpine-Height,
That towers above the mountains, in the light
Of the effulgent sun,
Whilst lesser heights are lost in clouds
That darken at its feet!—

Thy heaven-kissed eminence
Of deeds of glory and renown
Burns with the luminance
Of Fame,—
And thy lofty, reverenced Name
Shall live, whilst rivers run,
And ocean-waves shall beat
On shores of Continents, with mighty roar,—
And as a beacon-light shall soar
And blaze
O'er sea, o'er country and o'er town—
Through endless days!—
For naught enshrouds
The beauty of thy Name—
The splendour of thy Fame!—
We do not mourn
Thy fall!—
The pall
Of Death,
Albeit it hushed thy Hero-Breath,
Shall never quench the light
And splendrous might
Of thy spacious deeds
And holy creeds!—

No jewelled Prelates gathered at thy birth,
To christen thee with worth
And riches, feigned from far ancestral lines:
No haughty Princes bowed before thy name,
Whilst in thy cradle lain:
For thy Democratie
Was broad and bright as fair Virginia's skies;
And thy lineage—plain
And noble—free from taint of shame—

Drew its divinest essence from her soil—
Her whispering pines—
Her rivers and majestic streams—
Her high, free mountains and her hills,—
Her stalwart Souls, who through sleepless toil
And conflict, and dark strife,
Towered o'er the ills
Of Life—
Towered o'er the gaudy pomp and circumstance of Men
And lifted hearts and faces unto God
From her unconquered Sod,
Illumined by the Covenanter's faith and sacred
Vow,—
And sanctified by his—Amen!—
And Heaven above
Shed mystic influence on thy Warrior-Brow,
Uplifted high,
In saint-like ecstacy!—

No Alexander thou, with his stern cohorts' spears,
And golden banners far-unfurled,
To flash, and glare, and flood
The ensanguined World
With streams of blood
And fiery tears—
Then sink, low-grovelling, in a madman's grave—
His own imperial slave!—
No imperious Caesar, of old Rome,
Borne by his legions to immortal fame,
And crime, and shame,
Amid her shrieking eagles, marching home,
Across his destined Rubicon,
Maddened with lust of Conquest and Renown,—
To strike her glory down
From her proud majesty
And empery and power—
Whilst pallid Nations crouched beneath his sway,
Till mighty Liberty,
Afrighted at his tyrant-deed—
His despotry and greed
Of empire—rose, in her grand Hour,
Inspired to slay—
And smote him unto death,
And bathed her altars with his vaunting blood,

Whilst her stern Courtiers stood,
In her high Capitol, to see him die!—
No Cromwell, fired by bigotry and hate,
And wild chimeras of impassioned pride,
To gaze from lowliest estate,
Unto a Throne, across the wide
Dark gulfs of battle and of blood,
And smite the noble and the good,—
The innocent and just—
Unto the dust,
Who crossed his base Ambition's path,
With torture and with wrath,—
To fall from his high, dazzling place of power,
In Death's dread hour,
Unto a dastard slave,
Haunted by phantoms of his butcheries
And miseries,
And lashed by conscience to a maniac's grave!—
No fierce Napoleon,—
A ravening eagle from a rocky isle,
With eyes far-piercing, and with Genius high
And soaring to the stars,
To compass Time and Fate;
And glistening, martial glory to beguile
The hearts and souls of men; and weird mastery
To inspire
The Sons of glorious France
To worship Mars,
And dream anew the glories of Romance:
To march, 'mid flames of Battle and of Hate,
O'er prostrate Nations, and o'er regal Thrones,—
To fall—with his vile Babel-Fabrics, built
On dark Ambition's pride and guilt,
And human woes, and blood, and bones,—
And sink—the Captive of the frighted World,
His conquering banners furled,—
And he the veriest slave—
And all his Conquests narrowed to a grave!
No mad, imperial Kaiser, in his rage
For conquest, and his greed for power—
Inflamed by base ambition to aspire to tower
Above Earth's Nations, and to wage
A damning war of guilt and blood
Against the pure and good,

And innocent in humble ways:
And those who sat on thrones;
And those who durst resist his might,
And strove for gracious Truth and Right,
Against fair Citadels of glorious Liberty,
In all the World:
Against great God Himself, in His own templed Fanes:
Against all Law and Justice, dear to men:
And filled our darkened days
With death, and bones
Of myriads, slain to feed his lust
Of slaughter and of pains,
To those who dared stand, brave and high,
'Neath their famed banners far-unfurled;
At last, to fall and bite the dust,
Hurled from his pinnacle of victory to despair,
And driven like a tiger to his lair—
Amid the loud-acclaimed—Amen!—

Nay—thou wert noble, pure and plain,—
Untouched by stain
Of vile ambition, and the lust of power:
Thou did'st not dream of Conquest and Renown:
Thou sought'st no Crown,
Save that from Christ—thy Holy King;
For as you fought you prayed,
Like a Crusader of brave, ancient Days,
Who strove beneath His Cross;
And whilst he chanted lofty hymns of praise,
With his fierce falchion clove his way to Fame!—
Thy faded cap shone like an Oriflame
To light thy legions to immortal fate
And triumph, in War's deadliest, sternest
Hour!—
Thy arm uplifted to Almighty God
Fell like a scathing Rod
Upon our foes,
Whilst psalms were glorious on thy firm-set mouth:
And when thy Eyes' fierce lightning
Flashed o'er the foughten Field,
Thy withering
Bolts of thunder smote thy foes to death,
Whilst thy fiery South

Cheered thy proud fury with exultant breath;
And rose
From dangers, with their brows sedate—
Sternly arrayed—
Counting no loss—
With high resolve to never yield;
But conquer with the old, Chivalric Grace
Of their heroic Race!—

Manassas' famous Field
Burns like a splendour on Virginia's Shield,
Which mirrors the imperial glory
Of the South's high, epic Story,
And the lofty Fame
Of thy immortal Name,
And the devoirs of thy knightly Peers,
Who rose with thee amid the exultant cheers
Of the applauding World,
In their resplendent Fight for Liberty.
The cowering armies of the vaunting Foes,
Basely fled,
In vile disgrace,
Before thy face,
And thy proud South's unconquerable might,
And her brave banners, far-unfurled
In Victory's light,
Sternly hurled
From the desperate Fight,
By thy bold, stalwart blows,
They left their maimed and dead
Beneath the solemn stars of night!—
On this triumphal spot,
Whose fame shall never be forgot,
Thy fiery Star
Rose o'er the dark horizon of the War,
And soared in splendour o'er battle and o'er strife,
Until it sank in Death's despairing night,
To rise again,
Assoiled of grief and pain,
To blaze anew in God's eternal Life!

Fair Winchester saw her rugged plain
Encrimsoned with the blood of tyrant-foes,
And thy red battle-flags, in glory, high-unfurled,

Blaze like wan meteors in the storm of War;
And thy opponents fall beneath thy giant-blows,
Like trees, when hurled,
From field and mountain-scar:
And pallid faces of the silent slain
Loomed, like wierd spectres, in the startled Night!—

Again, thy fiery banners flamed
At Cross-Keys, in the faces gaunt, and pale
Of thy bewildered foes,
And rose
Resplendent in their might,
To blast the Field with Victory,
As raging winds assail
And sweep the sea with tempest high
And potent as Jehovah's wrath;
And horrent Death
Charged with thy famed legions;
As a conquering Fate!—

At Fredericksburg, thy Arms
Amid the Battle's stern alarms,
Shone like the blade of some enchanted Knight,
Before whose mystic light
Thy adversaries reeled and fled;
And thy untarnished Shield
Mirrored the glories of the famous Field;
And even Hate
Shuddered in presence of the innumerous Dead,
That glutted the insatiate Tyrant's path!—

At Sharpsburg, when gallant and chivalric Lee—
His genius tangled in the web of Fate—
With his brave Army stood at bay,
And like a couchant lion, eager for his prey,
Sprang on his foes;
Who, cringing 'neath his mighty blows,
Reeled from the Field, in agony
Of Death, and desperate
With fears:
And Victory was poised upon thy battle-flags—
Shot to tattered rags,
Before the leadened hurricane of shell and ball—
Thy legions swooped like eagles to the Fight—
Hurled back all foemen, till they trembling stood
In thrall

Of thy stern spirit, and thy hardihood;
And held in mystic trance
By the magical, bold might
Of Lee's great genius and thy kingly Fame,
Dared not advance—
Though five to one—
When in the lustre of a dawning sun,
They saw an Army pass, with flags unfurled,
And arms a-gleam in Glory's light,
Before and from their sight,
Whilst they, in abject shame,
And bitter tears,
Cowered from a mocking World!—

At dark Cold-Harbour, when the woof
Of War was woven with the sable threads
Of Destiny;
At Lee's behoof,
Thou led'st thy Paladins in jaws of Hell
Of shot and shell,
And smote thy frighted foes
With stalwart blows,
And drove them, reeling like a drunken slave,
O'er holocausts of Dead—
Until thy legions torn,
And worn
By march, and vigil, and dear-bought Victory,
Sank to rest beneath the solemn stars,
That glorified the bivouacs of the Brave,
And the unconquered "Stars and Bars"!—

At Chancellorsville,
Whilst Lee at bay, with his gallant Knights—
The Heroes of a Hundred Wondrous Fights,
Whose glories have amazed the applauding World,
More than the dauntless deeds
Of the old, heroic breeds
Of England and of France,
In Days of famed Romance,
When Richard led his Cavaliers,
With golden spurs and gleaming spears,
And famous flags, unfurled,
To Palestine,
And the divine

Glory of brave Crusaders' fame;
And Roland died,
With all the flower—the glory and the pride
Of his bold Chivalry,
In Roncesvelles' dread Vale;
And left a deathless name,
And a high
And splendid Tale
That shall not perish from the peopled Earth!—
Thou did'st a deed of skill
And daring, that doth thrill
Our souls to-day;
Though Lee, with feeble front,
Faced the boasting Foe,
Thou marched'st in serried rank
Upon his startled flank,
And hurled him by a blow
Of unexampled splendour and renown,
In dire disaster—
Back to his Tyrant-Master,
Prostrate in defeat;
And the crown of glory rested on thy laurelled brow
with light,
As thou did'st pray,
In thanks to God for Victory in the Fight.
Alas!—alas! that the dire brunt
Of all should fall on thee!—
Yet sweet
And holy is the ecstacy
To know that thou did'st die in Victory—
Not slain by foes—
Nor the victim of thy Country's woes:
But in thy glorious doom
Of Martyrdom
In her sacred, radiant Cause,
Amidst the World's applause,
Thou sank'st to rest,
By every People blest—
And found immortal Birth
Into the glory of thy Risen Lord—
And the splendours of thy stainless Sword!—

To sad Virginia's Capitol,
Renowned and high,
Beneath Virginia's radiant sky,

They bore thee on thy Bier,
Emblazoned by thy trophied pall
Of flags of Battle, worn and torn,
In the wild fury of a Thousand Fights—
Embroidered with the varied hues of flowers,
Culled from Virginia's bowers,—
Whose stars were symbols of thy precious Fame—
Whose holy Cross
Was symbol of our bitter loss—
And laid thee at the feet of Washington—
Her lofty Son.
O, Saints and Heroes wept o'er thee!—
O, Woman's chastened tear
Jewelled the glory of thy Hero-Face,
That shone with antique grace,
Like some white sculpture in a Minster's gloom,
On some Crusader's tomb—
His stalwart sword at rest,
And Jesu's Cross upon his valiant breast:
And Glory guards thee through the flight of Years—
And myriads canonize thy Martyrdom with tears!

Thou shalt not die!—
Whilst you blue sky
O'er-arches Life! The world
With thy proud banners, high—unfurled,
Shall march with thee upon the luminous Heights
Of Liberty;
And laud thy Name,
And glorious doom:
For thou art famous in the love of Men!—
Thy Tomb is mightier than the Thrones of Kings!—
And as the Days are born,—
And Hours shall creep to Years,
And burning spheres
Shall blend with the Eternity of Time,
Thy Fame sublime
Shall blaze
O'er Times,
O'er States, o'er Nations, and o'er Climes;
And thy high Standards ever be unfurled—
Thy Soul with God—thy glory with the
World!—
Amen!—Amen!—

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Sweet heart,
I fain my love would tell—
Thy eye's so blue,
Thy heart's so true—
O, sweet heart!
I fain my love would tell—
I cannot—I cannot say farewell!

Sweet heart,
My heart doth throb and swell—
Thy dimple's nest
Love loves the best—
O, sweet heart!
My heart doth throb and swell—
I cannot—I cannot say farewell!

Sweet heart,
Thou hast a nameless spell—
My sweetest bliss
Is thy fond kiss—
O, sweet heart!
Thou hast a nameless spell—
I cannot—I cannot say farewell!

Sweet heart,
If I fall by shot or shell—
Ah!—if I die,
In battle high—
O, sweet heart!
If I fall by shot or shell—
I cannot—I cannot say farewell!

Sweet heart,
If the cannons sound my knell—
When 'neath the sod,
I rest in God—
O, sweet heart!
If the cannons sound my knell—
I cannot—I cannot say farewell!

Gettysburg

—"Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

—*Moore*

—"The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!—
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which went rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover."

—*Byron*

—"You have fought a fiece and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit that has commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of mankind."

—*Lee*

—"The severe loss sustained by the Army, and the reduction of its ammunition, rendered another attempt to dislodge the enemy unadvisable, and it was therefore determined to withdraw."

—*Lee*

—"Never had a storm so dreadful burst upon mortal man."

—*Hancock*

—"One of those few battles of which the contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all of its subsequent scenes."

—*Hallam*

—"Full of hopes and aspirations,
Were their hearts at dawn of day;
Now with forms all rent and broken,
Bearing each some frightful token
Of a scene ne'er to be spoken,
In their silent sleep they lay!"

—*Hope*

GETTYSBURG

Two mighty Armies are arrayed
In hostile ranks,
Beneath the summer-stars,—
The Army of the gallant, and heroic South,
And the Army of the Tyrant-North.
For hours they've struggled in the brunt of War:
And now they rest beneath the argent light
Of the moon, new-risen o'er the Battle-Field!

All's silent and serene,—
As Night advances with her luminous stars,
Marshalled in glory in the azured sky,
Save the hushed murmurs of the arméd Hosts,—
The calls of sentries in the twilight-gloom,—
The random shot of pickets on the front,—
The agonies of wounded as they writhe in pains,—
The silver-notes of bugles in the dusk,—
And the high splendour of some ancient hymn,
Chanted by Veterans ere they rest in sleep.
Worn and wan, our weary Southern men
Sink on the bloody ground,
Amid th' trampled wheat, or on th' naked earth;
And eat their dole of harsh, disgustful bread.
Some sleep, and dream,—
And babble in their dreams of home and peace.
Others, aroused in spirit, cannot sleep,—
But talk of comrades, maimed and slain
In stricken Battles fought—
Their valour, and their glory, and their doom
To die,
And pass from gladness of delightsome day,
Into the darkened cloisters of the Tomb:
Anon, of ventures of the morrow's Fight,
When they shall stand in War's dread phalanxes,
Before a vengeful foe,
With their brave, red-cross Banners high-advanced,
And gleaming in glory o'er the quaking Field.
Still others speak of War's dire cruelty,
And the harsh despotry and guilt,
That would rend, despoil, and wreck
The fair Fabric of their Governance,
Buildéd and fashioned by their famous Sires,

That all should live in peace and surety,
Beneath the starry Banner of the Free,
That flaunts in front of fierce, infuriate foes,
Who on the morrow will arise,
In doubt, in awe, and shame,
To slay their Brothers, in their spiteful wrath,
Because they dare maintain their Liberty,
Under the Republic's golden Chart of Right,
And the broad Aegis of her equal Laws—
The Constitution, framed and guaranteed
By Genius, and forbearance of their Sires,
For guardianship of Freedom and of Peace!

Far in the goldhued East,
The Night withdraws into her darksome Halls;
And the new-risen Day
Throws out his banners, as a king
Marshals his flags,—
Lit with the glories of the fiery Dawn:
And the effulgent stars,
Albeit they shine in lustre
Refulgent, and unquenched,
Lose their soft beauty, and their rosy light
In the garish rays of Morn.
Stay!—Hush!—The Armies sleep!—
Thousands of whom shall lie in bloody graves,
Ere yon rising sun shall set
Behind yon crestéd heights!

But, soft!—Hark!—Hear ye not the bugle-calls,
Silvery, and beautiful in cadences,
That wake the echoes,
O'er hills and dells? Ah! Hosts of arméd men
Arise from earth-couches,
And stand resplendent in their bravery,
And lofty Fame:
Their battle-flags afloat,
And flaming in the summer-breeze;
And their stern faces set
In grim defiance; and their exultant Hearts
Lifted up with hopes, and fortitude,
Serene, unconquered, and resolute to die,
Or win,
In this grand List of Battle!

They gaze upon the Sun;
And lift their Hearts in silent prayers to God!—
The Veterans of the South,
With jests and laughter eat their scanty food,—
And spring alert and vig'rous from the task,
To meet the fate and fortunes of rude War,
What'er they be,
Of toils, or wounds, or death,
In victory or defeat!—
They know no recreant fear,
These stalwart, virile Souls,
Who've faced a thousand perils on the Fields
Of famed Virginia,—
And won their victories 'midst a World's applause:
They high-uprear their famous Battle-Flags,
Illumed with Glory,
That shall never die,—
And flashing in the Sun!—

Hark!—Hush!—The signal-gun!—
The Tragic-Hour hath come,
When these bold, stedfast men
Again must grapple in the tug of War!—
Stand ye on this eminence,
And behold the clash and splendour of the Fight!—
A—h!—See the flash, and hear the roar
Of thrice a hundred cannon belching flames and death!
A—h!—Hear the hurtling shells
Shriek through the trembling air,
And see them burst amidst the staggering ranks,
That close and form again!—
O, hear the dire crash of muskets o'er the din,
And thunders of the hurricane,
And hot tumult of the Battle;
And see the strickened Soldiers fall and die!—
The weird trumpets soar and weep,
As in wild agonies of pain and wrath,
O'er all the vast and devasting fire,
And cruel, direful crime,
That mock the seeming Justice of the World!

But soft!—the cannon are at peace,
And the wan gunners stand as on parade!—
Hear!—A—h!—Hear!—the loud huzzas and yells,

That make the welkin roar,
From myriad lusty throats
Of mightful Southern men,—
Which startle the Field, and fright the foe,
Pallid with awe and fear,
Who shudder before the grim, and serried lines,
In Battle's ghasty hell!

What means this sudden silence—
A—h!—A—h!—See Lee advance!—
Great Lee, th' foremost Soldier of the Age;
Yet plain and simple, 'midst his glittering staff—
Lee, whose Name's immortal in Renown—
Whose Glory's sweet upon the lips of men!—
A—h!—Hear his brave legions cheer him amain!—
And Fame shall oft repeat the glorious refrain,
Through Time, and into Eternity!—
Behold!—Behold!—Great God!—Great God!—
Lee stands on the fierce marge of Battle,
His face erect, and statued like a god,
In vision of the embattled Hosts—
His lovers and his foes;
And like an Eagle, skilled and poised to swoop
Upon his prey,
Gazes o'er the fateful Field!—
Again, the cannon flash and roar!—
War greets his King,
With the wild music
Of screaming shot and shell!—
Undaunted by terrors of the maddening scene,
He turns from the dark vision of the Fight,
With simple, and majestic mein,
And to a courier says: "Tell General Picket to advance,
And sweep those People from yon hills!"—
Then rides away,
Unhurt, and dauntless, from the holocaust
Of the Battle's fiery front,
Amid the lusty plaudits of his fearless Troops,
Who circle him as an imperial Guard!

No drums are beat—
No clarions blare defiance to the foe!—
But, look!—behold!—
Brave Pickett, and his Veterans deploy

Into the open Field, in sight of th' gathered Hosts,
Arrayed and marshalled in their Battle-Lines:
Their tattered standards dancing in the breeze!—
They are led by Paladins, who've never swerved
From Duty's golden Way; and who have ever loved
Honour and Truth far more than gold or Fame,
Or Life, or paltry joys of Life:
The gallant Armistead, with his stately tread,
And bearing of a Knight,—
The peerless Kemper, with his eagle-eye,
Flashing with courage and heroic light,—
The noble Garnett, like a Champion
Of the olden days in trophied List,—
The dashing Pettigrew, whose Plume's as high
As any Hero of the golden Past;
And Trimble, whose pennon soars
In glory and in light:
The Peers of all the Knights,
Whose laud and fame the Poets ever sing,
And Memory shrines immortal in our Hearts!
Behold!—Behold!—They advance!—They advance!—
Their far-famed Banners
Twinkling through the Battle's murk and smoke,
Like crimson stars through sombre tempest-clouds!—
A—h!—See them move, as in some festal Pageantry—
Calm, collected, resolute, and brave,—
Unfaltering in their great, heroic Ranks—
Their muskets shining in the summer-sun,
And Glory marching with their famous Files!—
See!—See!—their Generals and Officers
Lead them into the holocaust of War,
With steady step and disciplined array!—
The Armies stand in awe, appalled
At the resolve and valour of these fatéd Souls,
Who face yon towering heights,
Bastioned, and rocky-steep,
And flaming with the guns of foes, arrayed
To do them battle in the direst guise,
With unaffrighted brows, and fortitude sublime!—
A—h!—Ah—h!—See them pass athwart the Field,
Raked by shrapnel, canister, and grape!—
Great God!—Great God!—See them ascend the slope,
With masterful display of Soldierhood;
And charge with irrepressible power

And valiance,—up—up—the desperate stairs,
Scalped in the granite hills,
Blazing like hell with death-bolts from the guns
Of the embattled foe!—
Virginians, bold and fearless in the War
As knightliest Paladins of Charlemagne,
Who've won their glory in a thousand victories:
Mississippians, who never blench
In Battle's stern and resolute array,
And bear their trophies on their bayonets;
Alabamians, whose banners never droop,
But flash in Victory's bright-aureole light—
The crestéd splendour of the Battle-Field;
Georgians, of the great, heroic breed
Of Knights, who sprang from fair Virginia's loins,
And walk the Field with Glory on their flags;
Stout North Carolinians, whose doughty hardihood
Comports with Champions of the olden type,
Whose pennons dance and flaunt
In van of triumph:
And Tennesseeans, brave and free,
Whose uplifted brows are garlandéd
With laurels of won Fights!—
A—h!—See them stagger before
The thunder and lightning of the Battle,—
Rally, and close,—reel, and close again,
With unabated strength, and passion
For immortal Fame:
All—all defiant, move on—move up, in majesty and
might,
To confront, and meet the deadly-leaden hail,
That shatters their firm squadrons!—
Yet!—Yet!—Behold!—they charge!—they charge,
amain!—
Great God!—Behold!—They plant their standards high
On the proudest, loftiest Crest of War and Fate,
Amid the plaudits of the arméd Hosts,
Heard o'er the Battle's din and roar,—
Like famous actors in a great Tragedy,
Enacted on a grand, imperial Stage,
Immortal in the sight and love of men,
For exaltation of a mighty Race,
And high Renown and Glory of the South!

A—h!—A—h!—Hurrah!—Hurrah!—See!—See them
stand
In Glory on the bastioned heights,
Flaming in fires from a myriad guns,
That in their very faces flash with death:
And yet they quail not in the brunt of doom!—
Brave Kemper's weltering in his noble blood,—
Bold Garnett's slain, with his proud Battle-Flags
Borne high before his stanch, unfaltering Troops,—
Stern Armistead looms, like some Homeric form,
Through the dun shadows of sulphurous clouds—
A towering giant of the Battle-Field!—
Alas!—Alas!—He's down—he's slain!—
And men, who never faltered in the Fight,
Weep, and shudder thus to see him die,
Amid the wild havoc of the storm of War,
And when he'd touched the zenith of his fame,
And Fate of his belovéd South!—
Alas!—O God!—Where're Longstreet and his Corps—
The gallant Band of stalwart, fighting men—
Who never blench before the wrath of War?—
Great God!—O! do they lag in this high, crucial Hour,
When Victory's poised upon their bayonets,
And their great Hearts of valour and renown,—
And their celerity to strike the foe?—
They come not!—O, they come not!—Yet,
Their charge would sweep the startled foe away,
Whose ranks enmassed affront these lofty Souls,
Who've won the highest pinnacle of Fate
Of their loved South, and their triumphant lives!—
They battle still against o'erwhelming odds,
Like a giant waging unsuccessful war
Against a thousand little, paltry men!—
Has some one blundered in this quest of Fame?—
Alas! no bugles call their Comrades to their aid,
To keep them on the topmost Crest
Of Destiny and of Fame,
And their victorious Arms!—
A—h! A—h! They are maimed and slain,—
Their banners rent and torn with shot and shell:
And they cast back, like a mighty ship,
Lashed and o'erwrought by wild, tempestuous Seas,
And Winds, and Lightnings from a lurid heaven,—
And hurled a battered wreck
On a bleak, inhospitable shore!

Alas!—they must recede
From the ensanguined hills!—
They cannot stay before the encircling hosts,
Who rush to slay the Heroes, who have done
A feat unmatched by any glorious Deeds,
Told in the golden Annals of Renown!—
See!—See!—They march from out the hurricane,
And fiery breath of hell,—
Statelier and grander than in Victory's Hour,
They bore their trophies on their conquering Flags!—
A—h!—They pass the gunners at their guns,
And the great South's unconquered infantry,
Who cheer them with huzzas, and their *famous yell,*
For their great valour and bold hardihood,
As though they were the Victors in the Fight.
Great God!—Behold—Lee meets them as they come
From out the tempest of the baleful Field—
Exhausted, bleeding, wan and worn,
And speaks to them, with gentle, courtly grace,
Dear Words of high encouragement and pride
For their achievement, wondrous and superb,—
And his grand Words are solace to their Hearts,
Far greater than the accolades of Kings!

They are not conquered!—They will never yield!—
Nay, like a wounded Lion in the path,
They boldly couch at bay!—
Woe to the foe
Who dare approach their lair!—
They'll rend their flags and drive them from the Field,
As in a myriad laurelled Fights
They've done before, in valour and renown!—
The North amazed,
Though thrice their martial numbers,—
Panoplied with all th' accoutrements of arms,
And on their chosen ground,
Stand awed before their majesty of Deeds!—
Whilst they,
For lack of food, and shot and shell,
Yet, with their holy Banners far-unfurled,
And muskets, glist'ning in the summer-sun,
Grandly march away,
Triumphant from the famous Field!—
And not a foe pursues:

For fear is on them, and they stand o'erawed
By the valiance, and stern soldierhood
Of Lee, and his indomitable South!

And still they march adown the Centuries,—
With their proud Ensigns flying in the Van
Of Freedom and of Glory, through the Earth—
Fame hath imblazed
Their Deeds and Splendours on the front of Time,
High, and majestic, in eternal Light,
Where all shall read the blazonry
Of their Renown,
And Name immortal in the Hearts,
And on the Tongues of Nations and of Men!
And their exalted Souls
Are with their God in His Eternity!

EVENING

The burnished summer heat
Glimmers
And shimmers,
In splendour, o'er the golden, rippling wheat!—
Far o'er fair hills and dewy dells
The evening-shadows gently fall.
Afar is heard the silvery tinklings of the bells
Of homing cows and sheep.
And now dim lights appear,
With luring, twilight cheer,
In tranquil homes, and peace-encloistered farms.
The argent moon
Of bright, resplendent June,
Is mirrored in the glistening streams;
And wondering stars
Encanonize the cooing loves
Of murmuring, wooing doves,
And vespering birds, who sing themselves to rest
On Nature's loving breast.
The sweet sereneties of the magic hours
Enthrall
The Soul and hush its pain beneath the flowers
Of Peace: for 'mid the harsh alarms
Of Life's wars,
And travails fierce, and dark-sorrowing dreams,
Night folds the fields in mantles of her sleep!

THE BUGLE CALLS

Hark! hark!—the bugle calls
Each hero from his sleeping,
Its stern alarum falls
O'er hills and dells,
And grandly swells
Up to the stars—their vigils keeping:
Up up!—brave men—
Up!—from the sod—
Ye ne'er may sleep again—
So gently kneel, and pray to God,
And His sweet grace implore—
The bugle calls,
And soars and falls,
Amid the battle's thund'ring roar.

On! on!—the bugle calls
Each hero to the slaying,
Its music soars and falls,
Amid fierce yells,
And shot and shells,
And clash of arms, and horses neighing:
On! on!—brave men—
Give blow for blow;
Ye ne'er may fight again—
So, bravely fight and whelm the foe,
And when the battle's done,
The bugle's call
Shall grandly fall
O'er your proud field of Vict'ry won.

Soft! soft!—the bugle calls
Each hero to his glory;
As its proud requiem falls
On faces stilled,
And brave hearts chilled,—
While comrades tell their noble story;—
Sleep, sleep, brave men,
Beneath the sod—
Ye ne'er shall wake again;
Ye sleep, for aye, in peace of God,—
Your battle-days are o'er—
The bugle calls,
And sighs and falls—
We'll keep your glories evermore!

Our Cavalier
J. E. B. Stuart

—"Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral Song
From virgin voices poured!—
To weep would do thy glory wrong;—
Thou shalt not be deplored."

—*Byron*

—"Old Times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.

—*Tennyson*

—"Great bards of him will sing
Hereafter; and dark sayings from of Old
Ranging and ringing through the minds of men,
And echoed by old folk beside their fires
For comfort after their wage-work is done."

—*Tennyson*

OUR CAVALIER
J. E. B. STUART

Fame vaunts her Roland, bold and high,—
Brave Bayard, Star of Chivalry,—
Stout Richard, and the famed Romance
That glorifies his Shield and Lance:
But not a plume o'er Glory's host,
Whose trophies are her proudest boast,
Hath flamed like thine, so glad and free,
The beacon-light of Victory!

No more we hear thy bugle's call,
O'er streams and valleys float and fall,
And echo round the mountain-crest,
And fright the eagles from their nest:
Yet, as its battle-strains inspire,
Like anthems from an Angel-Choir,
With heads erect and eyes a-gleam,
We live anew the glorious Dream!

No more amid Virginia's hills,
Thy famous Banner soars and thrills,—
Nor o'er the perils of the fight,
Thy sabre flashes in her light:
But still we see thy Pennon gleam
By wooded glade and golden stream;
And hear Virginian Heroes cheer
Virginia's dauntless Cavalier!

Thy glory fires the patriot-heart
That loves thy genius, and thy part
Of gentle speech and fearless deed—
Thy death—the soldier-martyr's meed!—
Fair Women weep thy knightly name—
Bold Warriors laud thy knightly fame;—
For not a Knight hath lived so high—
A light to all Eternity!

Not in old Bronze thy fame shall dwell,—
Nor in sweet Music's magic spell,—
Nor in frail History's pompous page—
Thou Champion of our Hero-Age!—

But Love shall keep thy hallowed name,
And wreathe it with immortal fame—
When blazoned stones are fameless dust,
And gleaming swords and shields are rust!

Brave Stuart!—in the years to come,
With trumpet-notes and martial drum,
We'll gather round thy honoured Grave,
And o'er thy glory banners wave;
For not a prince at Camelot—
Sir Galahad, nor Lancelot—
Was lordlier in the stricken fight,
Than thou—Virginia's peerless Knight!

While flowers the Laurel in the field,
Its blooms shall deck thy stainless Shield;
While sings the Minstrel by the hearth,
His Song shall chant thy stainless Worth:
And, when in tranquil Days to be,
Virginia, proud, and fair, and free,
Shall name the Heroes of her Race,
She'll give to thee the Knightliest Place!

GOD ALMIGHTY

Who knoweth God Almighty as He is—
His Substance, and His Being, and His grace;
The vastitude of Glory that is His?
O, who hath seen His Being face to face,
And touched His hands, and looked into his eyes,—
And grasped the marvels of His mind and might?
Not one,—save those He's blessed with Paradise
Of love and faith, and the supernal light
That radiates from Him in myriad ways
Of love and favour, and of life and power,
That make all worlds and system chant his praise,
And set abloom each Soul and star, and flower.
God's known to him who loves Him, and obeys,
And consecrates his life, and service into praise!

Song of Mosby's Men

—"The Truth will shine in History
And blossom into Song."

—*Hope*

—"Not Peter, the wild Crusader,
When bent upon his knee,
Not Arthur and his beltéd Knights,
In the Poet's Song, could be
More earnest than ye Southern Men
Who followed Robert Lee.

—"Then stand up, oh, my Countrymen!
And unto God give thanks,
On mountains, and on hillsides,
And by sloping river banks—
Thank God that you were worthy
Of the grand Confederate Ranks."

—*Hope*

SONG OF MOSBY'S MEN

Come, comrades!—gather round the fire—
  Partake our simple meal,—
For soon our bugles shall inspire
  Amid the clash of steel!—
Ah! as we charge, with shout and cheer,
  And win a brave renown—
We drive the foe, who reel with fear,
  And ride the dastards down!

Hark!—hark!—the bugles!—loud and clear,
  Their music soars amain—
Virginians, up!—without a fear—
  With swords without a stain!—
Oh! for a Field of deathless fame—
  With Edward and his Peers,—
To wreathe Virginia's famous name
  With laurels of Poitiers!

We ride through forests fair, and fields,
  By vale, and crystal stream—
His blade each patriot proudly wields,
  His eyes with valour gleam:
See Mosby!—with his warrior-face,—
  His sabre flashes high—
The stern command and knightly grace
  Of ancient Chivalry!

Halt!—see the banners on yon hill—
  The glint of foemen's arms!
Hark!—hear their trumpets, loud and shrill,
  Scream forth their fierce alarms!—
Our Captain views with dauntless eye,
  Their dark and sullen ranks—
He may not charge—he will not fly—
  "Boys, take them on the flanks!"

We scatter through the leafy wood,—
  And each a hero bold,
Is mann'd with soldier-hardihood
  To do a deed, which told
In after years, shall ever be
  Far nobler than the fame
Of king, or herald'd pedigree—
  A light of endless flame!

What reck we of their serried line
That glooms the sunny day—
Their countless swords that flash and shine
Above their stern array!—
Ho!—charge!—upon them—flank and front!—
They yield!—they fly—they fly!—
They dare not stand the battle's brunt!—
They break!—they fall!—they die!—

Far o'er the field, we fiercely ride—
O'er foemen, quick or dead,
And for our comrades, who have died,
Strike till our blades are red!—
The day is ours, and Mosby's men
Have conquered ten to one—
Hurrah!—hurrah!—amen!—amen!—
Again the victory's won!—

Cease, Comrades, cease!—the battle's won—
We ride beneath the stars;—
The triumph's ours—our devoir's done,—
We've conquered lofty Mars!—
And in the happy, happy days,
When peace shall glad their eyes,
Our children's children shall, with praise,
Recount our bold emprize!

Ring out, ye bugles, high and bold!—
Ring out, with proud delight!—
We wear no plumes nor spurs of gold,
Yet win whene'er we fight!—
The fame of hero and of knight,
Who bled in Palestine,
Shall fade like stars from Memory's night,
Ere ours shall cease to shine!

Oh!—in Virginia's years to be,
When gather'd round her fires,
Her bards shall sing in minstrelsy,
The glories of their sires;
They'll chant of fame and valourous deed,
Of paladin and knight—
Yet, give to us the fairest meed:
"They fought for Truth and Right!"

Triumvirs
Davis—Jackson—Lee

—"High Spirits call
The Future from its Cradle, and the Past
Out of its Grave, and make the Present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,
Folded within their own Eternity."

—*Shelley*

—"Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From Fields where good men walk or Bowers
wherein they rest."

—*Milton*

—"Be those Men praised of us
Who have loved and wrought and sorrowed, and not
sinned
For fame or fear or gold,—
Nor waxed for winter cold;
Nor changed for changes of the worldly wind:
Praised above Men of Men be These."

—*Swinburne*

—"Glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected Spirits."

—*Milton*

—"Blest
Is he whose heart is the Home of the great Dead,
And their great Thoughts."

—*Bailey*

—"The good and mighty—the innocent and free,
Heroes and Poets, and prevailing Sages,
Who leave the vesture of their majesty
To adorn and clothe this naked world—
Such perish, but they leave
All hope, or love, or truth, or liberty,
Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive,
To be a rule and law to ages that survive."

—*Shelley*

TRIUMVIRS

DAVIS—JACKSON—LEE

The Muse of History speaking:

The South, when her unconquered flags were furled,
Whose splendours gleaming in the front of Time,
Like starry glories of the azured Night,
Are quenchless Cynosures that light the waves
Of the dark ocean of the surging Past,
And blaze the track athwart the Future's tides,
Where Nations yet shall sail, in the wide wake
Made by the lustre of unperished deeds;
And her proud armies stacked resistless arms,
Amid the loud acclaims of friends and foes,
And sought the ways of Peace, and donned the robes
Of civic grandeur and the rich renown
Of great achievements in the walks of Toil,—
The glad delight—the soft and soothing joys,
That came like anodynes to heal the wounds
That War had made, and raise her to her Place
Of higher glory that the Past had given,
To walk the Earth with more majestic mien,
Than she had worn in prime of palmy Days:
Yet gave to Time three deathless Names of Light,
Whose Life's rare music Fame hath set to words,
That chime and brighten in the souls of Men—
Her Davis—Jackson—and her Knightly Lee!—
The high Triumvirs of her fallen state—
Nor less the high Triumvirs of her Fame!—

She gave you Davis!—On his kingly brow
The flames of Battle lit an aureole
That shall not dim, while Mexico is named,
And the proud trophies of our arms shall live.
In Halls of State, his tongue persuasion wrought,
And virile eloquence, with sweets distilled
From Hybla's hive, that's fabled in Old Song,
Which led the Soul a captive to his art;
While on his front sat Reason high enthroned,
To storm the bulwalked citadels of Wrong,
And hurl her strongest battlements to dust,
Before his might and majesty of Mind.
His soul heroic—moulded in the cast

Of antique Virtue; yet as soft and true
As though it throbbed beneath a virgin's zone,
And knew no taint of earth, but tuned its love
Unto divinest equities of God.
Honour e'er walked beside him, as a Guide—
The stern Preceptor in the ways of Life—
But still his Friend, Companion of his heart,
Who came to teach, yet of her pupil learned
A holier Creed than she had known before.
A People's Chieftain—Leader in the Fight—
Upreared by Fate to stand the foremost Man
In War's dread breach—upon his soaring Crest
The hurtling horrors of the strife were cast—
The open slander, and the sly assault,
The taunt malicious, and the covert jeer,
The lies of foes—the jealousies of friends—
Yet from his shield and purity of life
Fell harmless, while his stalwart Spirit rose
Resplendent from the list, and looked from eyes
Untouched by wrath or bitterness of heart.
He died, as he had lived, with faith sublime
In Truth, in Justice, and majestic Law—
The martyred Hero of her Sunny Land;
And while fair Truth shall live, his name shall live;
And while bright Justice shines, his fame shall shine;
And while great Law shall hold her sovereign Sway,
His glory still shall blazon on her Shield,
The lordliest Star in all her Heraldry!

She gave you Jackson!—rugged as an oak,
Yet stronger far—uplifting from the root
Of purest Love and principle, and Faith,
The trunk and branches of a perfect Life,—
Their verdue fed with dews that fell from Heaven,—
To nourish leaves that Angels gathered in,
To keep in garners of Eternal Life.
A Christian Hero—now in lowly prayer
Raising to God's own eye his naked soul,
Thirsting for benedictions, and the love
And peace that Saints delight,—now in the Fight,
With eye enrapt with faith,—his heart ablaze
With the fierce ardour that a warrior feels,
When bloody Battle's tugging at his throat,
He strikes like levin-bolt from frowning Heaven,

And all his foes are swept in wrath away,—
Yet, lo!—he kneels, and 'mid the loud huzza,—
The hot acclaim, the agony and woe,
That mark the victor and the conquered foe,
Lifts his calm face to kiss the smile of God,
And light his triumph with the awe of Heaven!
Plain and noble he—not decked like carpet-knight,
In glistening gew-gaws and in blazonry;
But like a Paladin of Olden Days,
When knights were saints and fought beneath the Cross,
He wore the armour of a blameless Life,
And smote, while psalms were chastened on his lips.
Where shall we find his like, again, in Time,
With all her vast infinities of men?
He has, no counter-type!—He stands alone!—
The priestly Hero, and the Hero-Priest,
Whose simple plainness made him greater far
Than lord or monarch, in the bannered War,—
Whose faded cap shone o'er the Fields of Mars,
With brighter glory, than the blazoned shields
Of boasted conquerors, and of princely peers,
Who live in legends and the storied songs,
That make their deeds immortal as their lays.
He died in War—the sorrows of defeat
He never knew—they visit not the Tomb:
God blessed him thus, and laid him to his Rest;
For his high Soul had bathed in Victory's light,—
So ere the darkness came to cloud his day
Of glories won, God took him to Himself;
But left his Name to blaze from out the Night
Of starless sorrow and of black despair,
That far o'erspread the splendours of the South,—
The brightest, yet serenest Star of War,—
The loftiest Beacon shining o'er the Sea,
That beats eternal on the Shores of Time!

She gave you Lee!—the peerless Gentleman,
Whose sword was lifted, in the sight of God,
As free from blemish as his radiant Soul;
A perfect Knight—a doughty Cavalier;
For in his heart there glowed the vigorous wine
That fired the souls of Bayard and the Peers,
Who bore the shields of France and British spears,

To gleam in light of Stars and Ladies' Smiles,
In joust and tourney, and on stricken Fields,
When men were mad for Love and Chivalry.
Yet courteous was he—and mild and kind,
With lordly dignity and gentle mien,—
And in his smile there dwelt a ray from Heaven,
To woo the lowly and subdue the proud;
For in his deeds glowed Courtesy and Love,
And Justice calm and pure, to win the heart,
And subjugate the mind. His eagle eye
Swept o'er embattled Fields,—pressag'd th' event—
And in the meshes of the woof of War
Fate's tangled threads were woven to Renown—
And led his Legions to foredoom'd success,—
For Genius saw what Valour dared achieve!
Firm, self-poised—he like a Sworder stood,
Perfect in art of fence—to thrust, to ward,—
To strike with rapid blow, to foil the foe—
And all the science of the heady Fight;
And when he grappled in the tug of War,
With foot firm-set, and rapier advanced,
He smote like lightning, and the cowering foe
Reeled from the field, in agony of death,
Or sunk dishonoured, while he towered on high,
A very Hercules of matchless strength,
His Falchion gleaming with victorious light,
Amid the plaudits of a World amazed.
War found him great, Peace found him greater still;
For when he laid aside his flaming Blade,
Whose light had flashed o'er War's ensanguined sea,—
The topmost crest that rode upon the storm;
And walked in tranquil ways, unto his grave,
With statelier presence than the Caesars wore,
When vanquished Worlds were crouching at their feet;
Yet ever with a loving word for men,
And reverence for God, men bowed them low,
With love and awe, before his laurelled brow,
That rose undaunted o'er the ills of life,
And basked in sweet serenities of God!
Like some tall mountain, with its feet in clouds,
Its head illumined with the fires of Heaven;
His Glory, burning like a flaming sun,
Shall stream o'er Time, and blending with thy Fame,

O, mighty South, enkindled by his deeds—
His triumphs, valour, and unmatched renown,
Shall shine twin-splendours from one golden Heaven!

O, South, why mourn'st thou o'er thy mighty Past?—
Thy Past is sure!—Its glories are untouched!—
They live in splendours of thy undimmed stars—
Thy rivers flowing with majestic course,
Singing and roaring grandest melodies,
The holiest anthems of a Nation's faith;—
Thy mountains marshalled like Titanic hosts,
Whose hoary altitudes are pinnacled in Heaven:
And thy brave Children, fair; and true to thee,—
Their nursing Mother!—Here, I crown thy brow,
August with bright serenity and power,
And that large royalty that Glory wears,
With fadeless Bays that History ever gives
To deathless Virtue linked with deathless Fame!—

CHEVALIERS
THE RICHMOND BLUES

Hast hailed them in their proud array,
With plumes and flags unfurled,
With Glory walk her laurelled Way—
No braver in the World?—
Their devoirs gleam from golden days,
Crowned with immortal fame,
And Love renowns with fadeless bays
The splendour of their Name!

Ah! see them in their glitt'ring lines
Sweep through triumphal ways—
Their arms agleam where Glory shines—
Their banners lit with praise.
Hurrah!—hurrah!—they come—they come!—
Their ranks are robed in light:
Hark! hear the old-time fife and drum
That led them to the Fight!

Their fame, emblazoned through their years,
Immortal still shall be;
For, through Virginia's smiles and tears,
They've bled for Liberty!
Their forms were glorified by scars,

They won for Truth and Right,
When Warriors, 'neath the Stars and Bars,
In Freedom's holy Fight!

With Souls erect, and faces bright
With pride, and faith, and power,
They've ever served in Glory's light,
From their first splendid Hour;
And fought beneath Virginia's Shield,
Through agony and pain,
On fame-lit Wave, and glorious Field,—
Their Crest without a stain!

O see their flags float brave and high
O'er Yorktown's red redoubts;
O hear them greet proud Victory,
With fierce, exultant shouts!—
O through their days their standards flame
O'er Fields of death and blood;—
Brave Paladins of loftiest fame—
Bold Knights of hardihood!

At Chateau Thierry, and Argonne,
They led the fiery charge—
And their famed pennons high were borne
O'er Battle's flaming marge:
And still their glories blaze afar,
Like splendours of Romance—
Their fame in War the lordliest Star
That thrilled heroic France!

Again, they march in peaceful ways,—
Along the peopled street;
And with brave meeds of love and praise,
We our Chevaliers greet,
Hush!—hear Fame's trumpets loud appeal
From out the shadowy years,
Whilst o'er our Souls old triumphs steal,
And bless our eyes with tears!

Our Blues! O may thy ever be
Pure from all stain or crime—
May they be ever brave and free,
In thoughts and deeds sublime!—
And as the Centuries pass away,
In each resplendent Day,
May they still lead in proud array,
And blazon Glory's Way!

Appomattox

—"Lives there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
May rise distinguished o'er the din of War;
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star?"

—*Scott*

—"And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent call,
Shall rise that Race, the chivalrous, the bold;
Peopling once more each fair, forsaken hall,
With stately forms, the Knights and Chiefs of old."

—*Hemans*

—"The goodliest fellowship of Famous Knights
Whereof this World holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the Men we loved."

—*Tennyson*

—"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of War blows in our ears,
Set firm the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!"

—*Shakespeare*

—"'Men, the bright offering of whose blood hath made
The ground it bathed e'en as an Altar, whence
High thoughts shall rise forever. Bore they not,
'Midst flame and sword, their witness of the Cross,
With its victorious inspiration girt
As with a Conqueror's robe?"

—*Hemans*

—"The Knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,—
Their souls are with the Saints, we trust!"

—*Coleridge*

—"Virtue increases and becomes more deeply rooted in nations which have grown old with historical associations and reminiscences, and the country which has the most history is that which has the greatest display of virtues."

—*Lamartine*

APPOMATTOX

A calm, sweet summer-eve,
I wandered far
From out the vision and the life of Men—
Beneath the fair Hesperian star,—
To seek a sweet reprieve
From Life's harsh jeopardies, and the surly ken
Of bitter souls,
We ofttimes meet
In crowded hall
Or busy street;—
Beneath the tent and starry peace of Night;—
Far, far from life,
With its wild storm, and surging strife—
Enskied by glories wide, and vast, and bright,
As are the lustrous lights,
And calm delights
Unto graceless mortals given
In the love and benison of Heaven.

The ways were sweet,
O'er flowery mead and hill;
By paths, where fairies' tinkling, little feet
Are glancing still;—
Beneath the ancient forest-trees,
Which chant the holiest hymns to God,
Ere soothed by Zephyrs and the slumbrous Breeze
To croon and nod,
And sink with Nature in her balmy sleep;
Whilst fauns and satyrs peep
From bosky haunts, they love so well,—
Where their sweet changlings and fond love-mates dwell;
And now come forth, to visit lovely spots,
Where bloom forget-me-nots,
And roses wild,
To crown each fairy sprite and woodland child;
And nectar from translucent founts to sip,
Ne'er touched by Man's polluting lip!

From out the denser shade,
By giant oak, and pine and cedar made,
I stood upon the margin of a Field.
The moon's bright shield
Gleamed like a jewel on the breast of Night;
And on her robe of blue
The myriad stars were strown, whose perfect light
Were chaliced in each pendent drop of dew,
That gemmed each blade
Of grass, and sparkling leaf,
Save where the light was spilt by envirous Shade—
And Angels were attendant on its grief.

Far, far—the Field shone 'neath the clustering stars—
No strife here mars
The peace and glory of the tranquil Night:
Time has no flight;
But in sweet lapses wooes the jocund Days
To perish in the maze
Of joys new-woven, as they peacefully,
Melt in the cadence of eternity:
And where I stood, I bent me low,
To pluck a blue-bell blooming by the way—
Lo!—there's a glimmer, and a sudden glow
That make my heart to thrill—my hand to stay—
Is it a glow-worm nestling 'neath the flower?—
Has he there built his palace and his bower?—
Doth swing his tiny lanthern to the Night?—
Doth mock her starry flambeaux with his glinting light?
No!—No!—
'Tis not the glow-worm's vesper-glow,—
'Tis not his fairy scintillating spark
That gleameth from the dark!—
I stoop, again—and look,—
When, lo!—from out the gleaming nook,
I draw a rusty scabbard—and from it a blade,
Which glistens, as it did in Days of Old,
Where moon-light steals and falls through leafy shade—
A Sword of polished steel, with hilt of gold!

Ah! tremblest thou, with fear?—
Soft! lend to me thy ear!

Dark Strife has ravaged these fair hills and dells—
Here raged grim, horrid War,
The peace and splendour of the place to mar;
Here sounded fierce huzza and answering yells,
As armies fought with stubborn hardihood,
Amid yon fields and this sequestered wood;
Behold! 'tis Appomattox's Field before thee lies,
Beneath the Summer stars and Summer skies!

Hush! gentle Peace has fled:—
Hark! hear you not the trumpets call
And loud alarms, and the martial drum,
That wake the welkin that o'eraches all—
The Living and the Dead?—
Look!—look!—they come—they come!—
Behold their tattered banners in the Field,
In front of Legions that will never yield—
Proud Heroes of the Wars,
With battle-scars,
The badges of their glories and renown!—
See, there—they kneel,
To meet the Foe!—
See, yonder, as they steal,—
Low-bending, go!—
Christ! is the banner down?—
No!—God be praiséd—no!—
'Tis up again, and flies
In the stern faces of the unyielding Foe!
Alas! the Hero dies
Who bore it high;
But other brave and stalwart hands are nigh
To bear it up—until it waves no more—
A wreck cast far on War's tempestuous Shore!

Hark! hark!—again, they cheer!—
A gleam of muskets glistens in the wood,
There comes no coward fear
To taint the glory of their soldierhood.
The cannon roar,
And lusty plaudits to the welkin soar;
And their brave banners are advancéd high!—
They pause—they falter—A—h! Again they cheer!
They know no fear—

And on they rush—to conquer or to die—
Men dressed in Simple Gray,
With no display
Of spurs or flaunting plumes, or gold,
Or purple glories of Chivalric pride—
No streaming standards with their golden fold;
But shot-torn Flags that their Brave Hearts have dyed!
No gleaming lance
Of high Romance
Borne by their Sires on old heroic Fields,—
No dancing pennons of embannered Fight,—
No gleam and glitter of triumphant shields
Of Agincourt, and Grecy and Poitiers—
No thunderous crash of Spears;
But eyes enlit with Mars, fierce battle-light;
Proud Souls afire with Freedom's Flame;
Bold brows uplifted in the storms of Fame—
With rapt—unquailing front,
To meet, unyielding, War's unpitying brunt;—
The glories of a thousand years to keep
To Son from Sire—
To fight—and leave to softer Days to weep
Their mad desire
To win or die—the Heroes of a Race
That brook of no disgrace;
But pluck the laurel from the hands of Death,
And bless their Country with expiring breath!

Certes, Brave Men were there—
The Veterans of the South!
They never knew despair;—
The cannon's mouth
Was unto them a plaything and a toy—
And through the Battle's smoke,
Their songs and jests awoke,
And Valour mantled in the cup of Joy.

On famed Manassas' field
They bore the stainless Shield
Of Southern Right,
Till through the sombrous clouds of war
It shone afar,

The fiery Beacon-Star
Of Liberty,
Unto the proud, the chivalrous, and free!
At Fred'ricksburg, and Spottsylvania's Fight
They bore their banners high,
From Age to Age to fly,
Unchallenged, in the light of Victory!
At dread Cold-Harbor, when the Field was red
With blood of vanquished foes,
Their mighty Flags arose
Above the pallid faces of the Dead,
And frighted far the Host that girt them round
From its unconquered ground.
At Gettysburg, though Até, fresh from hell,
Ravaged the Field with slaughter and defeat,
They rushed to battle with their fiery yell,
And left—the Foe still crouching at their feet.
At Petersburg, they bore the storm and cold—
The Winter's angry blast—gaunt woes untold;
The fangs of Hunger in their vitals driven—
The shot, the shell,—the ground by lightning riven—
The lingering anguish and the hope deferred;
Yet not a Hero from his faith was stirred;
But faced the Foe,
And gave him blow for blow:
Till Fate o'erthrew them on her Chosen Ground—
The Spot's immortal in the World's Renown!

But why retrace
Their glories and their deeds,—
The lusty valour of their mighty Race,—
Their Splendours and their hallowed Creeds?—
Their glories soar untiring flights,
And mingle with the high, supernal lights
That flame o'er Time,
And burn and glitter with unending fires
Along God's Ramparts and resplendent Towers,
And gild the Principalities and Powers
Of the highest Heaven of Heaven;
Whilst all that's given
To Man—his pomp, his circumstance and glory—
Perish as a gossip's story,—
Exhales, expires!—

And naught remains save some high Minster's gloom,
A fleeting glory on a crumbling tomb,
A moulded trophy, or a Maker's song,
To witch the surging and bewidering Throng,
That rush o'er Time, forgetting all the deeds
And loving creeds
Of unremembered Days;
And e'en their loftiest Songs of Praise,
Towards the Promise-Light
Of the wide Future, and the mad delight
Of fierce Ambition and of high Emprize
That fire their hearts and sparkle in their eyes!

Look, look!—they stand in flames
Of Battle round them raging;
The shot, the shell—now slays—now maims;—
They strive like Titans—the hot Conflict waging!—
On, on,—they go
Upon the quaking Foe!
They yield—they yield!—
They basely fly the Field!—
Hold, hold! they stand again,—
The stubborn Foe!—
Yet on them—o'er them, rush the Southron Men!
Jesu, Jesu! the anguish and the woe,—
The shriek, the groan, the maddening yell—
The Soldier's fierce, brief, funeral-knell!

Through the dark smoke of War,
Lifted from the blood-red Plain,
Where lie the mangled and the slain,
Afar
"The Stars and the Bars"
Blaze like Lightning-Stars,
That flash through rifts cut high
By levin-bolts in mid-night sky—
An expiring gleam of Glory and of Might—
Then all is swallowed up in darkest Night!

Soft!—hear you not the bugle-call?—
It sounds retreat!
Pray is it meet
That these famed Men, who risked their lives—
their all—

Shall know the bitter anguish of defeat;
Shall know despair;—
Shall leave their laurels there,
Which they have won triumphantly,
To wither and to die?—
Return ye, Southern Knights!—
Return ye, Heroes high!—
This is your last of many famous Fights,
Proud Paladins of Chivalry!—
Your fame shall live in Legend and in Story,
In the loftiest hymns of Glory,
In the far, unending Ages,
The Song of Poets, and the Laud of Sages!
Return!—no stain is on your conquering Shields,
No blot is on your Battle-Flags!
There's Glory in your speechless woe,
There's Splendour in your tattered rags—
For let the wide World know
You yield your first and last of Foughten Fields!

Yes,—yes, your great Commander
Declares you must surrender—
And though the stroke shall break his noble Heart,
He bids you from his side depart:
For you, bold, lion-hearted Men are now at bay;
And round you raging,
Fierce battle waging,
Muster mighty armies, hungry for their prey.
Ye have borne up proudly,
And ne'er vaunted loudly
Of your lofty Glory and Renown;—
Come, your Banners that you flaunted
High and fair—undaunted,
Softly, softly, fold them now, and forever lay them down;
And you high, unconquered Arms—
Stack them—stack them, in their Glory;
For no more the clangour and alarms
Of the bugle's bold command
Shall rouse you from the sod—all-gory
With the crimson Splendours
Poured from hearts of brave Defenders
Of your beauteous Mother-land.
Stack them,—slowly, in their Glory,

Stack them in the love of Men,
Stack them—all, the young and hoary—
Time ne'er shall see their like again!
Drop your tears upon their splendour,
Wreathe their glory with your woes,
As each Hero—brave Defender
Yields his weapon to his Foes.

Soft, soft! Hearken, ere you go—
And turn your faces to your hearth-stones,
And your fields now strown with bones;
To the peace of homeside fires,
To your Children and your Sires,
To your Mothers' prayers and kisses,
To your Wives' sweet loves and blisses,
To your Sweethearts' lips and blushes;
Whilst your Souls pulse loud with flushes
Of the high, enraptured blessings
That come with Love, and love's caressings;—
Learn the Lesson and the Glory
Of this Loftiest Day of Time:—
When Men shall tell your grand, heroic Story,
They'll proudly say,
While Women kneel and softly pray:

"They were a handful, at the ending,
Their bravest Hearts were scattered far and wide,—
And though o'erwhelmed, their Valour was unbending,—
Fate conquered them—not Foes!—
We drop a tear,—
And pray God grant their Souls repose!"

My Vision passed away,—
I stand upon the margin of the Field,—
The Moon's all-golden shield
Has paled to silver in the purpling Sky,
And new-risen Day,
Heralded by Hours and matin Minstrelsy,
With rosy fingers opes
The golden curtains of the East,
And ushers in the splendours of the Morn:
So glorious Prophecies, and Promises and Hopes
Burst from the darkness of thy stormy Past,

With luminious Powers and giant Energies released—
At last, at last!—
From thy fierce travails and dark sorrows born,—
On thy proud Brow, O South!
On thy sweet, fame-lit Mouth,
Glow with a Splendour that shall never die!

HONOUR

'True Honour is the finest sense of Truth,
Of Courtesy, of Justice, and of Worth!—
'Tis not a painted coat-of-arms, forsooth,
Of a feigned sire, whose memory and birth
Are lost in old years: nor in mere descent,—
Nor heralds' figments of Nobility;
But in the Soul that hastens to resent
Wrong as a wound, and life but infamy,
Soiled by disgrace, or recreant cowadice!
Honour's not rank, but Virtue undefiled
By stains of sin, inequity, or vice.
Pure Honour vaunteth not, but's ever mild
And courteous, and is the proudest pride;
Man's shield, and conscience, and his righteous guide!

THE SONGS MY MOTHER LOVED

—"Sing aloud
Old Songs, the precious Music of the Heart."
—*Wordsworth*

Oh! sing the Songs my Mother loved,
The sweet, old Songs she sang of yore,
When from her smiles I never roved,
And her fond words were all my lore:
Their music comes to me tonight,
Far o'er my checkered, stormful days,
Winged on each melody's delight,—
Enlit with love's divinest rays.

Oh! sing the Songs my Mother sang,
In childhood's happy golden hours,
When on her words I'd fondly hang,
Like bees on ever-opening flowers;
Their softened notes to-night I hear,
Flushed with the bliss of happier days,—
Her voice so soft, so pure, so clear,
Her kiss of love, her words of praise.

Oh! sing the Songs my Mother sang,
Sweet breathe their tunes from out the years,
With many a joy, with many a pang,—
With smiles, with laughter, and with tears;—
Soft o'er my soul their beauty steals,—
Again I nestle to her breast,—
Each note of bliss her love reveals,
And gently lulls my heart to rest.

The Sword that Followed Lee

—"No more, I'll bear thee in the battle's front—
A gleaming Mercury of triumphant arms!"
—Signet

—"'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our Noble Slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain."
—Ryan

—"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone."
—Tennyson

THE SWORD THAT FOLLOWED LEE

"Come near, my son," the sinking vet'ran said,—
"Come close beside your dying father's bed,—
My boy, bring yonder time-worn sword to me;
It is the sword that followed Lee;—
Though dust now mars
The scabbard sheen,
And battle-scars
Are there, I ween;
Yet its pure blade is gleaming bright,
As when it flashed in Freedom's fight,—
And there no stain can be—
For 'tis the sword that followed Lee,—
The spotless sword that followed Lee!"

"My son, I'm dying—but remember, boy!—
Back to me comes the battle's fiery joy—
My son, still keep this hallowed sword, for me;
It is the sword that followed Lee;—
It was full oft
A battle-flame,
When borne aloft
To deadthless fame;
And its pure blade is gleaming bright,
As when it flashed in Freedom's fight—
And there no stain can be—
For 'tis the sword that followed Lee,—
The spotless sword that followed Lee!"

The Hero's dead—his noble heart is cold;
Around his form his old gray cloak we fold;—
The boy is rapt in prayer, on bended knee,—
Yet graps the sword that followed Lee,—
Bright through the years,
The sword shall shine,
Through grief and tears,
With light divine;
And its pure blade shall gleam as bright,
As when it flashed in Freedom's fight;
And there no stain can be—
For 'tis the sword that followed Lee,—
The spotless sword that followed Lee!

OUR VETERANS

Veterans of our Love!—Brave Veterans of Fame!—
The famous Rear-Guard of the famous Ranks
Of Lee and Jackson, and the gallant host
Of Captains and of Soldiers, whose great deeds
Are as eternal as the starry Heavens,
And Streams that flow forever to the Sea:
We greet ye with our love and reverence,
And pride for all your prowess and renown!

Ye were not conquered, but o'erpowered by Fate,
Whose countless myrmidons, arrayed in arms
By Hate and Greed, rushed on your gleaming blades
And flaming guns, to die by myriads,—
Until exhausted by the deeds ye wrought,
And strokes of your innumerable foes,
Ye sank, ennobled by a thousand wounds,
Gaunt Famine, and the misery that comes
To valiant Souls, confronted by a World,
Purchased to do dark villainies of Wrong,
And base Injustice, Tyranny, and Crime.

Yet in defeat ye soared to grander Heights
Of lofty Virtue, Sacrifice, and Fame,
Than ye had won amid the stress of War,
Albeit your grandeur flashed o'er all the Earth,
And filled the spacious firmament of Time
With lights more glorious than the Roman knew,—
With splendours greater than the Grecian dreamed,—
With stars more lustrous than famed Knighthood saw
In Field and List; and deeds that awed the World!

We greet ye—Heroes of our famous Days,
When your proud Ensign gleamed before your ranks,
To glad your comrades and affright your foes,
And Victory led ye to achieve renown!—
Ye are not changed by Time's vicissitudes—
Though your bold faces are sublimed by age,
And your strong forms are touched by pain and grief:
Your Souls are noble,—your Courage is undimmed:
Your Loyalty, and Faith, and brave Resolve
Flash from your eyes, and glorify your lips:
And as we grasp your hands, and hear your words,
We live anew the high, majestic Past
And pray God's blessings on your lordly Heads!—

My Father's Sword

—"Ah! let me gaze on thy familiar face,
And try again thy temper and thy strength!—
Thy face is beaming, for thy metal's true;
And all the rubs that thou hast known, withal,
Have brightened—and not marred thy countenance;
For thou hast ever borne a heart of steel!"

—*The Signet*

—"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

—*Byron*

—"Man is a creature of succession, who collects and combines in a single mind the mental qualities of perhaps a hundred generations."

—*Lamartine*

—"Tell them to hang the old sword in its place—
My father's sword and mine!"

—*Hemans*

MY FATHER'S SWORD

My Father's Sword!—I sit to-night,
Within the ruddy, circling light
That from the fire-place, flashing glows,
And o'er the room its splendour throws.
It flames afar upon the floor,
A fiery streak of crimson gore;
It glistens on the hand that's kissed—
A sparkling, jewelled amethyst;
It brightens o'er the illumined books;—
It wooes the shadows from the nooks;
It nestles in the gathering dark,
With many a softened, rosy spark
That rests within the dimple's nest,—
That lightens o'er the glowing breast,—
And, gently, swooning, softly, sips
The Hyblan nectar from the lips
That glorify yon antique frame,—
That made my grand-dame's softer fame
Blend with the glory and the might
That were my Father's, by the right
Of ancient lineage and renown—
And smooths the haught, imperious frown
From the high, knightly brow of him
Who fought and whelmed the Paynim grim,
In Jewry old; and lights the face
Of many a famous warrior bold,
Of my high-famed, ancestral race,
With its sweet grace and burnished gold.

I sit to-night—and fondly dream,
And watch the dying embers gleam,
And the weird glories that are cast
On floor, o'er pennons, and on walls,
And live again the famous Past,—
Its stern alarms, and bugle-calls,—
Its high emprize—grand festivals—
As the soft fire-light glows and falls!

Around me are the Days of Old,
Lit by the fire-light's fleeting gold:
Yonder the pennon of old France
That gleamed in days of high Romance,

When Love's soft dream and starry lore
Entranced the raptured Troubadour;—
There the steely, dented shield
A hero bore on Ivry's Field,
When the white plume of brave Navarre
Streamed like an ensign in the air;—
There the two-edged blade of might
My sire once wielded, in the fight
And tourney high, in Ashby's List—
Its jewelled hilt is softly kissed
By the fire-glow, in the dark—
A single, radiant diamond-spark;—
There hangs the banner that once flashed
O'er War's dread ocean, brave and high,
When Edward, with his heroes, dashed
Amid Gaul's dauntless chivalry,
And mingled glories of Poitiers
With groans of men and women's tears;—
There shine red gules upon the lock
Of him who died upon the block,
Too proud to fly, he grandly died,
Nor sued for life his foes denied—
The last of England's Cavaliers,
The bravest of her dauntless Peers;—
There rests the sabre that was borne—
Nigh yon high pennon, that is torn
In tattered shreds, by shot and shell,
In Waterloo's ensanguined hell—
Borne by my sire on Glory's Field,
Until, the blade no more to wield,
He died in blood to live in fame,
And give to Time a deathless name;—
Yonder, where the fire-beams glint
On ancient lock of steel and flint,
Shines the gun whose deadly flame
Immortalized the Traitor's name,
When Patriots rose and grandly broke
From Slavery's chain—the Despot-Yoke;—
There hangs my grand-sire's silken sash
Dyed in the fire-glow's reddest flash,
When in far Mexico, he bled
And fell, the foremost in the Fight,
For Glory's meed and Freedom's right;—
And there's the pennant that was flown

From the strong battleship—you see
'Tis faded now, and wan and torn—
When Victory led us o'er the Sea,
And brave Decatur fought and died—
The Seaman's joy—the Nation's pride!

I live anew their glories o'er,
Their starry deeds and splendent lore;
And with them love, and with them fight—
And dream immortal dreams, that bright
And fair, enchant me with their rays—
I live the Past's ambrosial Days.
I hear the trump—I see the sheen
Of Glory's throngs, in Palestine;
I hear the crash of might'est Spears—
My bosom thrills with holy fears,
As o'er the Field, I gaze to trace
The pallid glory of each face
Of Saint and Hero who were loved.
My soul is sweetly stirred and moved,
For now I list the love-lit song
The Poet sings, far from the throng,
To Donzel sweet and lofty Dame—
Hark; he sings of Love and Fame:
My heart is meshed in golden maze—
The lush delights of other days;
The soft desires of eyes that gleam
From out the visions of my dream;
The swelling breast, the gold-lit tress,
Enraptured by the sun's caress;
The Soul's sweet, dream-lit ecstacies,
And visioned joys and phantasies,
That light the splendours of the Past,
And o'er the Heart enchantment cast—
The fair Olympian days of old,
Flushed with their purple youth, and gold
Of dawning lights and luscious, fragrant hours,
Sweet with the perfumes of fair Tempe's flowers!

My Soul awakes;—the dying fire
Hoards its brief glory—to expire,
In one last flash of haunting light,—
And softly lingers with delight,
  And gathers with a parting gleam,
Above the mantel's, oaken beam;

And rests, with soft, enamoured glow,
Upon the Sword suspended high,
With tarnished sheath and hilt of snow—
Its trappings stirring in the air—
The truant wand'rer of the blast
That storms without, where snow-flakes cast
Their whitening glory o'er the sod,
And lift their purity to God.

My Father's Sword!—I rise and grasp,
With trembling hand, its iv'ry hilt,
The golden lustre of its clasp:—
It felt no wrong, it knew no guilt;
But was the Guardian of the Free,
The strong Defense of Liberty,
The flashing Falchion that on high
Blazed in the front of Victory,
And gleamed a Mercury of Wrath,
To cleave afar a bloody path
For Freedom's holy feet to tread,
Amid the dying and the dead.
The Sword of Might, the Blade of Flame
That burns with Glory's quenchless gleam,
And all that's brightest in the fame
Of storied Song and Minstrel's Dream—
The splendours of a thousand years
Of joys, of grandeur, and of tears,
Flash from its point, illume its spotless Blade,
And guard the Greatness that its Glory made!

My Father's Sword!—I bear it high,
And draw it from its olden sheath;—
It glitters far in ecstacy,
Upon the darkened floor beneath;—
I hold it in the fading light,
And kiss its beauty with delight,
Such as a lover feels, when bliss
Swoons o'er his being in the kiss
Of her he loves. My Father's Blade!—
I wave it high, in light and shade!
Great God! it brings to me, to-night,
The battle's fierce and hot delight—
The victor's shout, the foeman's yell,
The hurricane of shot and shell,

When our fair South was fighting far
To stem the tide of raging War,
And on proud Fields our banners flew,
O'er hearts immortal, brave and true—
When Heroes fought and followed Lee,
In the red wake of Chivalry!

I stand erect—my heart beats quick!—
I bear the gleaming Falchion high;
Around me troop, in legions thick,
The visions of my phantasy;
And armies muster here again,
With all their glory and their pain,
With trump, and banners waving far
O'er the wild agonies of War,—
And mingle with my mad delight,—
And stir me with their battle-light!
The Moslem on his hallowed sword
Engraved the glories of the Lord,
And wrought upon its burnished blade,
The trophies that his Prophet made—
The rhapsodies of martial love,
The Holy Gospels from above,—
Each pious prayer, each sacred creed;—
And when it smote and flamed afar—
The Hero's joy, his guiding Star,
Reflected from War's blood-lit stream,—
He hailed its gleam, the light of Fate,
And rushed, to quench his murd'rous hate,
In the dark waves, the bloody tide
Of the vast ocean of his pride—
His sword the light that flushed this sea—
The madness of the Devotee;—
And when he fell, the blade he'd kiss,
And leap into immortal bliss,
From the hot, gory, seething sod,
Into the Paradise of God;—
Ambrosial wine to bless his lips,
And the warm joy the Warrior sips
From Houris' sighs and Houris' eyes
That swim with languorous ecstacies;
And the Eternity of bliss
That thrills in Houris' smiles and kiss;
And oh his sword to proudly trace,
Enwrought in antique Damascene,

The high renown of his high race,
The charact'ry and starry sheen
That brighten through eternal years,
Its glow ne'er dimmed by sorrow's tears:
The pledge of Faith, the Light of Heaven,
Unto the Brave and Holy given!

So shall we keep this Glorious Sword,
Enlit with mem'ries of the South,—
The Cause we love, the loves we hoad,
That dwell in Heart, and speak from Mouth,
Aglow with eloquence and worth,
That spread its splendours o'er the Earth—
The stainless Falchion, that on high
Flashed in the Patriot's dauntless eye,
And like the lighting's scathing gleam,
Smote all who dared its levin-beam!—
Its face is fair—it still reflects
The loves, the hopes, the bright aspects
Of hills and dells, and mountain-peak,
From Rio Grande to Chesapeake,—
Proud rivers, with majestic might,
That float upon their tranquil breasts
The soft and tremulous stars of night;—
The snow-tipped summits, and their crests
White with the glories of their years;
The clouds that shed their dewy tears,
The azure blessings of our skies,
The love-light glowing from the eyes
Of beauteous Women, fair and true,
Eyes the Soul is shining through,—
And hearts as pure as Angel-Dreams,—
The God-like bliss, the Seraph's love—
In the peace of God above!—
Its sheen enhued with holy dyes
Poured from the South's great heart of flame—
Its point uplifted to the skies,
Where glows the South's eternal Fame!
Is all the glitter and the gleam
Of this Old Sword a fleeting dream?—
And all the glory that it brings
Of the high, immortal things
That cluster round its fiery blade,—
That glisten from its golden light,

By Valour won, and Love inlaid
In its fair sheen, so pure and bright,
The vision of a Winter's night?—
No, no!—its Light shall never die,
But flame through all Eternity,—
The purest Sword to Mortals given—
The Southron's dream of Love and Heaven!

Sword of the Brave!—we love thy light,
We cherish still thy sacred fame,
From out our black and stormful Night
Thou'll blaze a quenchless flame;—
Thou'll cast thy glorious radiance far,
O'er land, o'er sky, and boundless sea,
The brightest Star of famous War,
The theme of loftiest Minstrelsy!
Till in some far and distant day,
In countless Centuries of Time,
Thou'll blend thy bright, immortal ray
With Heaven's serener prime,
And flame eternal o'er the Days
Of God's unfailing, endless Years,
The brightest Glory of their blaze—
Untouched by change, undimmed by tears!

SOFT O'ER THY FACE

—"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The Mind, the Music breathing from her face."
—*Byron*

Soft o'er thy face sweet beauty gleams,
And lightens from each dimple's nest,
Dwells in thy blue eyes' soul-lit beams,
And gladdens o'er thy glowing breast,—
I dream, enraptured, of the bliss
That love imagines in thy kiss,
And the pure heaven of thy face,
Where love would find his dwelling-place.

Sweet rests the sun-glow on thy tress
Of golden light and sunny hue,
And thy soft graciousness to bless
Shines from thy heart so brave and true,—
I gaze, enraptured, on the bliss
That love beholds in thy sweet kiss,
And the pure heaven of thy face,
Where love shall find his dwelling-place.

Thy tress may dim, thy beauty die,
Thy fond eyes lose their azure hue,
Yet thy sweet spirit's witchery
Shall shine from heart, forever, true,—
I love, enraptured with the bliss
That love hath gathered in thy kiss,
And the pure heaven of thy face,
Where love hath found his dwelling-place.

Maury

—"Thoughts which command all coming times and minds,
As from a tower a warden,—fix themselves
Deep in the heart as meteor stones in earth,
Dropped from some higher sphere."

—*Bailey*

—"Strong will,
Subtle tact, and soft manners, have given him skill
To conciliate Fortune, and courage to brave
Her displeasure."

—*Bulwer*

—"Death is everywhere: But whatever the fate may be Virtue alone never repents."

—*Lamartine*

—"They who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

—*Psalm* 107

—"Through all his track of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

—*Tennyson*

—"Do I drag my anchors? All's well!"

—*Maury*

—"No sage of all the ages past,
Ambered in Plutarch's limpid story,
Upon his living age has cast
A radiance touched with truer glory!"

—*Preston*

—"Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea; which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the South; which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number."

—*Job*

MAURY

Seaman and Sage, and Dreamer of deep things,
Cloistered in secrets of th' infinite Seas—
Broad Lands—blue Skies!—Thy sane Imaginings
Thy Genius lured to Nature's mysteries—
Her dread arcana, veiled from purblind sight
Of men unversed in God's divine decrees.
To thee God gave the high, supernal light
To follow in His paths, and boldly seize
Bright clues that led thee through the mystic maze
Of His revealings, to each hidden haunt,
Where man had never dared before to gaze.
No doubt—no travail could thy Spirit daunt!—
Thy toil revealed His Wonders to the World,
And round thy Name a deathless glory furled!

Thou did'st not stand by the unfathomed seas,
And moan thy weakness to reveal their deeps,
But thy brave eyes pierced the eternities
That in their bosoms God forever keeps:
And dared to wake their mysteries to light,
That flashed their beauty in the eyes of all,
And made them fit for service and delight
To men. From Nature's form the awful pall,
That had enveiled her glory from the sight,
And dreams of men, thy Genius did unclose.
Thou gazed'st upon the far-unrolled Night,
And saw each star as it in beauty rose
To tell the wondrous Story of the power,
And grace of God, at midnight's radiant Hour!

Great Visions came to thee in thy commune
With Nature in her sweet and hallowed moods;
Thou found'st in lustres of the silvered moon
The loveliness and peace—in solemn woods,
The majesty of God. The chalice soft
Of the sweet flower, that bloomed in light of day,
Gave thy Soul honey, whilst it soared aloft
To high commune with God. The ocean's spray
Was to thy Spirit as a draught of wine;
And its green waves grew luminous and bright,
As from its depths vast mysteries did shine

Unto thy mystic Ken. Nature with delight,
Did ope to thee her treasuries of gems,
And crowned thy brow with kingly diadems!

Thy Genius visioned the vast seas' domain,
And the uncharted mountains 'neath their tides,
And measured them, until the boundless main
Was thy familiar. Thy subtle skill still guides
The mighty argosies of Trade and War,
With Art unerrant, and with safety o'er
Their unveiled deeps, where'er the sun or star
Lighteth their billows, and the tempests' roar
Frighteth their raging waters, and afar
Fierce storms and darkness ride upon their waves.
No more bold seamen tremble on their decks,
For fear these vasty deeps shall be their graves,
And their proud ships shall sink as ocean-wrecks:
For thou has blazoned pathways through the seas,
To guide their sails o'er their immensities!

Gentle, truth-speaking, valiant, and free,—
The kindliest Spirit of our Chivalry:
Bidding defiance to each woe and foe,
His falchion flashed for Truth and Liberty!—
He sought no middle-ground—he knew no doubt;
He saw oppression's hot, volcanic fire
Seethe into flames, and spread o'er each redoubt
Its molten lava-streams of hate and ire,
And smite the fields and marts of his loved South,—
Strike down her riches, and her peace and power,—
Blast her fair being, like a simoom's mouth
Destroys the beauty of a blossoming flower:
And he arose as on a battle-field,
With sword in hand, resolved to never yield!

He felt the dark disasters that o'ercast
The South, and loved her for her miseries,
In horrent War, and the fierce, with'ring blast
Of Northern guns, and th' hideous agonies
And desolations that his Country bore,
From cruel, ruthless deeds, done by her foes,—
And wounds of flesh and soul, grievous and sore,
Inflicted by their fierce and vengeful blows.

He blessed her crown of Glory, won in Fight
For Liberty and Truth, the devoir high,
Beneath the golden banners of the Right,
To live for Freedom, or to nobly die:
And by his genius wrought consuming blows,
To blast the ships and armies of her foes!

Yet he loved Peace, and loved her joy-lit ways,—
Her amity and grace,—her odorous nights,—
The gifts and splendours of her lustrous days;
When Love wreathes Honour with her pure delights,
And Fame's forgotten 'mid the bliss of flowers,
And Poesy, and prophecies of Hope,
That Faith and Truth weave round the golden Hours:
And Wisdom, Justice, and Religion ope
Unto the righteous Soul. Praised for his skill,
His science, and his large integrity,
By men, savants, and kings, he, humble still,
Loved God; and with profound humility,
Bowed at His throne. He fell asleep in death,
Extolling Christ with his expiring breath!

Great Maury! e'en thy wrongers laud thee now—
Thy genius, worth, thy probity, and art!
Each ship that cleaves the waters with her prow,
Follows the highway of thy wondrous Chart
Of the wide Seas, and knows their winds and deeps,
As children know their toys: and safely sails,—
And o'er the sea-green billows ever keeps
Thy sea-paths, in summer-suns, and fierce hails
Of winter-tempests. Now we belt the seas
With converse, through weird cables deeply laid
On islands in the oceans' mysteries,
By subtle plannings which thy genius made.
All now applaud thy marvels and thy powers,
And crown thee, dead, with august Laurel-Flowers!

MY DIXIE GIRL

My Dixie girl,
With sun-lit curl,
  And eyes of bonny blue—
With face of light,
And smiles so bright,
  And heart so fond and true.

CHORUS

Ah! I love you,
  My Dixie girl—
I love you—
  Yes, I do—
With your eyes of bonny blue—
And your heart so fond and true—
Oh, I love you—
  Yes, I do—
With your smiling,
And beguileing—
  My own sweet Dixie girl!

My Dixie girl,
With teeth of pearl,
  And cheeks of rosy hue—
With soul so pure,
And love so sure
  I love you—Ah! I do!

CHORUS

My Dixie girl,
The whole wide world,
  Hath not a lass so fair—
The angels kiss
Your lips for bliss,
  And nestle in your hair.

CHORUS

Lee Asleep

—"Shall not all know thee as in times o'erpast—
The loftiest to the last,—
For times and wars shall change, kingdoms and creeds,
And dreams of men, and deeds;
Earth shall grow gray with all her golden things,
Pale Peoples, and hoar Kings;
But though her thrones and towers of Nations fall,
Death has no part in all;
In the air, nor in the imperishable sea,
Nor Heaven, nor Truth, nor thee!"

—*Swinburne*

—"O, he was Freedom's Champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'er-stept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him
wept."

—*Byron*

"—Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever beare shield. Thou were the truest friend to thy friend that ever bestrod horse. Thou were the truest lover that ever loved woman. Thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sword. Thou were the goodliest person that ever came among the presses of knights. And thou wert the gentlest that ever eat in hall among ladies."

—*Malory*

—"He fled from Fame; but Fame
Sought him in his retreat,
Demanding for the World one name
Made deathless by defeat.
Go, glory! and forever guard
Our Chieftain's hallow'd dust;
And Honour keep eternal Ward!—
And Fame be this thy Trust!"

—*Ryan*

—"And toil'd with works of war, retir'd, and gave
His body to that pleasant country Earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
Under whose Colours he had fought so long!"

—*Shakespeare*

—"Whose name is reared a statue for all time,
In the great Minster of the whole World's heart!"

—*Hope*

LEE ASLEEP

I stand, O Lee! before thy slumb'ring form,
Chiseled in marble by the Sculptor's hand,
With cunning skill and artistry divine:
Fashioned in beauty and chivalric poise,
As though thou sleepest in thy majesty!

Upon thy brow a Splendour sits enthroned,
Grander than diamonded tiara or crown
Of potentate or king,—or cloistered sage,—
Or soldier in the panoply of arms,—
Or poet dreaming visions of delight,—
Or smiling courtier in the halls of Power:
For in thy being th' elements were mixed
Of all the storied glories of the Past.
Men loved thee for thy grandeur and renown,—
Thy chastity of thought,—thy innocence
Of wrong and ire,—thy virtue and thy worth,—
Thy excellence of life,—thy courtly grace,—
Thy genius, and the Glory of thy Sword,—
Thy humble Faith in Victory's lordliest hour,—
Thy high, yet simple bearing in defeat.

'Tis meet that thou should'st sleep in gleaming white,—
Thy famous Sword enshrined in broidered sheath,
To rest beside thee nigh thy martial grasp—
Its hilt unclasped; yet potent in the World,
To guide the Nations in the ways of Truth
And Honour, and the hallowed paths of Peace,
As when it led the legions of the South
To triumphs high, and the immortal fame,
That ever crowns the lofty and the brave,
And all the mem'ries clustered round their flags;
Albeit they sank, in sorrow and defeat,
Before o'erwhelming myrmidons of Power,
Like stars that fade before the wrack of storms,
And lightnings flashing in the lurid sky—
Obscured, but never quenched, and burning still,
In an eternal radiancy of beams,
When clouds have passed, and left their light in
heaven!

Thy eyes are closed, that o'er embattled fields
Blazed with a splendour that achieved success;
And thy brave lips, that gave commands of power,
Are mute in silence of the Parian stone,
That's wrought in beauty of thy perfect mouth.
Thy hand, that pointed th' heroic South to fame,
Now lies beside thy Sword in placid peace,—
Its jewelled hasp untouched—its blade unsheathed.
No tomb of noble, or of stately knight,
Of poet, king, or priest, or martyred saint,
Of paladin, who fought with Charlemagne,
Of knights of Arthur and his Table-Round,
Of Cavaliers, who 'neath the Cross of Christ,
Followed the Hermit to Jerusalem,
Of heroes shrined beneath o'er-arching domes
Of Minsters and Cathedrals old, in France,
In famed Italia, and in jocund Spain,
In England, and in Scotland, and the East,—
Where'er they fell in valour and renown,
O'er which proud sculptures, and escutchioned shields,
In bronze and marble, flower in pride of place,
Can match the glory of thy Sepulchre,—
Whose simple grandeur marks thy noble life,
And makes its beauty glorious as thy Fame!

And shall we turn from thee, in sadness, Lee?
Nay, nay,—there is no sadness in thy Fame!
Thy Shield's a mirror of the unstained Lights
Of glory, and of beauty, and renown;
And on it gleams the greatness of the South.
Thou art not dead! for thou canst never die:
Thou art immortal in the love of men!
Thy Tomb's a Shrine!—This marble is renowned
By thy great glory blended with its art:
And while thy image sleeps, in strength and grace,
On this thy wondrous couch of sculptured stone,
Thy Spirit dwells with God, in realms of Bliss,
As lofty as an Angel of the Lord,
Arrayed in panoply of Heavenly Arms!

Our Flag

—"One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream!"

—Byron

"—Its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by Poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the Ages!"

—Ryan

—"Sleep! in thine own historic Night,—
And be thy blazoned Scroll:
A Warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the Warrior's Soul!"

—Requier

O Heroes of the famous, golden days—
Whose splendours have not vanished with the years;
We lift your famous Flag with lofty praise,
Mingled with prayers, and Love's most precious tears—
Shed not alone for sorrows, but for pride
For all your fame and gallantry of deeds,
That are immortal in the plaudits wide
And far-resounding, as your glorious meeds.
Mem'ry and History shall eternalize
In Song and Story, and in Statues high
Of stone and bronze—brave pictures to the eyes
Of myriad lovers of your Chivalry!—
To ye we give this Lay of Love and Fame,
That blends "Our Flag" with lustre of your Name!

OUR FLAG

Old Flag, thy sheen is dimmed and worn,—
  Thy silken folds with shot are torn;
The hearts that bore thee high and brave,
  Shall sleep in many a hallowed grave;
But thou shalt live in Glory's light,
  The emblem of a People's right;
The fairest pennon of the Free,
  That ever waved o'er land or sea!

We love thee, for our fathers bore
  Thy fame on battle-fields of yore,
When soaring like the charméd crest
  Of some old knight in Glory's quest!
And dearer thou, than when thy gold
  Of gleaming stars, and azure fold
Shone high o'er Vict'ry's favored host,—
  The warrior's pride—the patriot's boast!

Brave Flag, we love thee for the deeds
  Of glory, and the sacred creeds
That round thee cluster, with thy scars,
  And glorify thy "Stars and Bars"!
Thy warriors folded thee in gloom—
  Thy foemen cheered thy glorious doom;—
But like the stars that gleam from night,
  Thy fame shall blaze a quenchless light!

We love thy Cross, by Jesus blest,—
  We love thee for thy sorrows best—
We love thy Shield by tears bedewed—
  We love thy folds by crimson hued:
And, as the years shall pass away,
  While Fame shall weep, she'll proudly say—
This Flag's the fairest that e'er rose,
  To glad its friends or daunt its foes!

I LOVE TO LIVE AGAIN THE HOURS

—"Like the faint exquisite Music of a dream."
—*Moore*

I love to live again the hours
Of summer-days and dreams, gone by,
When Joy played with me 'mid the flowers
And golden lights of infancy;—
When at my Mother's knee I knelt,
And lisped pure pray'rs, whose raptures melt,
E'en yet, the tear-drops from mine eye,
And waft my faith to God on high.

I love to walk in garden-ways,
Gladdened with hollyhock and rose,
And jesmine white, whose creamy rays
Sun-kisses lightened from repose;
I scent their fragrance, with a sigh,
Their beauty stirs to ecstacy;—
And memory hoards their perfumes' bliss,
That thrilled beneath my Mother's kiss.

I love to loiter by the brook,
That murmurs through the balmy wood,
And mirrors still my wondering look,
And Mother's smile, so pure and good—
Where clambering honey-suckle held
Its snowy chalice to the bee;
And my young heart with rapture swelled
Beneath her kisses' ecstacy.

I love to dream of Mother's face,
Shrined in the glory of her hair,
Alight with melody and grace,—
To me no face were e'er so fair:—
I feel her blue eyes' love-lit light,
And hear her voice, so sweet and low,
And to me come again the bright
And blissful dreams of long ago.

Jefferson Davis

An Ode

—"Minerva manly strength and courage gave
That he illustrious among all the Greeks
Might be, and win the precious meed of Fame.
She kindled on his shield and lofty crest
A fire miraculous, with steady blaze
Like the autumnal star which, rising fresh
From ocean's wave, shines brightest in the skies."

—Homer

—"The source of Genius is often in ancestry, and the blood of descent is sometimes the prophecy of destiny!"

—Lamartine

—"We have lost him: He is gone:
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,—
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not making his high Place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure."

—Tennyson

—"Praised above Men be thou,
Whose laurel-laden Brow,
Made for the Morning, droops not in the Night;
Praised and beloved, that none
Of all thy great things done
Flies higher than thy most equal Spirit's flight;
Praised, that nor doubt nor hope could bend
Earth's loftiest Head, found upright to the End!"

—Swinburne

—"Yea, one thing more than this,
We know that one thing is,
The splendour of a Spirit without blame;
That not the labouring years
Blind-born, nor any fears,
Nor men nor any ills can tire or tame;
But purer power with fiery breath
Fills and exalts above the gulfs of death."

—Swinburne

JEFFERSON DAVIS

AN ODE

Soft! wake him not—
Our Chieftain sleeps!
Yet his proud fame shall never be forgot;
For Glory keeps
Her sleepless watch, and o'er him weeps,
And fills her cup of sorrows to the brim—
The Niobe of time—
While grandly peal the lofty hymn,
And choral strains sublime;
And mortal incense mingles with divine;—
And his great deeds
And holy creeds
In glory merge and luminously shine,
A quenchless beacon-star,
To guide afar,
O'er the toss'd sea
Of Liberty
And Law, man's loftiest hope;
And nerve him with Herculean thews to cope
With giant Errour and tyrannic Power,
Till o'er the World
Proud banners wave,
By Freedom's hand unfurled,—
And not a star shall beam upon a slave!
In that supremest hour,
True men shall bless thy creed,
And give to thee the meed
Of virtue high,
And stateliest chivalry;
And thy great name
Shall blaze in flame
Like sun-flames burning in the noon-day sky—
The light and glory of eternity!

The Hero sleeps—
And Fame her vigil keeps,
And sanctifies the clay,
And his ennobled face
Is lit with tenderest grace,

As though a seraph's touch had woo'd away
The ruggedness of life,
Encarved by storm and strife,
And the bronzed glory that had marked its power
And dauntless front,
Whose soaring crest had never deigned to cower,
Though it had dared the brunt
Of crimsoned battle, and the fiercest hate;
But ever rose triumphant and elate
O'er War's red sea,
The highest crestéd billow of the fight,—
Amid the storms of scorn and treachery,
The cynosure that lighted to the Right.

We gaze to-day into thy placid face,
Richer in beauty than the sculptured stone,
By art emblazoned with its matchless grace,
And marvel that the travails thou hast borne—
A Nation's agony and bloody sweat,
The tears of women that are falling yet,
Fair banners trailing in the dust, and Death
Smiting thy children with consuming breath;
Thy country fallen and her armies crushed
Beneath the countless myrmidons, who rushed
To scoff the Giant as she proudly sank,—
Not conquered, but o'erthrown by servile might,—
Like Hector battling with the serried rank
Of slaves, who slew him in unequal fight—
Have left no tracery of the bitter woe
Upon thy quiet brow—no scar or sign
Of griefs inflicted by the vengeful foe,
Which made thee highest of the martyred line
Of chiefs and heroes high in glory,
Whose names shall live in endless story
While the brave, knightly Southern heart shall live—
A tear to shed, a bension to give!

The Hero's dead;
Ring out, ye solemn bells,
His soul has fled;
Hark! how the anthem swells
O'er hill and dale.
It bears the tale
Where lived and died the heroes that he led;

And through the pain
And hurtling strife again
We hear their cheers and lusty martial tread.
Upheld by Mars
"The Stars and Bars"
Are lifted high unto the fadeless stars;
And through the night of Time
We hear the roar
Of battles—fierce, sublime,
As ocean's waves that storm the unyielding shore.
But soft—'tis but a dream—
The golden stream
Of Peace glides onward, in the lustrous light
Of smiling plenty and of calm delight;
And 'neath its tide, the fire of old-time creeds,
The lustre and the splendours of their past,
Are chastened; yet through the world, a thunder-blast
Of Titan's strife, and mastery sublime,
Still lives within the populous ear of Time:
Lo! on its peaceful borders stand
Our Nation's sisterhood,
Enlinked in one—with hand in hand—
Who love the noble and the good!

Ring out—ring out, ye bells!
Your solemn music tells
To all the World Peace has come again,
To banish strife and pain;
And blood-bought Liberty will ever stand
To ward her Eden, with her flaming blade,
The High Arch-Angel of her chosen land,
To guard the trophies that her triumphs made.
Ring out—ring out, ye bells,
Your solemn knells!
For our Chieftain's now at rest;
Yes, he sleeps,
While Fame her vigil keeps,
In the sunny Land he loved the best;
And no tyrant might
Dare wrest from him the right
He won—to rest beneath her flowery sod—
His people's leader and the loved God!

And as the generations come
From out the peopled years,
With no gay pomp of flag and rolling drum,
But baptized in her tears,
Unto this hallowed Tomb the South shall come
And rear the holy Cross
To memorize her loss—
The emblem of his fiery martyrdom—
The fadeless Cross, that o'er her battles shone,
When by her legions borne
To glory high,
Illumed by stars that glorified her shield;
For though her flags are furled,
Their stars are still undimmed,
And by the applauding world
Their fame is hymned;
From darkness of her woe they brighter shine
Upon our Hero's Tomb, as on a shrine,
To lure the Nations, in the years to be,
To worship Virtue and dear Liberty.

DANIEL'S ORATION ON JEFFERSON DAVIS

AN ODE

—"Oratory, which we retain forever, and images and sentiments worthy of being sung and immortalized in verse."

—Lamartine

—"His tongue drops manna."

—Milton

The vision of the Athenian, swaying men
By majesty of speech, hath been to us
A marvel and a wonder—yea, a joy—
For we have hung upon its melody,
And bowed before its sonorous eloquence;
Fired by passion, and enthralled by art;
And its grand echoes fill the Centuries,
Like lofty strains of music stir the soul,
Albeit the mastery of the hand is chilled
And mute, that warmed the lyre to life,
And the sweet cunning of its skill is dead.
The potent stream of eloquence that flowed
From Cicero's lips, and irrigated Rome
With rare fertility—illumed with light
From his high soul, and glassing on its tide
The wondrous stars of lore, he'd gathered there—
A golden firmament of quenchless fire—
Held its majestic course, through Rome's domain,
The mirror of her glories and her powers,
Her purpled splendours and her matchless deeds,
Her solemn temples and imperial arms,
Her laurelled legions, 'neath whose battle-shocks
The Huge World shuddered like a frightened man,
In agony of fear till lost in Night
Of that Dark Age, when fierce, barbaric Power
Stalked like a demon, through the shades of Death,
And pale learning fled the walks of men,
To hide in cloistered haunts, unknown to kings;
Yet burst, again, effulgent from the gloom,

And rolled in glory to the halcyon sea
Of great Renown, where its pure waters still
Disdain to mingle with the common waves,
Cast by the lesser rivers in the deep,
And tainted by the brine of various tides.

Great eloquence the world will ne'er let die;
It grows in beauty as it grows in age,
And like old poetry the heart hath learned
In infancy, the heart can ne'er forget,
Still haunts the soul with mem'ries of its birth,
The dewy freshness of the rosy dawn,
And lives with generations, like the Youth
Of man is still remembered, till he fades
Into the shadows of the night of Death.

So, Daniel, thy grand eloquence shall live,
Enlinked with Davis and his peerless fame,
His worth and glory, like the noble words
Of some high lay, thy eloquence the tune
That keeps it glorious in the hearts of men,
Each blended into each—till memory
Hath wedded them—immortally to live!
As 'neath the sculptor's touch the marble leaps
Into the form and image of the man,
So from thy eloquence his virtues gleam,
And his great Soul stands up erect and pure:
To live as if each lineament were cut
In deathless beauty by the master-hand
That fashioned it from dust, and set the crown
Of radiant excellence upon his brow.

Oh! Southern men and women, true and fair,
Revere your Chieftain, and the artist-hand
That gives to you this effigy sublime—
Not in the splendour of the Parian stone,
Nor in the sombre glory of old bronze;
But in the wingèd eloquence of words
That leap from lip to lip—from soul to soul,
Like swiftest lightning from the myriad clouds,
And give to Time the jewel of a Name
That shall forever blaze upon his front!

FATHER RYAN

—"He toiled from thought all glorious forms to cull,
To make this Earth, our home, more beautiful,
And Science, and her sister Poesy,
To clothe in light the fields and cities of the free!"

—*Swinburne*

—"The voice of great
Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all
Word-music; and great thoughts, like great deeds, need
No trumpet."

—*Bailey*

—"To thee, oh Bard! my head I bow
As I'd not to a King!"

—*Hope*

Pure Priest, sweet Singer—Sage, and Patriot high,—
The Poet-Laureate of the Fallen Cause,
Whose Ensign soars amid a World's applause,
Enshrined in music of thy Minstrelsy!
Thou wert no Soldier, with thy sword to cleave
Thy way to fame on War's ensanguined Field;
Yet thou, a Warrior brave, thy blade did'st wield
In Truth's great List, our honour to retrieve
From base defilement of the slanderous hate
Of foes who know no honour and no ruth,
And scorn the precious godspels of the Truth,
To thrive on specious lies. Thou did'st not wait
For calmer days, but ere the flames of War
Had paled, thy golden trumpet pealed afar.

Thy trumpet pealed afar, o'er land and sea,—
And where'er its silver music flew,
It winged thy fame,—thy lessons grand and true,
And Southron glory, in its ecstacy.
Our Flags were furled,—our holy Cause was lost,—
And from proud Fields of valour and renown,
Our Soldiers turned to devastated town

And ruined farm, and fields embossed
With graves of Heroes; and to Women's tears
And sorrows; and dire poverty and want,—
And stern, and self-reliant,—bold, though gaunt
From years of travail, conquered woes and fears.
And thy brave Song arose a quenchless flame,
To blazon far thy South's unvanquished Fame!

Thy lofty Lyre was not attuned to hate;
And from its chords breathed melodies divine
Of pious love, like whisperings from a Shrine,
To sweeten and assuage the griefs of fate.
Thy Lays arose to God in holy prayers
For those thou loved'st, and even for thy foes,
And ever from thy miseries and woes,
Thy eyes were lifted to Faith's golden stairs,
That led to peace in God's own Paradise,
Where thou, with saints and martyrs, freed from pains,
Shalt tune thy Harp to the Angelic strains,
That flower in light beneath Seraphic eyes.
And whilst thy South still loves thee for thy Songs,
Thou dwell'st with Christ, assoiled of griefs and wrongs!

CAMP-FIRES

—"Then shall our names
Familiar on their mouths as household words
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered!"

—*Shakespeare*

The Battle's won!—Brave soldiers, wan and worn
From toils and travails of the bloody day,
Are grouped around their camp-fires' ruddy light,
Beneath the forest-trees.—No shelt'ring tents
To guard them from the chill November night,
They rest beneath the canopy of Heaven,
Deep, and dark-blue in its intensity,
And gorgeous with a myriad sparkling stars.

The night-winds sigh and weep through leafless trees,
And chant their requiems for the martyred dead,
Who cumber still the far-stretched Battle-Field,
Upon whose marge the Army is encamped.
The soldiers, in their rugged clothes, and gaunt
With pangs of hunger, and the aches of wounds,
And dire disasters of the battle's brunt,
Weary and sick at heart, yet with bold front,
Feigned mirth, and resolution high and brave,
Face the harsh-stinging blasts of winter's cold,
And draw their tattered garments round their forms,
While suff'ring gripes their hearts with misery.
The foe hath fled, and they are conquerors,
And their proud flags still lead in Victory;
But they are grieving for their comrades slain,
Sorrowing for their Country, and their dear kin,
And loved ones in their several spheres of life,
Subject to hazards of nefarious war,
In their homes afar,—and their fate unknown.

But these men are strong, and inured to woe,
And thunder-bolts of battles, and to want.
They are incomp'rable in their steady zeal—
Their fortitude, their courage, and élan':
The most undaunted Band, that ever rose
To fight for Freedom, and their right to live,
In weal and peace, beneath their Red-Cross Flags,
And as their Minds and Spirits dare decide.
They are unconquerable in their faith,
And might, and pride, and stedfastness to fight,
And triumph where their famous Banners fly,
And their unconquered Souls shall bear them high!

They gather round their fires, and eat their food,
Scant, and ungracious, with relish hunger gives;
And talk in solemn converse, till their tongues
Are loosened by the fragrance, and the warmth,
And cheer, that girdle them with burnished light.
Some stalwart Soul lifts up his voice in song—
A song of love, or valour in the list
Of old Romance; and others haste to join
In the refrain, that soars amid the trees,
And stirs the hearts of comrades in the lines.
A scholar, who has turned from desk and books—

Now a bronzed hero of the fateful war—
Recites a poem from some ancient tome,
Writ by a Maker of the olden Time,—
In England, or in France—and lures their Souls
To follow th' golden fancies of his art:
And, then, a fiddler plays a jocund jig,
Accompanied by the banjo's tinkling tunes,
And their bold hearts exult in merriment,—
And smiles revive amidst the ills of strife
And want, and hunger, and the bitter woes,
That stalk around them from the ghastly Field,
Where thousands stiffen in the chill of death;—
And grief's assuaged in mirth and jollity.

And as their hearts are saddened by the thoughts,
And memories, that cluster round their Souls,
Like flowers that burgeon from a tree in Spring—
They turn from mirth, and raise some golden hymn,
That they have learned in years agone in peace,
And happy hours, and sing aloud the strains,
Lofty and sonorous, whose words and tune
Fall on their chastened hearts, with balm and peace,
Until each Spirit's lifted up to God;
And prayers, unuttered, wing their love to Heaven!
And soon around the fires, renewed with logs,
That sing and splutter in the embers' heat,
They sink in sleep upon the frozen ground:
And the brave Army is at rest, as though
They slumber on the silken couch of Ease,
Save the weary Sentries, who walk their beats,
And one great Sentinel—their General!—
Who o'er the Army keepeth watch—with God!

The South

—"The type
Whereby thou shalt be known in every land
Is that vast gulf which lips our Southern Strand,
And through the cold, untempered ocean pours
Its genial streams, that far off Arctic Shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of Summer seas."

—*Timrod*

—"Lady of Earth, whose large equality
Bends but to her and thee;
Equal with heaven, and infinite of years,
And splendid from quenched tears;
Strong with old strength of great things fallen and fled,—
Diviner for her Dead;
Chaste of all stains and perfect from all scars,—
Above all storms and stars—
All winds that blow through time, and waves that foam."

—*Swinburne*

—"Thou art not conquered; Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advancéd there."

—*Shakespeare*

—"Truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts shall counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of Honour,
And by those claim their greatness."

—*Shakespeare*

THE SOUTH

To-day, we stand on mountain-heights of Time,
With summits pinnacled in hoary Age,
And lit with glories of uncounted Hours,
Upreared from God's infinity of years,
That make the peopled Past and Days to come
From out the faint obscurities of dreams,
And shadowed visions of dim prophecies.

And looking, backward, o'er thy wondrous Past,
And, forward, to thy riper fame to be,
Amid the vast mutations of the World,
That loom gigantic from the ebbless main
Of the wide Future, as the days and years
Shall rage in tempest or shall smile in peace,
Until they touch Eternal Shores of God;
We marvel at thy glory and renown,
That shine afar along thy glittering Course,
And shed the radiance of unvanished deeds
Of fame and valour, and thy mighty Name,
That light the splendours of thy lofty Past,
And tinge the shapeless mysteries of Time,
That rise from out the Future, like the bursts
Of Day, new-risen on the mountain-crests,
With purple spoils and fulgence of the sun,—
With spacious conquest, trophies, and the flags
Of laurelled Power,—a litany and creed
As high and splendent as the galaxy,
When the white baldrick of the milky-way
Is purfled with the sheen of starry gems
Which Angel hands have broidered far and high
On the rich vesture and cerulean garb
That robs the beauty of the gorgeous Night.
No Niobe art thou!—Thou gatherest not
Thy children round thee, trembling with despair
And pallid terrors of an unknown fate.
Thy lofty Brow is pale, where wreck and woe
Have touched its glory; and the riot hot
Of War and battle-fires have lit thy fame,
With an imperial diadem of flame,
That Time shall brighten and can never quench!—
Thy cheeks are crimsoned with no tint of shame,
But with the holy lustre of thy fame,
Enhued with noblest pulses from thy heart—

The Seat of Honour and the Throne of Light—
Whose rays o'er-shine the World, and e'en to God
Upbear thy glory on the wings of Power,
As eagles bear, on brawny pinions high,
The burnished gleam and glitter of the Sun.
Thy eye is yet undimmed—its light's revealed
Through lashes where the tear has left no stain,
Though its pure blue is often dimmed by grief,
Like some calm lake by over-flying clouds,
That shadow all its beauty—and are gone!
Thy form's erect—thy shoulders are upborne
From gleaming arms of perfect symmetry,
And limbs, whose strength is chastened by their grace.
Time has not plucked a glory from thy Brow,
Nor dulled the swiftness of thy tireless feet,
That ever tread the lofty walks of Fame.
Thy majesty, thy beauty and thy strength
Clothe thee with lusty vigour, and the prime
Of wondrous excellence and deathless power.
No grace abated and no thew the less,
Thou walkest the Ages, with majestic mien,
And steps assured to tread the ways of Fame,—
Hebe in freshness and the glow of youth—
Venus in beauty of thy matchless charms;
And proud Minerva in thy wisdom high
And resolution seated on thy Brow.

In War thou wert magnificent—sublime—
Thy giant Offspring, bred around thy knees,
Learned Freedom's holy Creed, in days, when Fate
Smiled on thy destinies, and Land and Sea
Made thy renown the mirror of their lights.
When Sorrow smote thee, and the pall of night
Obscured the huge proportions of thy fame,
Thy glories flashed, like lightnings from the clouds
That veil their terrors from the sight of men,
And frightened pallid Nations into awe,
With thunder-bursts and levin-gleams of Light;
And thy high banners, and thy deathless creeds
Still gleam afar unconquerably great,
In the wide glory of the days to be—
The terror of a World that shook with fear,—
The Wonder of the foremost Age of Time.
When myriads rushed upon thy slaught'rous Sword,

Thou smote them to the dust, and thy famous hills,—
Thy fountains and thy rivers ran with blood
From hostile hearts, till like some knight of Old,
On stricken Field, when left alone to fight,
His friends all slain and he ordained to die,
Strikes till he stands on heaps of slaughtered foes,
Lifted to glory on the pluméd crests
Of conquered hosts that fall before his blade,—
Exhausted sinks beneath a countless horde
That push him from his pinnacle of fame,
To bloody death: thou sank'st all bleeding from
A thousand wounds, yet, yet, to rise in power,
When Peace cast o'er thee her empurpled Robe,
Which, like the blessing of a gracious God,
Brought healing in its touch, and joy and might,
Beneath the glory of its magic sheen.

Majestic South! arouse thee once again!—
Shake from thee all the burthens of the Past!—
Prepare to run thy mighty Course of Fame!—
Wipe from thy beauteous cheeks and gleaming eyes
The tears for joys and glories of thy Past;
But keep them in thy Heart forever fresh,
And all untainted from the dust of days,
When scoffers laugh and dare deride thy grief.
Put swiftness in thy feet—strength in the limbs:
Stand forth anointed for the coming Strife;
Thy tresses shining in the midday light,—
Thy eyes enlit with fame, thy form erect,—
Thy bosom heaving with expectant toil,—
Thy daring glowing on thy forehead high
And conquering glory of thy gracious mouth!

Hark! hark!—we hear the echoing Centuries ring
With holy plaudits to thy mighty Name—
All Time the Course—eternal Fame the prize,
And Men and Angels the applauding Hosts.
And far in golden Days we cannot see,
Save in dim visions of inspiring Faith,
We laud thee victor, and behold thy Brow
Crowned with high laurels and immortal bays—
Thy face uplifted in the love of God—
The wide World kneeling at thy conquering Feet!

THE DAYS OF OLD

The days of old—the days of old—
When swords were bright, and deeds were high;
When souls were brave, and spurs were gold—
And pennons flashed, and death was nigh;—
The days of old—the days of old—
The gallant days of old!

The days of old—the days of old—
When hands were strong, and hearts were bright;
When love was dear, and truth was told;
When songs were sweet, and jests were light;—
The days of old—the days of old—
The joyous days of old!

The days of old—the days of old—
When warriors fought, and heroes bled;
When dames were fair, and knights were bold—
Their light and glory have not fled—
The days of old—the days of old—
The glorious days of old!

Epilogue

—"The love of moral beauty is the instinct the most nearly approaching to virtue that God has bestowed on man."

—Lamartine

—"Love God and men,
And noble deeds,—the flower of all the World."

—Tennyson

—"Obey
Thy genius, for a minister it is
Unto the throne of Fate. Draw to thy Soul
And centralize the rays that are around
Of the Divinity. Keep thy Spirit pure
From worldly taint by the repellant strength
Of Virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds,
Ever count o'er the rosary of Truth;
And practice precepts which are proven wise!"

—Bailey

—"A People not proud of the deeds of a noble Ancestry will never do anything worthy to be remembered by Posterity."

—Macauley

—"Take withal
Thy Poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours."

—Tennyson

EPILOGUE

Brave People of the South—lift up your eyes!—
Ye have no cause to vail them in the dust:
Your flags are furled, yet glows the high emprize
That bore them 'mid the storm and battle-gust;
Whilst Nations marvelled at your mad desire
For Glory's meed, that set your Souls afire,
When Fame walked with ye, and the quenchless blaze
Of awful War immortalized your Days!
In Peace, as War, ye are bold conquerors still—
With might of deeds, and high, undaunted Heart—
With lusty resolution, and the potent will
To toil, as Titans, in the Field and Mart.
Look up! Look up!—and bless the STARS ye won—
Then bow, in reverence, to the Holy One!

—"A Nation should bewail its dead, and grieve for the sacrifice of the living; but it should not regret its blood, when it hath flowed, nor its sacrifices, when made, to bring forth everlasting truths. God hath placed this price on the germinating and bursting forth of His designs on man, and the growth and fruition of His purposes toward him. Ideas vegetate from human blood. Revelations descend from scaffolds. Religion derives its nearness to divinity from martyrdom. Liberty renews her inspirations on battle-fields. Let us pardon all who struggled or were victims. Let us become reconciled over their deeds, and their tombs, in order that we may survive and prosper. To contend is not to immolate. Truth shall prevail over error, justice over wrong; and, in God's mysterious providence defeat shall be turned into victory, and darkness into light."

—*Lamartine*

The Rosary

Dedicated to the South

—"Count o'er the Rosary of Truth."

—Bailey

—"A Tale out of the Poets, about love,
And happiness, and sorrow, and such things."

—Bailey

—"And they are dear to Memory,
Like tokens of the Dead!"

—Shelley

—"Practise thy spirit to great thoughts and things,
That thou mayst start, when here, from vantage ground!"

—Bailey

—"A land without ruins is a land without memories —a land without memories is a land without histories. A land that wears a laurel-crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and wins the sympathy of the heart and of history."

—Anon

—"In vain men tell us time can alter
Old loves, or make old memories falter;
That with the old year the old year closes.
The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,
The old summer rears the new-born roses.
Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,
Outlive men's lives and lives of nations,—
Dead, but for one thing which survives—
The inalienable and unpriced treasure,—
The old joy of power, the old pride of pleasure,
That lives in light above men's lives!"

—Swinburne

—"People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors."

—Burke

DEDICATION

The devotee, with Rosary in hand,
Tolleth his Beads—some sombre, and some bright—
And, ofttimes, dims with tears their gloom and light,
Yet yieldeth ever to the Lord's command
To pray to him for sustenance and grace:
And with his Beads doth weave remembrances
Of His sweet mercies and forgivenesses,
That are as glories from Christ's tender face.
So, thou, O South! on thy bright Rosary
Doth count the jewelled Beads of thy great fame—
The Splendours of thy Children, and each name,
That glitter on its thread, in ecstacy!
Pray keep the Rosary, I here give to thee,
And shrine its gems in thy rich Treasury!

THE MINUET

They dance the Minuet to-night,
In old Colonial mansions fair—
Brave Cavaliers with glance of light,
And beauteous dames with powdered hair;
Ah! list the melodies that flow
From out the scenes, perfumed and bright,
To glad the gardens robed in snow,
Illumed by Luna's silvered light!

Fond lovers breathe their dreams in sighs
In damsels' fair assenting ears,
And the dear love-light of their eyes
Shall thrill the joys of all their years:
Soft! see them glide, with smiles and bows,
Though the enchanted Minuet,
'Mid mirth and wit, while sweetest vows
Have wed the souls whose hands have met!

They dwell but in a visioned dream—
The lovely maids—the Cavaliers,
Whose devoirs flash in Glory's gleam—
Whose loves we sanctify with tears:
Silent and empty are their halls,
Yet for their dooms our eyes are wet;
And the bright vision still enthralls,—
And still they dance the Minuet!

They meet no more—the proud and brave,
The fair and beautiful, of old,—
Who danced the Minuet, and gave
To love and faith their Hearts of gold:
They sleep in Jesu's hollowed grace,
Beneath our fair Virginia's sod,
And their glad eyes have known the face
And benedictions of our God!

VIRGINIA, DEAR VIRGINIA:

No land's like old Virginia-land,
Where'er the joy of day be;
No men are like Virginia men,
So bold and true as they be:
No State's like dear Virginia,
As glorious as may be;
No dames are like Virginia dames,
So fair and pure as they be.

CHORUS

Hurrah, for old Virginia!
Hurrah, for dear Virginia!
God keep and bless our Mother-Land!
Virginia, dear Virginia!

No days are like Virginia days,
Where'er the sunlight may be:
No lads are like Virginia lads,
So frank and brave as they be.
No nights are like Virginia's,
Where'er the starlight may be;
No maids are like Virginia maids,
So bright and sweet as they be.

CHORUS

No homes are like Virginia homes,
As dear and blest as may be;
No smiles are like Virginia smiles,
So fond and glad as they be.
No hearths are like Virginia's,
As warm and bright as may be;
No loves are like Virginia loves,
So blissful-sweet as they be.

CHORUS

No flag's like old Virginia's flag,
As blue and free as may be;
No hands are like Virginia hands,
So swift and strong as they be.
No glory's like Virginia's,
As grand and high as may be;
No hearts are like Virginia hearts,
So kind and true as they be.

CHORUS

St. Peter's Church

—"I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord!"

—*Psalm cxxii.* 1

—"Her chapels lurking among the trees,
Where a few villagers on bendéd knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains."

—*Wordsworth*

—"I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, sourrounded even by kneeling crowds,
Is ancient Piety forever flown?"

—*Wordsworth*

—"Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
Love, like a visible god, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way to the Sun!"

—*Timrod*

—"There is no single hour in any day
That is not set with gems of Memory!"

—*Morris*

ST. PETER'S CHURCH

St. Peter's, cloistered 'mid the encircling woods,
With antique charm brought from the storied Past,
Thou stand'st sequestered from the ways of life
And storms that beat upon the paths of men—
A holy Memory of the Golden Days,
When peace and plenty crowned Virginia's hours,
And tranquil days and nights were blessed of God!—
Thy structure's firm, albeit the touch of Time
Hath robed thy walls with loveliness and grace
More beautiful than artist ever limned
On famous canvas or in sculptured stone:
For God hath breathed upon thee through thy years,
And reverence hath hallowed thee with love!

We tread thy sacred aisles with solemn awe;
And dream anew the glories of the Past,
When Dames and Cavaliers, with stately grace,
And pious reverence, were wont to walk
Thy courts, and at thy hallowed altars pray;
And anthems rose from souls alight with love
Of Jesus, and the precious peace of God,
That is the benison of him who believes
And trusts in Him for surety and joy.

Here came the brave and beautiful of old,—
The noble and the sage,—the trusting poor,—
The blossoming child who lisped the Holy Writ,—
The reverend saint, and trembling penitent,
To worship God, and kneel in lowly prayers
Around thy shrine, and lift their hearts to Christ,
In faith and chastened excellence of life.
Again, we see them through the mists of years,
And as we sing the hymns they loved to sing,
And chant the psalms their eyes have gladdened o'er,
We hear their voices blend with lauds and prayers;
And with their Spirits hold communion sweet
And mystic in the hallowed hour of praise.

Where are they now? the lofty and the good,—
The stalwart soldier brave in his array;—
The patriot weaving from his heart and brain
The beauteous robes of Liberty and Right,—

The planter rich with freedom and dear peace,—
The maid—a vision of delight and grace,—
The matron beautiful in silk and lace,
With heart of gold and countenance of light,—
The children blooming like fair clustered flowers,
Cherished and loved for beauty and for grace,—
The priest who read the gracious Word of God,
And guided saint and sinner to His Trust.
O, where are they who filled thy sacred courts?—
Some near thee sleep in unremembered graves—
Some rest in alien soil, beneath the stars
Of sterner skies than those they fondly loved—
Some died on battle-fields or wilder seas,
To keep the freedom that their sires had won,—
And all have gone their ways to dusty death;
Yet Memory holds them fadeless in her soul,
And Love enshrines them in her golden heart!—
And thou still stand'st, St. Peter's, as a shrine,
Where men may gather and revive the Past,
In sanctity and love; and sing anew
The glories of the Lord, and consecrate their hearts
To worship Him, in pious reverence,
Where worshipped those we love, in olden days,
Who are with Him, in His blessed Paradise!

O, shall thy Lamp, set by the hand of God,
In thy fair fane, abate its sacred light?
Shall not true hearts, who love thy hallowed place,
And the dear memories that around thee dwell,
Relume thy lustre, in the coming time,
Until its radiance shine with newer power
And glory, in a darkened world of sin,
To link thy ancient beauty with the light
That God shall kindle, with his might and grace,
Upon thy altars, as in days of yore?—
God will not let thee die, but light again
Thy Golden Lamp of sanctity and love,—
For what is true God loves and will not quench!

THE NATURAL BRIDGE

—"How can the beauty of material things
So win the heart and work upon the mind,
Unless like-natured with them? Are great things
And thoughts of the same blood? They have like
effect."

—*Bailey*

Aloft I gaze upon thy archèd vault,
And rugged architraves of hoary stone,
Enriched with traceries of Time—with naught
To mar thy majesty; the solemn moan
Of falling streams, like litanies, upborne
In thy great Temple, to Almighty God;
Where gleam the Wonders that on Sinai shone,
In lightning and in storm,—on trees that nod
From cliff and precipice,—from dell and tarn:
And often speak from sunny nooks, where flower
The blooms that Nature lavishes abroad;—
Peace!—still thy splendours and thy glories tower,
And lift the Soul in worship to the Lord!

No mythic Titan built thy mighty base,—
No Hercules upreared thy columns high,—
No Atlas nursed thee, in his huge embrace,—
Thou sprang'st from God's infinite majesty!—
Soft!—through thy sacred aisles, the worshippers
Of great Jehovah come!—and at thy Shrine,
Where God has blest His Altars, kneel;—here stirs
The murmur of a thousand prayers, that shine
From out the holier mysteries of the place,
Like stars from Night, to lead the errant soul
Beyond thy lofty roof, to bathe in grace
Of azured skies, and rest in God's control!

'Tis Night!—Again, I look aloft to thee,
Thou Bridge of Myst'ry and of shadowed Might—
All breathes around of God's infinity—
His awe and majesty of power;—a mystic light
Imbues my heart with reverence; and praise
Is winged by prayers up through the chastened Night,

Which from thy grand and hallowed Chancel raise
The soul to God. Afar, the stars still keep
Their loving watches o'er the lang'rous Earth,—
And while the Heart's inspired, these Marvels creep
Into our Life—and Faith finds holiest birth!

THE LEGEND OF THE LYRE

A legend tells that in the days of old,
When Muses wandered among mortals—
They, in a grotto, hung a harp of gold,
Suspended o'er its fairy portals;
And there a maiden and her lover, oft,
Stole when the rosy days was dying,
And breathed their love in utt'rance low and soft,
Whose music set the harp a-sighing:
And when the Muses from this earth of ours
Soared above to join the heavenly choir,—
They left the harp, enwreathed with deathless flowers,
And bade men know it as the Lyre!

And its sweet notes are ever tuned to love,
When minstrels woo its chords to glory;
And it's inspired with sweetness from above,
When Love's the theme of its fond story;
For then it breathes the maiden's gentle sighs,
That all true lovers do embolden—
Whose music wafts love-light to hearts and eyes,
With its sweet strains, so quaint and olden;—
And, if forgetful of its witching lore,
High glory doth the song impassion,
The world doth love its minstrelsy the more,
When it blends fame with love's sweet passion!

St. John's Church

—"The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him."

—*Hab.* 11:20

--"Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown."

—*Wordsworth*

—"I hear the sabbath-bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies."

—*Wordsworth*

—"High Spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the Past
Out of its grave, and make the Present last
In thought and joys, which sleep, but cannot die,
Folded with their own Eternity."

—*Shelley*

—"Whose was the hand that painted thee, O Death!
In the false aspect of a ruthless foe,
Despair and sorrow waiting on thy breath,—
O gentle Power! who could have wronged thee so?
Thou rather should'st be crowned with fadeless flowers
Of lasting fragrance and celestial hue;
Or be thy couch amid funereal bowers,
But let the stars and sunlight sparkle through."

—*Timrod*

—"I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death!"

—*Henry*

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

Ancient of days and holy is thy fane,
That sit'st amidst the crumbling tombs of men
And women fair, and children pure and sweet,
Who worshipped here, in olden time, and loved
The sacred place they gave to God and prayer.
Serene amidst the City's din and toil,
Thy simple beauty guides the soul to peace;
And in thy aisles the heart still lifts its laud
To honour Him who died to give it joy,
In his redemption and prevailing love.
Thy courts are not of gold—and gaudy art
Hath spun no glittering lures around thy form:
For thou are simple, as thy Master was,
When in far Gallilee, He walked the waves,
In storm and tempest, or on bended heads
And humbled hearts poured out the healing balm
Of His blessed Word, and wooed the soul to God.

Far flows the silver river to the sea,
As it hath flown since God ordained the earth.
The sun, unmindful of the change of years,
Shines as on Eden at the Birth of Time,—
And the fair moon, with borrowed lustre, gleams
On tomb and tower—on river and on hill—
With the same glory that enamoured Eve
To deck her tresses in the mirrored wave
Of dulcet fountains in lost Paradise.

The City beats around thee, like the sea,
And lashes high its levity and woe
Which at thy portals break in feeble mists,
And hush their murmurs 'neath the smile of God.
We at thy altars kneel!—The Heart is awed
In presence of the Lord!—The vex'd soul
Rests in His peace and benedictions sweet,—
And all-forgetful of the storm without,
Is rapt in visions of a fairer life,
Chastened and hearted by the strength that comes
With prayer, and lifting of the eyes to Him,
Who is the sinner's Stay, and Joy and Hope,
In the stern travail and fierce strifes of days,
That still fore-doom the devotee from Heaven.

Soft!—Hear the music from the organ sigh
And mingle with the glad-according voice
Of melody that soareth from old psalms,
And bears the Soul upon its golden wings,
Until, in faith, we touch the throne of God,
And see the Master, with his welcoming smile,
Greet us as joint-inheritors of Bliss.

St. John's!—What visions hath thy age bequeathed
To thee, still sitting on thy tow'ring height,
With the famed City circling thee with power
And glory on her everlasting hills!—
The Indian warrior vailed his horrent brow
Before thy Shrine, and dwelt in peace with men;
And his fair bride, with cheeks of darkling light,
Kissed to dusk beauty by the wooing sun,
Bowed her sweet face before thy chancel-rail,
And held communion with the Saviour's love,
And bore the olive to her savage tribe.
The stalwart soldier, with his haughty mien
And bristling front, and eye of stern intent,
Doffed his plumed helm, and laid his rapier down,
Before thy tranquil altars, and, despite
His base ambitions and despairing faith,
Humbled his pride, and bold, defiant heart
Beneath the pure ascendancy of Love.
Here, came the princely nabob of the land,
Attired in gold, and silken sheen, and lace,
With sword by side, and high, undaunted eye,—
And by his side—his spouse,—a dream of grace
And worth—her rapt face all-musical
With melodies of tenderness and love,
Drawn from the virtues of a thousand dames
And nobles through the centuries of Eld:
And daughters, beauteous as the Paphian Nymphs
Who bathed with Venus in Idalian seas:
And virile sons—with eagle-gaze, and thews
Toughened in woodland toils and manly sports—
With the chivalric bearing of their sire,
Softened and sweetened by their mother's grace:
And in thy aisles, all breathed their orisons
To God from missals of His Holy Writ.

Here, Henry rose above the hushed debate,
And towered a Titan in the stormy List,
Where Freedom fought with Tyranny for Right;
And spake as spoke the Prophets of great days,
From Sinai's Mount, and Oreb's hoary heights,
Or hallowed altars in the Temple old
In famed Jerusalem; and like a trumpet loud
And sounding far o'er distant lands and seas,
Aroused the Souls of men, and made them know
That Freedom is the glory of the Earth,
And men are free, who dare resist the wrong
And break the fetters of despotic Power:
And still his trumpet rings through th' centuries,
Like Roland's horn blown at dread Roncesvalles,
Bayard's brave clarion o'er red Pavia's Field,
And Richard's trumpet screaming 'mid the plumes
Of Saracenic hosts, who fell before his blade,
As Wrong before the mystery of the Cross:
And still men hear the blast through all the World,
And hearing rouse them from their sleep of death
In Slavery's chains, and strike for Liberty;
And follow where he leads in war and peace,
Still lured by eloquence to live or die,
So they but clasp her in their glad embrace,
And rest their weary brows upon her breast.

And all have passed—like pageants of a Stage,
Where some high drama doth enthrall the Mind,
And lift the Spirit up to touch the hour
Of glory and renown—enacted o'er the lights,
That flare and flicker in the blasts of Fate:
Their lights are all extinguished, and their fame
Sighs in a legend or a fleeting song,
Or in the mockery of an epitaph!—
The great and lowly here have fallen asleep,
And found the blessed equality of death.
But thou, St. John's, still liveth on the hills,
And men with reverence gather round thy Shrine,—
For God is with thee, and thy days are fair
Amid the People, and their tongues of praise,
For thou art famous in the hearts of men,
And blessed by benedictions of the Lord!

GOD BLESS VIRGINIA

—"Oh, proud old Commonwealth! thy sacred name
Makes frequent music on the lips of Fame!"
—Hope

—"Mother of States and unpolluted Men,
And Nurse of Liberty!"
—Hope

—"Her names are the shining arrows
Which her ancient Quiver bears,
And their splendid Sheaf has thickened
Through the long March of the Years,
While her great Shield has been burnished
By her Children's blood and tears."
—Hope

God bless Virginia in the days
Of peace and glory that are hers;
God tune the hymns of love and praise
Sung by her myriad worshippers!—
We gather round this hallowed place—
The Cradle of our Nation's birth;—
Where maidens blossomed into grace,
And heroes blossomed into worth!

Virginia comes from out her years,
With glory crowned, and peace and might,—
Her Ensign, jewelled with her tears,
Illumes the Earth with azure light:
Her brow is fragrant with her deeds
Of splendour, and, though clad in power,
Her Soul is beautiful with creeds—
Of Truth and Love the laurel-flower.

Her brave eyes, saddened by old dreams,
Glance far along her golden Way,—
And gladden with the glory-gleams
That sparkle from her spacious sway;—
Yet, o'er her majesty and might
She draws her simple robe of state,—
Content to be supreme in Right—
In Virtue strong—in faith elate!

Proud Goddess! of the Sword and Shield!—
  Thy crest soars high o'er Famous Days,—
Thy falchion flames o'er vict'ry's field,—
  Thy shield reflects thy fadeless bays.
We love thee, Mother!—Lay thy hand
  Upon our brows, upraised to thee!—
To us thou art the fairest Land,
  E'er trod by Man or kissed by Sea!

Low-kneeling at thy shrine of birth,
  We vow anew to love thy name—
We glorify thy peerless worth!—
  We magnify thy peerless fame!—
God bless thy Children!—in the years
  His Father-Love shall give to thee;
And aid us, through their smiles and tears,
  To keep thee ever pure and free!

THE GOVERNOUR'S FOOT GUARD

Ancient in name and fame are you—
  Foot-Soldiers of The Guard—
In War and Peace both staunch and true—
  Your glory's your reward:
We greet you in our Sunny Land,
  To match our honoured Blues,
A chosen and a darling Band—
  You've conquered—as they choose.

No more we greet you in the fight,
  On War's ensanguined Field—
Though all our Past is Glory's light;
  You bear as fair a Shield—
Come, mingle with the fair delights
  That crown our tranquil days,
Proud glories of a hundred fights,
  And courtesy and praise!

WOULD'ST KNOW THE EYE?

Would'st know the eye I feel most true,
Whose glance to me is raptured light?
'Tis not the eye of black or blue,
Of hazel gleam, or gray delight;
But 'tis the eye of gracious beam,
That shines from heart that's pure and true--
Whose lustre's fair as Seraph's dream,—
I love the spirit—not the hue!

Would'st know the lip I'd gladly kiss,
Whose smile is ever sweet and kind?
'Tis not the lip of pouting bliss—
A rosy challenge to mankind!
But 'tis the lip that's ever true,
Lit from the Soul, with love divine—
What care I for the arch or hue—
Unless its sweetness's only mine!

Would'st know the heart that I adore,
The Soul that's dearest in my sight?—
'Tis not the heart that's giv'n before
Love's faith is sealed by Love's fond rite;
But 'tis the Soul serene and true,
That opens, like the dawning flower,
When freshly wooed by morning-dew,
And gives to Love its virgin dower!

Israfel

An Elegy on Edgar Allan Poe

—"Son of the lightning and the light that glows
Beyond the lightning's or the morning's light

—*Shelley*

—"He too at thy pure Soul's sunsetting,
God of all suns and songs, He too bent down
To mix His laurel with thy cypress crown,
And save thy dust from blame and from forgetting!"

—*Swinburne*

—"He shed great Thoughts
As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves
In kindly largess to the soil it grew on."

—*Bailey*

—"Every thing is recreated by Man, and through Poetry, every thing is reanimated, and receives new life!"

—*Lamartine*

—"None sing so wildly well
As the Angel Israfel!"

—*Poe*

—"To that High Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the Eternal!"

—*Shelley*

—"So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his gleaming locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptual song,
In the blest Kingdom meek of Joy and Love."

—*Milton*

ISRAFEL

AN ELEGY ON EDGAR ALLAN POE

O Singer sweet!—O Minstrel
Of the enchanted Lyre!—
Whose chords were Light,—whose melodies were Fire!
O Maker of immortal, golden Lays
Which echo still, and fill our spacious Days
With Music's mystic spell,—
With languorous joys, and magical-sweet lights
Of Poesy and Song,—
And fond, ecstatic thrills
Of dear, melodious sighs, and soft delights
Of Love, and Lovers' fragrant dreams;—
And the faery gleams
Of ordorous Tempe-dells,
And silvery murmurs of dim rills,
In haunted glades;—
And the exalted visions of the daring Soul,
That, towering with majestic mien,—
With lustrous eyes, serene,
Looks far beyond Man's frail control
Of Reason and of Time,
Into the Realm sublime
Of fair Hesperides, whose shades
Are shadowed lights—
Whose lights are stars of days—
Not nights!—
Where Genius dwells,
Immortalized with ever-flowering Bays,
And myrtles whisper love, when zephyrs woo,—
And noble Hearts are pure and true,
As Angels' orisons, before the Throne of God!

The bright Phoenix of the Golden Dreams—
The wondrous Bird of wondrous fabled Lore,
Which, singing, scattered far o'er Lands and Seas
His luminous Lays and jewelled Melodies,
Which gave new beauty to the stars and waves,
And fresher sweetness to Arcadian flowers,
That peep
From dream-lit Vales abloom
With starry bowers,

Honeyed with faint Parnassian gloom,—
Reared his spicy Pyre
On a Prospero-Isle,
Where aery billows smile
And gleam,
And bloomy fields beguile
The heart from wrong and guile,
And, in refulgent fire,
Enkindled from his quenchless soul,
Renewed a fairer, nobler Birth;
And with supernal Light
And Song, supreme and bright,
Reglorified the Earth!—
So, thou hast soared, on pinions high,
In lofty ecstacy,
Above the vexing ills of Life,—
Its travail, wrong and strife,—
Assoiled in fiery pain
From Earth's oppression, and inglorious stain,—
Till thy exultant Song,
With proud puissance, fills
And thrills
The charméd pulses of the wondering World;
And like a radiant banner, high, unfurled,
On a far, effulgent height,
Thy Spirit gleams
O'er cities, mountains, dales, and streams,
And rules the Earth with Majesty and Light!

O Laureate Bard!—
The World hath done thee wrong!—
Fame crowned thee not, when on this loathéd Earth!—
Thy brave, imperial Spirit stooped to Fate,
And penury, and scoffing hate,—
And suffered the disdain
Of little souls, perked in a brief control
And transient power,—
The spiteful insects of a gaudy hour—
Who festered into birth,—
And buzzed, and stung, and died,—
And sank to earth, again,
And emptiness, and stagnant sleep,
Couched in vile darkness of oblivious graves!—
Whilst thou, in lofty pride,

Immortal and elate,
Sprang'st from Earth's harsh and envious estate,
To high Renown,
And grasped the Monarch's Crown
Of Song,
And wore its Glory with a King's command,
In Light and Power,—
And like a radiant God
Empanoplied in Seraph-Arms,
Arose above the cruel, scoffing throng
Of paltry men, and the World's alarms,
With Victor-Might,
And royal Majesty;
And thy entrancing golden Melody,
Which fills all Time with Music and Delight!—
Albeit dispiteful Death
Plucked the sweet Flower
Of thy ambrosial Breath,
And shrined thy Face beneath the enamoured Sod
Of beauteous Maryland!

O shall we weep
For thee,
Thou Master-Soul—thou Singer, strong and free!
Shall we lament thy lowly, silent sleep
In the sweet bosom of thy natal Soil,
And mourn thy Fate
Disconsolate?—
Thou sleepest not, pale Poet—visioned Sage!—
Thou matchless Wonder of a matchless Age!—
Thy glorious form hath fallen to decay—
The beauteous Urn
That held thy mighty Spirit hath dissolved
Unto the Earth,
That gave it Birth!—
Thou art not dead!—
Thy brave, transcendent Soul absolved
From flesh, and pain, and toil,
Eternally
Shall soar, and burn
An unquenchable, aerial Flame
In an unfading Sky;
And round thy laurelled head
Eternity shall wreathe her Light and Fame!

THE BARD

H. M. CLARKSON

I know a Minstrel, who, in simple guise,
Dwells with fair Freedom in her loveliest haunts,
And chants brave psalms from out his knightly Soul,
Of laud and honour to the kingly Dead,
Who lived and wrought for Liberty and Fame,
In days, whose glory is unquenched by Time,
And soars immortal in the hearts of men!—
His litanies enchanted, and aflame
With wingèd glory and imperial Thought,
Uplift the heart to kiss the smile and joy
Of Inspirations's lips, and o'er Life's waves
Glow, as the lustres of a myriad stars,
Which glad the heaving splendours of the sea,
And swoon upon the billows of her breast!

Yet, from his dreams all-golden, and the lights
That flash and glitter in his raptured sight,
Till like the Chaldean devotee he views
Afar a starry avenue to God,
He turns his face, ennobled by his faith,
And culls fond myrtles and fair laureate blooms,
That blossom from the Tempe of his heart;
And wreathes them into posies for his Love,—
To crown her chastened brow, with sweeter bliss,
Than the Arcadian fragrance of their dreams.

O, gentle Minstrel! in Virginian woods,—
And her fair Fields,—and by her famous Streams!—
O, Singer! by thy hospitable Hearth,
Which glows with ruddy warmth, and mirth, and peace!—
O, Lover! gazing on the tranquil stars,
And eyes as guileless as their astral sheen!
O, Knightly Soul! unsoiled by craft and hate,—
Whose Shield's unstained by any touch of wrong!—
O, Friend! all-loyal, and with hand of Love
To soothe the rugged travail of the World!—
I greet thee with this offering from my heart:
And pray God's bension on thee and thine,
And all within the circle of thy smile!

THY SWEET DARK EYES

Ah! tell me not bright eyes of blue
And tresses lit with golden hue
Can mesh the mind in fair delights
And splendours of their tender lights!
Nay—give to me thy sweet, dark eyes,
That charm with wondrous witcheries,—
Allure the soul with magic art,
And cast enchantments o'er the heart!

Blue eyes are like the sun's display,
That gems the beauty of the day—
Thine eyes are like the dusky night,
Glad with a thousand orbs of light;
And in their depths are histories,
That spell thy heart's deep mysteries;
And the rare glory of thy face
Illumine with a precious grace!

Through the black lashes of thine eyes
Doth ever glance a new surprise,
That wooes the heart to fondly dream
Of the sweet message in their gleam.
O, Maid! Why lure me with thy charms
To find a heaven in thine arms?
Why smile a challenge in my face—
Then turn me from thy dear embrace?

MY LITTLE LASSIE

I love my little lassie,—
  I love her golden heart,—
I love her joyous laughter,—
  I love her prattling art:
She's fairer than the daisies,—
  She's brighter than the light;—
I love my darling lassie—
  My joy—my soul's delight!

I love my precious lassie,—
I love her sunny smiles,—
I love her winsome beauty,—
I love her witching wiles:
She's sweeter than sweet roses,—
She's dearest to my heart;—
I love my darling lassie—
My own—my fond sweetheart!

LULLABY

—"Whose gentle lips persuade without a word."
—*Moore*

Little Sweetheart, darling, with thine eyes so blue—
With thy cheeks of roses,—hair of sunny hue;—
Yes, we love thee, darling,—love thee every day;
And that God may bless thee evermore we pray.
Angels guard thy slumbers, and their secrets tell—
Yes—we love thee, darling,
Love thee, love thee, well!

Little Sweetheart, darling, with thy winsome ways—
Yes—we love thee, ever, in thy joys and plays;—
May the God of Heaven, guide thee in the right,—
Bless thee in His keeping, and our love's delight.
Angels guard thy slumbers, and their secrets tell—
Yes—we love thee, darling,
Love thee, love thee, well!

Little Sweetheart, darling, with thy smiles so sweet,
May thy paths be ever smooth before thy feet—
May the gentle Jesus fold thee in His Love
And His Angels keep thee for His bliss above.
Angels guard thy slumbers, and their secrets tell—
Yes—we love thee, darling,—
Love thee, love thee, well!

Lanier

An Elegy

—"Who would not sing for Lycidas?—he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty Rhyme."

—Milton

—"He through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up,
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath!"

—Pollock

—"All things were inspiration unto him;
Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,
And crowds, and streets, and man where'er he was,
And the blue eye of God which is above us;—
All things to him bare thoughts of minstrelsy,—
He drew his light from that he was amidst,
As doth a lamp from air which hath itself
Matter of light, although it show it not. His
Was but the power to light what might be lit—
He met a muse in every lovely maid,
And learned a song from every lip he loved."

—Bailey

—"But his heart ripened most 'neath Southern skies,
Which sunned their sweets into him all day long:
For fortune called him Southward, towards the Sun."

—Bailey

—"He gave thee words more golden than fine gold
To carve in shapes more glorious than old,
And build thy song up in the sight of time,
As statues set in godhead manifold."

—Swinburne

LANIER

AN ELEGY

Lanier, whene'er I gaze on thy clear face
That gleams with beauty and the Italian grace
Of some old cameo, cut by Florentine
Or Pisan graver from Carrara Stone,
I think of the harsh agony, which borne
From youth to death, oppressed thy Spirit fine,
And keen for Fame, and high, ennobling Song;
And did thy matchless Genius more than wrong,
In clipping thy rare Fancy's wings and flight,
And holding thy brave Soul imprisoned here,
Which fain would soar to taste the founts of Light
And Ecstacy, in that Parnassian sphere,
Where minstrels wander with the Poets old,—
And drink its wine and pluck its fruits of gold.

And yet, thy hand was not unmusical
Upon the Lyre's sweet strings; but touched to light
And joyous lay, and strains heroical
Its golden Chords, which could not sleep for bliss
Beneath the loving art and thrilling kiss
Of thy inspiring Skill.

O, Singer sweet,
Thou caught'st thy cunning from the passioned lays
And chansons of gay Troubadours. The rays
That lit thy dreams were from Provençal skies—
Thy music's melody from symphonies
Of Love and Knighthood, learned at Ladies' feet,
In sunny France or fame-lit Italy,
When Makers roamed afield with Poesy,
And garlanded her with glory for her kiss;
And Poets' Songs were blossoms from the bliss
Of this transfusion of the sighs of Heaven
With the enraptured, lucent music given
To him she kissed.

Yet, with thy lofty Lay
Was more than joyous spirit, and the play
And gambol of the heart. Thy Soul looked high
And far—far beyond the o'er-canopying sky—

E'en, beyond spire of Minster's glitt'ring dome—
Into the Heaven of the Soul—the far-off Home
Of the Immortal,—where God's glories shine
And blossom into Love, and ne'er decline,—
Though years unnumbered glow beneath the lights
That glorify the high, supernal heights
Of God's Eternity. Thy Spirit soared,
As native to her element, in Truth,
And Truth's own radiant light; and kindlier ruth,
That is Truth's holier self, and ever poured
From starry chalices the nectared wine,
Bright hands distilled from vintages that shine
In her ambrosial Fields—o'er thy own Earth;—
And where thy sparkling dew of Song was cast,
There sprang new flowers of Truth—there came new birth
Of fairer Inspirations, than the Past
Had given. Thy Muse was sweeter for the hope
Thy touch of Heaven enwrought. Thy psalms did ope
The heart to holier joys. Ah! yet, how sad
The burthen of thy hymns to pain and sin—
The pall, the cypress, and the urn;—the mad
Phrensy of the worn Soul that strives to win
Amid the battles and the storms of Life,
And sinks, its plumage sullied in the strife
And fight unequal; the fair face of Truth
Lifted to kisses and the pitying ruth
Of Love, garlanded with wreaths of citron-blooms,
Whose beauty was the sweetness of their dooms,
Striken to death by dark, hot blows of hate,
In sight of men, and not rebuked for crime;—
Love's bridal-wreaths of Joy, ensmeared with slime
Of passionate guilt and sin;—and the white hand
Of Innocence grasped in the harsh command
Of Law, that masks in Justice's holy guise,—
Yet mocks God's Mercy 'neath His frowning skies!

Thy flesh, too, suffered, till thy Soul could feel
For others' woes.—Thy sympathy for weal
Of men became the music of thy Song,
That lingers sweetest in our hearts. Vile wrong
Sunk cow'ring at the touch of thy brave Spear;
And thy bold Spirit rushed to fight, where Fear
Held weaker men in awe, and conquered Fate,

And made men own thee wise and love thee great.
Thy Genius, with keen vision, looked on Time,
And wrong, and gildèd ill, and haughty crime,
Reared high on thrones and antique rule,—in rags
Saw poverty and vice—and pitying smote,
Till Tyrants blushed to own their gaudy flags
And pageantry of vice, and meaner wrong
Slunk to its kennel 'neath thy chastening Thong.

And yet, thou loved'st fair Nature in her moods
Of fairest joy—her dingles and her dells—
The murmur of her streams,—her solemn woods
Gray with Eternity,—the awful swells
Of the majestic Ocean, and the Nights
Of beauty on her bosom, when delights
Of moon-lit glory peopled every wave
With fay and sprite, and from each billowy grave
Ghosts of the Past arose to fright the Heart
And lead the Fancy captive: the sweet art
Of birds in woodland and in shadowed glen,
As fresh and pure as dew-drops on the spray,
Empearled in matin rosaries of light,
Hallowed by memories of the mystic Night;
And their soft vespers, when their lilting lays
Allure the heart, enchanted, to the praise
Of God, who holds the sparrow in His hand—
Yet moves the Universe at His command.
Thou loved'st the flowers, the fields, the star-gemmed
Night,—
And drank their beauty from the cup
Of high Imagination, with delight
And ardour of a lover, brimming up
To its sweet brim, with ecstacy and joy—
With men a man—with nature still a boy!

Seer of the South! Thou Chaucer of our Age!—
With pure Soul aflame with holy rage
At man's inanities, with thy Genius lit
With light of prophesy, and thy bright Wit
Illumed by splendours of thy lustrous Soul—
Thou stood'st betwixt the days of older Time
And Time to be, and saw the starry Goal
Of future effort, and the Crown sublime
That Poesy, in our fair realm, shall wear

In days of glory and imperial might,
When men shall live enamoured of her light,
And the high guerdon and the Victor's share,
That Art shall win and hold, in our Free State,
Among the mighty, and the purely great.
Thy vision pierced the lustrous veil of Fate
And saw what shall be;—thy brave Soul, elate,
Heard music from the unseen Fields of Time
That are with God; caught breezes from the Clime
That's with Eternity; saw visioned Days
For our fair South, when Songs from hearts shall glow
Like flowers from Earth, and light from starry rays,—
Whose fragrant light shall energize the World,
Where'er our conquering banners shall, unfurled
In peace and power, dispel the World's dark Woe!

O, Minstrel-Knight! Meseems to see thy Plume
Soar with the battle-flags, when North and South
Were joined in fiery War, and the deep gloom
Of strife and travail chilled upon thy mouth
The melody of Song. Again, thy flute
Distils its honeyed beauty in the ear,
Whilst Muses stand a-tiptoe, and are mute
Before the magic sweetness, soft and clear,
Of thy Elysian strain. Thou strik'st anew,
With strong, melodious touch, and music true
To thy Soul's symphonies, the Golden Lyre
That Homer smote, with mastery of bliss,
Into immortal Song,—that Virgil's fire
Of genius warmed to Fame,—that Petrarch's kiss
Thrilled with the rapture of his ardent Soul,—
That Dante pressed unto his passionate Breast
And flushed with litanies of Love's control
And ecstacy, until his fancy dressed
Time and Eternity—all joy and woe—
In colours drawn from his deep heart and mind,
Alike the hell and paradise of Song,—
That Milton woke to jocund Allegro
And Penseroso sad, and his high Lay
Of Man and God's divinest Love, when strong—
Immortal as the radiancy of Day—
His Spirit's wings, replumed in baths of Light
Castalian-sweet, and splendent as a Night

Of fleckless blue emparadised in stars,
Rose from the Earth, and casting far behind
The cerements of her dark pre-eminence,
Soared o'er the barriers of her fleshly bars,
And lighting on a glittering eminence
Of Zion old, like an Archangel sang
Of all he saw in Vision and high Dream
Ecstatical, which on the lucent stream
Of his great Soul, where mirrored, like a sky
Of Evening's lights and shades, on the expanse
Of a Pyrenean lake, whose luminance
Is shadowed by the glories that o'er-hang
Its tremulous depths with subtle witchery
Of changing hues and joys, of clouds and gleams,
Of wooded heights, and castled rocks, and streams,
Limned on its canvas by the purpling lights
Of dying day,—that Shakespeare wreathed
With flowers and woodland mirth, and joyous laugh,
As fairies dreamed, and sought his Song to quaff,—
The homely flavour of his English mood,—
And lovers roamed in forests for delights
Of dance and song that erst lured Robin-Hood
And his gay Band, to seek to be reprieved
From Life's harsh suff'rance, and Law's harsher Strife,
In the wild freedom of the Rover's life;—
And that high-statured, sweet-souled Tennyson
Poured in the Soul in golden benison
Of his effluent Song, breathed to his Lyre
By the sweet Muse, he wooed in secret hours,
Beneath the stars and 'mid the Astrean flowers
Of England's Nights and Fields,—the deathless fire
Of his Egeria's eyes, that mirror skies
Of some delicious, joy-lit Paradise—
Lost in dim dreams of Poets old and dead,
Yet wreathed in glory round his laurelled Head!

A Lover of thy ancient Fields of Power,
Beloved Italia, erst, at noon-day hour,
I stood, in Florence, 'neath the golden dome
Of San Lorenzo. Here, the Florentine
Feigned its bright shrines the glory and the home
Of his proud Faith, and all that Art had seen
Of olden beauty and of newer light
Of Poesy and Heaven. High windows, dight

With wonders from the brush of Angelo,
And Raphael's Palette, and Leonardo's Woe,
Poured lustre o'er thy altars and rich tombs,
And columned aisles, and flushed the solemn glooms
And awful silence of the Holy Place
With roseate touches and th' immaculate grace
Born of the beauty that thy Masters dreamed.
Near the white Sculpture of a Templar bold,
Whose sword and banneret had bravely gleamed,
For Christ's dear Sake, in Palestina old,
I stood, while Fancy wandered through thy Years,
And all their splendours, dimmed by burning tears.
He slept, in peace, upon his marble bed,
With Cross beneath his hands upon his breast,
And spurs on heels, and plumèd helm on head,
As when he bore his shield on Glory's crest,
And his famed lance against the Saracen;
Yet, all-forgetful of his stormy Past,—
His glimpse of Truth,—the battle's fiery blast;
And Life's brief joyance hushed beneath its pain—
Arrayed, forever, in his snowy arms,
And deaf to trumpet-call and War's alarms.

So, I to-night, stand by thy lowly Tomb,
Sweet Singer of the South! and from the bloom
Of simple flowers that cluster o'er thy breast,
And shed their perfumed beauty to the Night,
From honey-laden cencers of Delight,—
I look unto the stars, that fret the roof
Of God's first Minster—the o'er-arching Sea
Of azured Sky, and wide immensity
Of architrave and dome, and deeps of light
Unfathomed, save by Faith at Love's behoof,
Which lures the knightlier Spirit to his quest
For Truth and God, in sooth, more beauteous
Than days sweet radiance, darkened through a glass
Blazoned with saintly deeds and pompous mass,
And blessed by lips, devout and duteous
In outward seeming. Oh! yon Mountain-height,
Towering above the littleness of Time
And man's vain dreams, is as a Shrine sublime
To God and Truth! Thou stream majestical
Flowing through forests elder than the Flood,
That dimples 'neath the kisses of the moon,

As o'er thy breast the lilies sigh and swoon
In languorous love, giv'st waters mystical
To Faith for christ'ning of the Pure and Good,
And cleansing Souls, more potent than the Font
O'er-laid with beauty, in Cathedrals old,
Of blazing jewels and engraven gold,—
For thy untainted essence shall remount
To God—thy source—and bear the Soul with thee
Baptized, by Faith, in thy sweet purity!

No music from the sonorous organ's note
When touched to rapture by the Mastro's hand,
Mars the solemn glory of this hour;
But from yon spray, alight by fairy-wand
Of star and moon-light, from his tremulous throat
The mock-bird pours his scintillating shower
Of love and music to his bosom's mate,
Till man and nature glow beneath the thrill
Of his fond minstrelsy, and even Hate
Is robbed by beauty of the horrent will
To do his act, and Love weaves wreaths of flowers
Around the forehead of the dying Hours.
Like yon old warrior, sleeping in his mail
On his high tomb, thou sleep'st beneath the Sod,
Untouched by Life's dark trouble and travail,
And thy delighted Spirit lives with God;—
Thy eyes drink rapture from the light of eyes
Whose light's the glory of God's Paradise.
With Lyre in hand thou sing'st thy Songs of Love,
More beauteous that thou ever sang'st before,
While Muses crown thee with immortal Bays,
And Seraphs teach thee all their starry Lore,
Learned from the glories of Eternal Days!
We shall not weep thee, Hero, Minstrel, Sage,
But pass thy glory to an endless Age:
Time holds thy Urn; but with imperial height,
Thou'lt walk, forever, in a Path of Light.

JOHN W. DANIEL
AN
ELEGY

—"O, there was one—
From whose sweet lips lapsed as from a well,
Continuously, truths which made our souls
As they sank in them, fertile with rich thoughts."
—Bailey

—"Art and eloquence,
And all the shows o' the World are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade!"
—Shelley

He sleeps! majestic in his rest of death—
The Soldier, Statesman, Orator and Sage!—
And by his bier Virginia kneels and weeps
For her famed Son,—so noble and so high!—
As some brave Champion of old, storied days,
Strickened in battle, with his plume unsoiled,
And shield untarnished by a foeman's lance,
He sleeps upon Life's Field, with armour on,
And spurs of Knighthood glist'ning on his feet—
His fame illumed by Death,—his glorious worth
Uplifted like a banner to the stars!—
His life was lofty, for his Soul was pure,
And his white pennon ever in the front,
Gleamed like a splendour o'er the Crests of men,
And lured to Virtue and Achievement high,
In battle and in forum—field and mart,—
The strong Virginian, with Ithuriel's spear
To smite the wrongs and infamies of Time,
And lead the Soul to victory and power!—
He sleeps!—The Soldier's sword's forever sheathed—
The Statesman's lustrous mind is quenched in death—
The Orator's tongue of eloquence is hushed—
The Sage's genius is a darkened star!—
But in thy Heart, Virginia, he shall live!
And when in days to be, we chant thy fame,
The music of his glory shall entwine
With the immortal melody of thine!

The Player
Edwin Booth

—"The scroll
Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll
Is in Apollo's hand: our dazed eyes
Have seen a new tinge in the Western skies."

—*Keats*

—"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!—quite, quite down!"

—*Shakespeare*

—"Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!—
Whence are we, and why are we? Of what scene
To actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in Death, who lends what Life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow."

—*Shelley*

THE PLAYER

EDWIN BOOTH

Soft—soft! the lights are out!
Life's Comedy is o'er!
Life's solemn Tragedy is done!
The merry joyance and the mimic bout—
The jests that soar,—
The wit, the frolic, glee, and fun;
The pomp, the majesty and glory
Of Life's imperial story—
The light, the glitter, and the radiant glow—
The tears, the sables and the bitter woe
Are hushed and chilled in Death!

No more,
We hear the mighty roar,
The high, applauding breath
Of raptured hosts and multitudes, enchanted
By the magic of the wonders
Of the Mage and his art,—
By Love's sweet stars, and Freedom's thunders;
When Romeo wooed, and Brutus spoke,
And shook from Rome the despot-yoke
Of Caesar's power,
And grandly planted
Fair Liberty's unperished Flower,
That blooms today,
And sheds its fragrance, far, in many a golden shower
Of light,
And might,
To energize and cheer the Patriot-Soul,
To proudly tower,
And stablish, far, fair Freedom's glad control.

The lights are out—the lights are out!—
No more he'll play the part
Of hero, sage, or clown!—
Life's Curtain's down!—
His flaming, haughty crest is lowered
That grandly soared,
With eagle-flight,
To kiss the rare delight

And flood of ecstasy that bathed his wings
In the clear pellucid springs
Of fabled Helicon, and the eternal lights
Of God's supreme delights.
No more, his spacious brow is corrugate
With glorious weight
Of mightiest wisdom and emblazed renown,
As with the truncheon, and a Monarch's frown,
He rules the Earth;
Or, with a Prelate's soft
Majestic tread,
He towers aloft,
And hurls fierce lightnings o'er the quick and dead.
No more, he'll set the table on a roar,
With merriment and fun—
Alas! poor Yorick's day is done—
His gibes are o'er—
No more, he'll loiter, in the summer sun,
To jest and stare—
His lips are frozen 'neath their cold despair—
His last bright web of wit is spun.
No more, we come to greet him with the shout
Of Fame's immortal roar;
But sadly weep o'er his great bier,
And praise him—as we drop a tear!
The lights are out!—
Life's solemn Tragedy is done!—
Life's Comedy is o'er!—
And Death's pale shroud
Is as a pallid summer cloud,
To hide the Sun!

What Marlowe, Shakespeare, Beaumont and the rest—
The loftiest Spirits, and the best
Of Elizabethan Breed,—
The loftiest Singers of their Giant Age,
Were to the Stage,
In lustrous thought and witching deed—
In art, and grandeur of their mighty lines,
Their charmèd verse and song:
What Otway, Garrick, Greene, and Rowe,
And sweet-lyred Tennyson;
And Sheridan, and Bulwer, and the throng
Of feebler singers,
And sweet joy-bringers—

With their vast, splendent benison
Of Poesy and Minstrelsy, that glows and shines,
Are now,
In might, and majesty and glory—
In wit and glee—
In heaven-kissed thought and subtlest ecstasy;
With soul-lit Tragedy—all hoary
With the frosty touch of ages;
With the splendours and the fiery passion
Of the famous men and sages
Of the wondrous and exalted Past,—
With the brief gleam, the glistening fashion
Of each day's bubble,—
That's bursting
From its trouble,
On Life's bright stream—
On wit's quick dream—
Where throbbing souls are thirsting
For soft blisses
That come with stolen kisses,—
And the joyous laugh
That swims upon the wine they madly quaff—
Too bright to last;—
He was to all—
The high Magician of the Tragic Muse,
With grand, imperious will,
All deeds, all passions to transfuse,
By subtlest instinct and the magic skill
Of Art's broad sway and mastery divine—
To wield and blend the mighty masses,
And the variant, surging classes
That make and stir the Drama's glory—
That gleam and shine
In Ambition's bloody story,
In Love's glamour—
In the Battle's rage and clamour;—
In sylvan glories of the flowering Field;
In lofty Virtue that will never yield;—
The rapt Interpreter of Art and Thought
That glow in vision and in glory,
By airy Wit and Genius wrought,
In the woof and in the tissue—
In the bright epilogue and tragic issue

Of the Stage's various Story:
The rise and fall
Of states and nations, through the ages;
The dark, weird dreams of sages—
O'er whose funereal waves,
Enlit
With stormful flashes of the sombre night
Of Death and Woe,
Glide and flit
Vast shadows, trooping from their charnel-graves,—
Some wailing for their lost delight—
Some madly battling with the tempest-roar
Of flaming hell, around them raging,—
Some fierce conflicts waging
With Hydra-headed passions and desires—
Some weeping fiery tears,
And grasping tight the torturing, empty biers
Of loves they slew
With Murtha's ruthless hand;—
And some carousing, with a fiendish glee,
And drinking deep, with hellish ecstasy,
The molten fires of Sin—
A horrid crew—
A fiendish and infernal band;—
The Devil's brood—dark spirits who rush in
The seething flood
Of blood,
And burn their souls, and groan, with hate,
Beneath the huge, eternal weight
That bore them down from Arden's light,
To writhe, forever, in unending night;—
The amourous deeds,
And soft, entrancing creeds
Of lovers, swooning in the lush delights
Of days and nights
That float on melodies, and the raptures soft
That lift the soul aloft,
To walk the Stars, with ardent loves,
Or list the murmurs of sweet-mated doves,
In tranquil woodlands, by soft flowing streams
Of ecstasy,
Where Summer's rosy gleams
Shall never die,—
But flush in lucent glories o'er the heart:—

The mad, enthusiastic soul,
That far-o'erleaping Time's control—
The bourne and limits of dull Clay—
Without direction and the guiding chart
Of Reason's steadier light—
Sails far away—
Sails out, at night,
On the wide, unfathomed Sea
Of Mystery,
To sail, and sail its feeble, trembling bark,
In calm and tempest, and in light and dark—
Far, far from ken
Of earth and men—
In quest of sweet, enchanted isles,
Where smiles
The fair Atlantis of the dreams of old,
That could beguile
Great Homer's smile—
Whose flowers are laurels, and whose fruits are gold:
Oft, to re-sail, no more
From that far, fabled Shore;
Yet, when returning, with a golden freight,
So lustrous and so great,
That nations meet the madman, at the beach,
To crown him for his toil,
And hive his wisdom, when he deigns to teach;
To share the bounty and the opulent spoil
He brings;
And when he sings,
To list, forever, to the dulcet story
Of his sweet, bliss-lit isles,
And the bewildering smiles
Of their glory!

Shall gentle Romeo woo, no more,
The star-crossed Capulet,
The beauteous Juliet—
Verona's maid, so fair and sweet—
Beneath the stars of fair Italian nights,
And with the perfume of her breath
Upon his lips, rush, madly, into death?
Shall fiery Richard, ne'er again,
Hug to his heart Ambition's quenchless pain,
And cast afar the peace-enwreathed delights

That softly nestle at his feet,
And raging leap amid the battle's roar—
And fight, and fall, and die—
The Victim of his lusts and treachery?
Shall fierce Macbeth, again,
Ne'er fret and swell
With greed of Fame and Power,
And at the witching, midnight hour—
A murderer—tread o'er prostrate slain,
Unto a throne, incarnadined with blood,
Whose lurid currents and far-flaming flood
Engulf him in a crimson hell
That glares and seethes,
O'er the vast splendours that his pride conceives?
Shall the high Roman, Brutus, strike no more,
For Liberty and Right,
And seal the noble covenant, with gore
Drawn from the Tyrant's haughty soul,
By the bright
Swift flashings of the blade
That made
The Roman free,
Beneath the Patriots' masterful control,
Whilst Cina, Cassius, and the best
Of Rome's high Progeny—
Courtiers of beauteous Liberty—
Bathe their bold hands
In Freedom's Fount—
The bloody Sacrament of Right—
And scatter, far, o'er seas and lands,
The precious seeds
And golden creeds
Of Justice, Law and splendent light
Of Liberty, that mount,
And soar, and fructify, and fall in showers
On men, on nations, on systems, and on powers?
Shall Hamlet the Dane—
Now sanely mad, now madly sane,—
Ne'er know again, blessed days of soft delight,
And peace, and love, and glorious power;
Nor weave sweet fancies,
And high romances
Into fair songs, and eloquence, and glory,
Into the woof of his immortal Story:

And vainly cast
From him the precious, golden Past,
Like a fading flower,—
And madly rush to crime, and fight
For horrent vengeance, and soul-imbruting blood,—
And bathe his Spirit in the fiery flood
Of wrath, and guilt, and murd'rous hate:
And stay his blade, when Conscience doubts, not fears—
And drop hot, agonizing tears
Upon the pale, funereal flowers
That deck Ophelia's corse,
Wrung from his Soul by Sorrow and Remorse;
And walk 'mid desperate days and hell-lit hours,
Unto his fate,
To slay the Tyrant-king,
In joy and wassail, 'midst the glittering ring
Of his proud courtiers, and yield
His life's untarnished Shield
And his faint, torturing Breath
In that dread hour,
Unto the power
And dark dominion of the Conqueror—Death?
Shall Richelieu, stormful as a roaring gale
On tempest-tossèd sea,
Ride, a blood-red Comet, over France;
While lovers tremble in their ecstasy—
Pale widows wail,
And heroes quail before his Gorgon-glance
Of bale and fire;
And the huge Bastile's turrets dark aspire,
And shadow all the Sky,
And cast their awful gloom, afar,
In bitter strife and war,
O'er joyous heart and weeping eye,—
Until their souls fawn, and cringe, and creep,
Or sleep
In noisome dungeons, chilled to slaves,
Or fester in unhallowed, bloody graves?

His Seraph-Soul
Was of the high, Parnassian Breed,
In lofty thought and splendent deed—

In largeness of control:
He dwelt on azured and Olympian Mountains,
He drank of sweet, Castalian Fountains;
He saw the dawning lights
That purpled far and Orient heights
Of Inspiration olden,
And famed legends, golden,
With radiant memories of all days—all times,
And lustrous glories of all Skies—all Climes;
And in his hand
He bore the Tragic Harp,
The Comic Lyre;
Which thrilled beneath his high command—
Now keen and sharp,
With deep despair—
Now soft and low
With blissful murmurings of delighted Love,
As when a lover smooths the silken hair
Of her he loves, and softly tells her so—
Now bright with laugh and wit
That flash and flit,—
That linger, lighten, and aspire,
O'er life's quick, changeful stream,
Like stars above
That beam
And tremble on the breast of Ocean,
And stir and glisten with its ceaseless motion—
Now dark in shadow, and now bright in blaze,
And ever-flowing with its endless days.

His lofty gifts and genius high
Shall never die,
But far shall fly
On wingèd fame and ecstasy,
O'er times, o'er nations, and o'er men,
Again,
To charm enraptured multitudes,
With their full plenitudes
Of melodies
And rhapsodies,
To bear his name immortal in his glory
Along soft lapses and fair waves of Story,
Freighted with argosies
Of sweet phantasies

And soft desires
Of Passion's gentler choir,
To light and darken o'er the weirdest trophies
From Tempe's looms,
Enmeshed in sombre glooms,
Wove by Grecian Muses, and bright
With the light
Of Rome's free buskined Stage and pleasantries;
And rich with splendour
Spun from heroic souls—
Now harsh, now tender—
That broke from Art's controls,
And soared immortal flights,
Like eagles, to supremer heights,
Than those ere touched by Man before;
With all the lore
And the learning of the Sages,
In the vast Elizabethan Sky,
That knew no bound, save that within the eye,—
Till all shall blend
And melt in golden currents of Renown,
That have no end—
But gleam
And kiss—
No more a visioned dream
Darkened and shadowed 'neath Death's funeral
frown—
God's plenitude of Bliss!

Come—softly tread—
The mighty Player's dead!
Alas! alas!
The laurelled Player's dead!
Life's last, bright, golden sands have run
From Time's swift glass!
His famous Days are done!
His lofty soul has fled!
Come—gather round his royal Bed—
While God enshrouds him with the moon's pale beams
Of silvery light,
And wondrous glories of the sorrowing Night!
And from the Orient,
Comes Day, attended by the mourning Hours
That weeping bow,

And marvel at the sweet content
That glorifies his brow.
With no unhallowed tread—
But soft and low,
As in our woe,
We come to lay fresh laurels on his Head,
So fair and white,
In the moon's soft light—
In morning's purpling beams,
And evening's transient, shadowy gleams.
Earth's Master-Player's dead!

No tracery of care
Enhues his forehead brave and high.
His star-kissed brow is as the head of some old Saint
That wears no taint
Of sin or sorrow, but the immortal bliss
Of God's own kiss.
No vile despair
Hath dimmed its power and virile majesty.
With him to die,
Was not to sink, low-grovelling, on the Earth;
But far to fly,
On gleaming pinions to the Realm of Light,
Where the transfigured Soul's new Birth
Unfolds unending visions of delight,
And sacred joy:—
Where Cherubim
And Seraphim,
With psalms, and anthems, and hozannas high,
Welcome his lofty Spirit to the sky,
And proud employ,
To syllable God's supernal glory
And His Son's imperial story,
In the Holy Courts above;
While His eternal and resplendent years fill up
Joy's ever-flowing cup
With wine
Divine
The luscious juice and essence of His Love;
And the elated and redeemèd Soul,
Unfettered from the flesh and Time's control,
Swims, far, on Heaven's empurpled Seas,
To dream and bask in pure, voluptuous ease,

On peace-lit isles,
Where glow the smiles,
And beams the loving eye
Of Deity—
The Soul's Hesperides—
Isles loved by Summer and the ambrosial breeze,
And calm, emparadised delights—
Whose days are nights,
Whose nights are days,—
Whose halcyon joys are wreathed with fadeless bays,
And laurels high,
And lotus-flowers of minstrelsy
That blossom forth from Harp and Lyre,
Beneath the kindling flame, and pure, seraphic fire,
Enlit and raptured by the Soul's desire
To live, to serve, to worship and aspire
To the unvisioned and ecstatic blessings,
Hymned by seraphs in their soft confessings,
Poured from repentant souls,
Where majestically rolls,
And sweetly glides
The lucid tides
Of the wondrous Stream of Life,
Whose current's ruffled by no touch of strife—
Whose litanies of praise
Make glad the nights—make glad the days
That have no close;
And blend and melt, with love and glory,
In the Soul's Eternal Story—
In God's repose!

MARY ANDERSON
AS
JULIET

—"O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright!—
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
I never saw true beauty till this night!"
—*Shakespeare*

—"I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of fair and faithful Juliet;
For never was a Story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."
—*Shakespeare*

A brilliant Scene is set
Of old Verona's storied Town,
Of lofty legend and renown,—
Of her fair streets and castled halls,—
For the Presentment of the Story Grand
Of the enamoured Capulet,—
The beauteous Juliet;
And her sweet Knight, the noble and the true,—
Her Lover—Romeo,
The gallant Montague,—
Who met, and loved, and wed, and died,
In the bright glory of their youth and pride,
Within the compass of a few, brief hours:
And whose sable palls
Were perfumed with funereal flowers.
The wondrous Scene's relumed again,
With all its fiery love, and piteous pain,—
Its bliss and woe,
As with a Genie's magic Wand!

The hushed Audience sit,
With eyes expectant on the pictured Stage!—
She enters there,—

The Lady of the Play—the Lady of each heart!—
A maiden tall and fair,
And beautiful in stately grace,
With her rare, sculptured face
Of Light and Power,
That blossoms from the clusters of her hair,—
A perfect, radiant flower
Of beauty and delight,
Brought by Seraphs from God's Paradise,
To glorify the witcheries of her eyes;
And win the World with mysteries of their might.
Her golden Voice,
Sonorous and eloquently sweet,
Enchants the Wit
And Heart of men, till their exalted Souls rejoice,
That Genius is incarnate in her smiles,
The surpassing splendour of her Art,
And her winsome wiles!—
And all are prostrate at her stately feet!—
In age
A child—in majesty a Queen—
She towers above the mystic Scene,—
The weird Romance and glory of the Play,—
And dominates the Hour,
Until Illusion's lost in Nature and in Art,
And she's sweet Juliet with her glowing heart,
And soul of fire,—
The Maiden beautiful, that Romeo
Loved and wooed in gladness and in woe,—
Verona's fairest Flower:
And would not stay,
When he had walked the Way to awful Death,—
But kissed the poison from his precious breath,
And on his dagger dared expire,
To join his Spirit in Eternal Bliss,
Won in the sweetness of a dying kiss!

But, O, the rapt Audience see
Not Juliet,—but Thee!—
The Lady of the Hour—the Glory of the Stage!—
And all-forgetful of famed Avon's Sage,
Behold thee fairer than the brightest Gleam
Of his great Genius, and most golden Dream!

"DARLIN' MINE"

AN

ELEGY

ON

OLIVE THOMAS

—"Thou art fled
Like some frail exalation, which the dawn
Robes in its golden beams,—ah! thou hast fled!
The pure, the gentle, and the beautiful,—
The child of grace and genius!"

—*Shelley*

—"Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

—*Shakespeare*

A sunlit day,—
I wander from the hot and babbling street,
Into a quiet hall, to see a Play
Of Irish life, and wit, and love.
Ah me!—What see I there
Upon the glowing Screen of mimic life?—
A maiden, beautiful and sweet,—
In form and face
Of light and grace;
And fair
As Hebe in the splendour of her prime—
With glossy tresses to ensnare
The hearts of men—
And eyes as beauteous as a seraph's are;
And precious wiles,
And winning smiles,
And gentle ways that lead our souls afar
From base desires and strife,
And made our spirits rise above
The witching scene
Flashed on the mirrored Screen,
And from the simple soar to the sublime,
And softly whisper to our hearts—Amen!—

How lovely her sweet face,
And the exquisite grace
Of her perfect form, and light
The touch of fleet feet
On dewy sod or in the mazy dance.
How rare the glory of her glance,
Winsome and bright
With messages from Paradise.
How entrancing sweet
The fond caresses of her loving hands,—
How comical commands,
Whilst in her laughing eyes
Sly humour gleams,
And radiates their beams
With twinkle, and with sparkle,
Until they darkle,
With sorrow and with love,
Like a lost Peri's, banished from above.

Ah me!—Is this a dream?
Is her fair form a shade?
Is she a shadow pictured on a Screen,
And this magic scene
A fleeting pageant made
By subtle light and gleam?
Nay—Nay!—I see her there
Moving and merry in her gay delight—
Grieving in her sad despair;
And I could kiss
Her hand in courtly bliss,
And wipe the sorrow from her eyes of light!—

Alas! Sweet maid,
Whilst we behold thy glorious image pass
Before our charméd eyes,
As on a rare, enchanted Glass,
Thou sleep'st in death,—
Thy form as some sweet sculptured art,
White in thy beauty and thy grace,
Which God hath waked to glory by His might,
And thy enamoured breath
Is fragrant in His radiant Paradise.
Thy flower of life,
Crushed and withered in the storms and strife

Of Earth's despiteful days,
Hath bloomed again,
Freed from all soil and pain,
In the assoiling light
Of God's own mercy,—and thy heart,
More beauteous made
By His dear love, His worship, and His praise,
Lives in His grace,
And the rapt glory of thy angel-face!

I pass from out the hall,
Into the heat
And clamour of the busy street,
And the harsh turmoil
Of men insistent in their toil—
And still I see thy pall
Of sables, and of flowers,
Culled from fairy bowers,
And on thy splendid bier
I drop a tear
For thee, O, "Darlin' Mine"!—
Whose star of life hath set on Earth,
No more to shine,
Yet glows immortal in thy Spirit's birth!

VALENTINE

The Genius sees in the unsculptured stone,
Bright images of beauty, yet unwrought
From gleaming marble, and the splendours Thought
Giveth to Time, like miracles of tone
And music, which a Mastro, deftly, weaves,
By his alluring mastery of Art,
Around the raptured, fond, and willing Heart:
When Peoples crown him with Fame's Laurel-Leaves!
So, Valentine! Thy pure, enchanted Mind
Saw pictures glow in stones, and did unfold
Their loveliness and graces manifold
Unto the Souls of men, to win, and bind
With thy skilled artistry, the fadeless Bays,
With which Virginia garlands all thy Days!

TO MY FATHER

—"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of Gentleman."

—*Tennyson*

—"Yet seems my Sire to me the fairer-faced—
The kinglier and the kindlier."

—*Swinburne*

—"If here be aught which thou canst love, it springs
Out of the hope that I may earn that love
More unto me than immortality;
Or to have strang my harp with golden strings."

—*Bailey*

My Father, when I look upon thy head
Now whitened with the hoary touch of Age,
And gaze upon thy face, where Truth hath shed
Her light and halo, like a noble page
Of some old Volume, where bright Genius spread
The illumined splendours of the mighty Past;
My Memory traces back the shining Way
Of hopes and aspirations that are dead,
And from the dust of Days, too sweet to last,
I gather up the Jewels, as I may,
Of thy wise counsels, and thy precepts wise,
That were as lamps unto my feet for good,
And pictured lessons brightening in my eyes,
To guide my heart in ways of Truth and Love,
And lead my Soul to look from Earth—above,
For golden principles and laws of life.
O, may thy days now glide away from strife,
Like some fair Stream that flows towards the sea,
'Mid flowers of kindly deeds and sweets of Peace,—
Until they blend with wide Eternity,
And every murmur 'neath God's smile shall cease.

J. A. McGILVRAY

Ah Mac',
Say how and when,
We'll meet, and whack
The foibles of our fellow-men:
And see the Sun
Sink as the Day is done;
While we sit and look
From out some flowering nook,
And sip the cup of Joy divine
Of Heart to Heart, without the gleam of wine!

Friend Mack,
Say how and when
We'll mark the track
Of the sweet summer moon again
Flash in the Sky,
Amid her stars on high;
While we lie and dream
On many a golden theme,
And sip the cup of Love divine
Of Soul to Soul, without the gleam of wine!

To My Mother

—"The greatest of all our woes
Is to remind us of our happy days,
In misery."

—Byron

"—My darkened ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise!"

—Tennyson

—"My early days
Are with me in my heart."

—Wordsworth

—"Life hath passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last."

—Cowper

"Thou art the Friend
To whom the Shadows of far years extend."

—Byron

MY MOTHER

Memory wanders fondly back to-night,
Sweet Mother, to the bright, delicious Hour,
When nestled on thy heart, my new-lit eyes
Dawned in thine own, and rose in Paradise
Of purest Love.
Thy life was fair and bright,
With Youth's fresh glory and divinest power
Of Love enmeshed in deftest threads of grace
And beauty, glowing from thy beauteous face,
Alight with radiancy of mind and soul,
And loveliness sweet-dimpled. High control
And dignity enriched thee, like a robe
Of cloth-of-gold a dame of ancient France,
When for her favours knights, with laurelled lance,
Rode in gay Tournay or the battle's List
Of great Renown. My heart's responsive lobe,
As pearly shell, torn from its parent Sea,
Murmuring of billows that its azure kissed
In ocean-cave, thrills with the lullaby
Thou sang'st, when cradled on thy gentle breast,
My infant ears caught strains of Love's delight
Elysian-sweet, that from thy rosy mouth
Breathed the soft sweetness of thine own sweet
South—
That since that hour my Heart has loved the best.

I grew to boyhood at thy gentle knee,—
Thy fond companion, as we roamed afar,
In field and wood, beneath the vesper-star
Of purple Eve, or Day's effulgent light,
And drank of Nature's cup of witchery,
Brimming with beauty and the glow of flowers,
And faint-whisp'ring brooks, and dim forests old,
And gorgeous splendours of Autumnal gold;
Or sipped the nectar of fair twilight-hours,
That fell, like dew, upon my heart, at Night.
When winter robed the shuddering fields in snow,
And his wild blasts swept o'er the strickened Earth
And angered Sea, around the fire-lit hearth,
Within the golden circle of thy smiles,
I heard the lapsing and the murmurous flow
Of thy soft speech, and charmèd nursery guiles,

Conjure good fairies, and rude goblin-sprites,—
Bold castle-leaguers, and enchanted knights
Of Chivalry, and dames of high degree,
As comely as the beauty of a star;
And bloody Lists and passages of War.
Anon, thou'dst read from some immortal Book,
Or Poem rare, the deeds, by land and sea,
Of Valour, and brave Tales of old Froissart:
Sir Walter's Wondrous Page,—high lays of Rome;
Fair Heman's glowing annals of the Heart;
Milton's and Homer's Lays, texts from God's Writ;
Of Shakespeare's Wonders, and the magic wit
And humour of his Muse; until my look
Passed from thy face into the Shadow-Past
Of Poesy and Song, and History's splendrous page,—
And I, a Knight, engaged, at Templestowe,
With Cour de Leon and brave Ivanhoe,—
Stormed tower and castle, for my ladye's sake;
Braved the Armada with the dauntless Drake
And gallant Raleigh, and their old Sea-Dogs;—
Saw cities sacked, in embers and the logs,
That flashed upon the hearth, when Alva's rage
Ravaged the Dutch; and by Arcady's streams
Loitered with Sidney and his raptured dreams
Of Love and Beauty, and fair Honour's mien
And lofty port; and played each mimic Scene,
That Jonson pictured on the World's great Stage—
Of fool and monarch, and of belted knight;
And all the loss and glory of the fight,
And roar of battle. Hark! I hear the blast
Of Richard's trumpets, and the Saracen,
As they march by me from the golden Past—
Again, I see the glories of the List—
And hear the loud huzza and faint—Amen!—
And now the Picture fades—and a dim mist
Is o'er my eyes—that once my Mother kissed!

Oh! Mother, days have passed, since those fond hours,
Ah! years have passed! Each Spring hath brought her flowers
All-beautiful and bright, as when of yore,
Thou cull'd'st for me the fragrance of their lore;
And 'neath their beauty thou hast fallen asleep,—
Ne'er to embrace me with thy eyes, again—

So fair and true; never to hush my pain,
With thy soft voice and slumb'rous lullaby,
Thrilled with the music from the song-lit deep
Of thy fond Mother-Breast. No more, I'll see
Thy eyes so blue, illumed with loving light
Shed from thy Soul, nor watch the sweet delight
Glow on thy lip and gladden o'er thy brow,
As I, in rapture, dared aloud avow
My love for Truth and loyalty to Right,
And purpose high to walk the path of Light.
No more, thy kiss is like a sacred balm
Unto my wounded Spirit, sure and calm,
In hours of Woe! These joys are with the Past!
Save when I gather from thy large repast
Rich crumbs of comfort and divinest love,
Like star-beams gleaming from their Heaven above,
Through prison-bars, to glorify the place,
Which Love hath garnered, through the carking years,
And Memory waters with her holy tears,
To bring their solace and consoling grace
To my sad heart.

Oh! the frail flowers renew
Their beauty with the Spring; the stars relume,
Each Night, their fading lamps; the golden hue
Of Day bepaints with light the dawning hours;
And the fierce eagle on the mountain towers,
And in his eyrie proons his Cygnet's plume;
And Day brings Night, and fleeting Night the morrow,
Grief heralds Joy, and joy still heralds Sorrow:
But thou shalt come no more, thou art with God—
Thy smile—thy beauty's hid beneath the Sod—
Yet thy bright Soul's immortal in His Love,
And dwelleth in His bosom, far above
All toil and strife,—all stain and taint of Earth,
In the pure glory of thy Spirit's Birth
Into eternal Life, and God's own Bliss,
Beneath Christ's benison, and Sacred Kiss
Upon thy chastened brow. Death hath not slain
Thy love and joy—the lustre of thy face:
My Faith looks in thine eyes and sees no Pain,
But the divinest glory, and the grace
Of lustral Love, which clothes thee, like a dress
Of snowy beauty, in its blessedness.

O, come again, and kiss my burthened brow,—
As, when a child and nestled in thy arms,
Thou softly lulled me to my rest! Come now,
And gently shield me from the World's alarms,
And ills and sorrows, and its dark despair,
With thy fond hands: O, hear my humble prayer—
As at thy Knee I lisped my earliest praise
To God, and love to thee! O, for Past-Days
And Nights of Love! They ne'er can come again—
And my vain heart but dreams itself to Pain.
Soft, Soft! I feel the rapture of thy Kiss—
And the fresh vigour of etherial bliss
Steal o'er my being: thy hand is on my head—
Thy Spirit's with me, though thy form hath fled!

MEADE MEMORIAL CHURCH

Old Church, illumed by God's most precious grace,
Thou stand'st, as thou hast stood, in all thy years,
Firm in His Faith, and lovely in thy place,
As we behold thee, through our smiles and tears:
For here have Souls communed, who now above
In God's own Paradise, still blend with ours
Dear hymns and prayers, which praising Thee, we love—
And glories of Christ's manifested powers!

Old Church, here came our loved ones and our friends,
In thy long years, that have so quickly fled;
And here each loyal worshipper still wends—
And here we love the living and the dead:
In thy old chants, sweet voices still we hear
Of saints, who sing God's golden hymns in Light,
And still in visions their dear forms appear—
And still we see their faces, fair and bright!

Old Church, around thy altars, gathered oft
Fathers and mothers, and fond children fair;
And, through thy hushed solemnity, their soft
And thrilling voices still we hear in prayer;
And o'er thy aisles a Glory seems to spread

Eternal Wings of Love, and Power and Grace,
As we commune with living and with dead—
And feel the radiance of our Saviour's face!

Old Church, where God has reigned through all thy days—
Grant Lord to raise us up to live aright—
Still to sing Thy lofty hymns of Praise—
And still to battle for Thy Truth and Right!
It recks not what wild storms shall rage without—
Christ's soldiers, we, empanoplied with love,
Shall stand in trust, erect and freed from doubt—
Wise as the serpent—harmless as the dove!

Old Church, we still are gathered round thy shrine,
And lift our orisons to God on high,—
Oh! may His Mercy ever on us shine
And guard us with His own sublimity!—
Dear Christ! still lead us in Thy ways of Light—
Forgive,—and bless, us by Thy loving grace—
Oh! be our Guide and Comfort, day and night,
As we shall praise Thee, in this sacred place!

THOU

"With virtues equalled by her wits alone,
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed."

—*Byron*

'Tis whispered Thou art quite profound,
Well versed in Mathematics,
That Thou hast tak'n the College round
In learning Hydrostatics:
Well, I admit a girl must know
The art Corinthian—Doric,—
But she must master—if "she'd go,"
The mysteries Paregoric.

Whene'er I look into Thy eye,
And bask in its dark lustre,
I shudder—(for I'm very shy!)—
For fear I won't pass muster;

And when I look upon Thy lips,
So fluent with their Gallic,
I am afraid of English slips,
Condemned by laws too Salic.

'Tis said Thou e'en think'st in Greek,
And cogitat'st in Latin,
And that Thou never know'st how sleek
Is a fine piece of satin;
Well, that is very fine in Art,
But not so fine in dressings;
Yet what care I, so Thy kind heart
O'er flows with precious blessings.

And while Thy heart is pure and true,
'Tis filled with learn'd "Reflections";
Well, I have no objection, Miss,
So Thou still givest Thy "blueness"
To other folk,—to me the bliss
And glory of thy trueness.

'Tis rumoured that Thou storm'st the "Schools,"
And art quite pedagogic;
And that Thou rhym'st by magic rules—
Elegiac, or eclogic,—
Pray, may I walk Parnassus' height,
With Thee, Oh, fairest Wonder!—
And meet the Muses by moonlight
And kiss them—when I blunder!

But to sum up, in learnèd way,
This my poetic "Thesis,"
And give to Thee, as "Dons" would say,
An able "Exegesis";
It matters not though Thou art learned,
So Thy bright lips are smiling,
Nor that illiterate joys Thou'st spurned—
Thy beauty's still beguiling.

The Shrine

—"When she who was the source of all my sighs
Fled from the World, herself, my straining Sight,—
Nature, who gave us the unique delight,
Was sunk in shame, and we had weeping eyes;
Yet shall not vauntful Death enjoy the prize,
Thou sun of Suns which then he veiled in Night;
For Love hath triumphed, lifting up the light
On Earth and 'mid the Saints in Paradise.

—*Michelangelo*

—"Sweet still, but now not red,
Is her shut mouth whereby I lived and died.
And sweet, but empty of the blood's blue shade,
The fair curled eyelids that withheld her eyes
And sweet, but like spoilt gold,
The weight of colour in her tresses weighed:
And sweet, but as a vesture with new days,
Her body that was clothed with Love of old."

—*Swinburne*

—"Love's very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the World divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the Grave."

—*Shelley*

—"Let come what will, there is one thing worth,
To have had fair love in the life upon Earth:
To have held love safe till the day grew night,
While skies had colour and lips were red."

—*Swinburne*

—"Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy impressure all alone shall live
Within in book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter."

—*Shakespeare*

THE SHRINE

In old Ravenna,—in a Minster, there,
That lifts its marble glories to the stars,
When hid in lustre of the garish Day,
Or lit or quenched in blackness of the Night,
There stands an ancient tomb, within the peace
And sombre splendours of the sacred Place—
In the main aisle—where quaint traceries
Are wrought by sun and moon, through hallowed panes,
Chastened with golden legends of the Good,
And pious Scriptures from the Writ of God,
Until the Spot's ensainted with their light;—
Reared by a Warrior of the olden Time,
In perfect mem'ry of his sainted Love,—
His all in all—his only Star of Hope—
His theme of Glory and his fount of Song,
Who on his bosom blossomed like a flower,
From out a massive vase—his Heart the source
That fed her beauty and her rosy life,
Until an Angel plucked the bloom of joy,
And bore it back a trophy to his God,
And washed the pallour that the change had wrought
From its sweet glory, in the Font of Love.

On that old Tomb still sleeps the Lady fair,
Wrapt in unperished purity of stone,—
Hushed to immortal slumber 'neath the charm
And witching cunning of Italian Art,—
A perfect semblance of her perfect life;
And Men still marvel, as they gaze to-day,
Upon her placid form that Long Ago,
When touched by Death's enchantment, passed from Life
Into the pallid beauty of the Saint.

And here, through days and centuries of Time,
As crumbled 'round her monument and fane—
The flags and trophies of her knightly kin;
The names and glories of their pride and power;
Their swords and shields—their pennons and their palls;
Proud monarchies that ruled the fame of Earth,—

The far-teeming city with its high renown,
And might and majesty of heroic deeds;—
And all the pomp and circumstance of Men;—
The vanished children of the World have come;
The warrior's mailed tread, the shoon of priest,—
The haughty monarch and the cringing slave,—
The wail of mourners and the laugh of joy,—
The lofty pageant of the funeral,—
The bier, the hearse,—the panoply of Woe—
The Carnival of pride that lives a day;—
The joyous Bridal, and sweet Christening,
When the fair babe blooms on the mother's heart
And cooes responses to the solemn rite,—
All—all, have come and gone—and sought the paths
Of wide divergence from the Holy Shrine;
Yet all have there returned to lay them down
In dust and slumber with the mould'ring Past.
And still the Lady sleeps upon the tomb,
Unchanged by Time's vicissitude and ruin,
Untouched by vile decay or dark'ning dust—
As pure and perfect, in her snowny garb
Of gleaming marble, as, when Time was young,
Her lover kissed the glory of her brow,
Pale in the chilling splendours of despair,
And turned him from the day-light of her eyes,
Whose light had set, and wandered into Night,—
Like one who travels when the sun's asleep,
Under the shadows of dark brooding Hours,
To fall beneath the Cross, in Paynim-land—
His fame a legend and his name forgot!

As rests the figure of the Lady fair,
In that old Minster, on her silent tomb,—
So sleeps the image of my sainted Love
Upon my heart. Dear Mem'ry's lambent gleams
Smile on her brow so fair and sweet to me,
And kiss her lips with rarest hues of light,
As do the star-light and the moon's pale beams,
Falling through pictured windows on the face
Of yon fair statue. All the things of Time
May come and go—Ambition's hot desire;
The fleeting bliss of Hope; the transient joy;
The love and sweet amenities of Life;
The exaltation of the pious heart,

That's lifted up to benisons of God;
The strength that comes from kindred hands and souls
That raise, a little while, the load of Woe
From off the troubled heart: The joys of Song—
The magic dreams of Books, when the rapt Soul,
Enchanted, wanders through the storied Past,
And clears the vision of the daring Mind
To gaze into the Future of the World:
And sorrows too may come—and grief and tears,
And tranquil sands of Life may run to Death,
From out the glass of Time: And Fate may heap
Her fardels on my purpose, till I sink—
Yet in my heart thy Image still shall live,
Like yon fair lady slumbering on her Tomb,
In old Ravenna's Minster, rich with light
And clustering glories of a thousand years;—
And shall not die, until the Shrine is lost
In night of Time; and sun and stars
No more shall shine from out the vaulted Heavens,—
And Memory shall lay her down and sleep,
With Dreams immortal haloed round her brow;—
And Days shall be no more—Love grieve no more,—
And the wide glories of the World shall fade,
As fade the pageants of some festal Hour,
Life's lights all out and Death's dark curtain down—
And Darkness crowds each gilded corridor,
Where even now men played Life's Tragedy—
And smiled and laughed—and sunk to dusty Death;
Their Name remembered as a Dream that's told,
Their fame escutcheoned on an Epitaph.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR

—"Only in the Sunny South
Such sounds are uttered, and such charms displayed,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth."
—Byron

When thou art near—Love's bright to me,—
My soul with joy and rapture doth abound,—
My heart throbs high with ecstacy,
And life and glory have a sweeter sound;
Ah! me—for thee alone I see—
Thy gentle voice alone I hear,
Thy glance—thy touch is witchery—
Yes, yes—when thout art near—
When thou art near!

When thout art near—my Heart is free
From care and sorrow that the world doth bring,
For then I dream alone of thee,
And smooth the plumage of Love's vagrant wing:
Ah! me—for thee alone I see—
Thy loving words alone I hear,
Thy smile—thy kiss is ecstacy—
Yes, yes, when thou art near!
When thou art near!

A Rhapsody

DEDICATED

TO

MY BELOVED WIFE

MAUDE H. PULLIAM

—"In my being it blooms, and its fragrance hath made
A Garden within me, where Memory strays,
Evermore, with faint footfalls, down blossoming
ways."

—*Bulwer*

—"I long to ever know the fresh green earth,
The breathing breeze, the sea and sacred stars!"

—*Bailey*

—"Dear Nature is the kindest Mother still;
Though always changing, in her aspect mild:
From her sweet bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, and oft her favoured child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled!"

—*Byron*

—"Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
The windings of the dell."

—*Shelley*

—"O night! divorce our sun and sky apart—
Never our lips, our hands!"

—*Lanier*

—" 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come!"

—*Byron*

—"In her fair face I read
What love and beauty be, then all my deed
But copying is, what in her Nature writes."

—*Sidney*

—"What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? for all things are
Sacred,—the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it."

—*Bailey*

A RHAPSODY

In pensive mood,
I loitered by a sweet, meand'ring stream,
Amidst a vast, and shadowy wood.
The day's departing beam
Shone through the interlacéd trees,
And wrought rich tapestries
Of light and shade
Upon its mirroring breast.
The dove flew homeward to his cloistered nest,
To coo his serenade
Unto his loving mate.
The mockbird, saucy, and alert,
From out the bosky neighbourhood,
Trilled forth his golden melodies,
In frolic, and in glee,
With maddening ecstacy,
Which sweetened all the beauty of the scene.
The jovial wren,—piquant, and pert,
And jocund, and elate,
And wildly, boist'rously free,
With his bright head tilted,
Sat upon a blossoming laurel-tree,
And joyously, and jauntily lilted
His love-lit rhapsodies.
The water-snake, with burnished, glistering sheen,
Glided with stealth
Through ferns and violets 'long the woodland way.
The agile squirrel clambered up a tree,
And barked, and chattered in his jollity.
The blinking lizzard basked upon a stone,
Lichened, and washed with spray
Of the silvery-rushing brook;
And sun-beams glorified its bosom with delights
Of filtered gold through variegated leaves.

And I, alone,
Save with fair Nature, and her fair, lustrous lights,
And joys, and freedom from the wrath
And surly look
And deeds of men; and the word that grieves,
Wandered adown the flowery, tangled path,
Beside the glistening stream,
Whose splendid gleam

Of waters fell into a limpid pool,
Framed like a mirror by the banks of flowers,
The boulders, and the grass,
Like my lady's glass,
On which was pictured the new-risen moon,
Whose argent glories soon
Glimmered o'er the rocks and trees,
And wove her subtle witcheries,
Transforming all the scenes to faery bowers,
Where the soul might bask in joy,
And peace, far from the world's annoy
And strife.
The plaintive whippoorwill
Sang his sad song on the far, wooded hill;
And the twilight deep
Fell, like the balm of sleep
On tired eyes,—
And my soul, steeped in the ecstacy
And exquisiteness, and beauty of the hour,
Opened with fragrance to the night,
Like a flower
Unbosoms all its sweetness to the light.

In that rapt, golden hour,
I mused beside the murmurous brook,—
Forgetful of the high, entrancing book
I bore within my hand—
Forgetful of the olden, brave Romance
Of Tourney and of Lance,
And Knights, and Donzels glowing on its page,
Writ by an antique maker and a sage.
Imagination, with her mystic wand,
Transformed the charmèd place
Into a faery bower
Of beauty and of grace,—
And lifted up my Spirit to the stars,
Far from the bars
Of flesh and time,
To enjoy with angels the sublime
Magnificences that entwine
Their grandeur and their beauty in our being,

Which we divine,
In the high faith of seeing
God's marvellous Deity.

And my Soul soared afar,
Into the roseate, sunset sky,
Where the bright, vester-star
Gleamed in serenest ecstacy.
And there I mused, in my sweet dream,
Until the shrill, clear
Call of chanticleer,
From some far, neighbouring farm,
Like a stern alarm,
Awoke me from my visions of delight—
And I arose, and followed the gliding stream,
Through the fragrant night,
Until I stood,
Upon the margin of the wood.

And as I passed from out the ancient wood,
And its solitudes,
And weird interludes
Of melody and of song,
And the charmèd neighbourhood
Of forest-life, and the enchantment
Of birds, and stream, and flowers, and the ways I went;
I beheld the mighty throng
Of golden stars, that broidered in the sky
The high,
And beauteous splendours of the night.
The firmament
Was brilliant with a myriad lights,
Hallowed in its lustrous deeps
Of azured glory and delights.
The perfumed scent
Of new-mown hay was wafted from the fields,
On zephyrs fragrant of the South.
The orchard-trees,
Haunted by the wooing breeze,
Displayed their luscious yields
Of clustering fruitage to the sense and eye.
And yonder, where sleeps

The moonlight on the sloping hill,
All calm and still,
I viewed my home, the Sanctuary of my love;
And from its windows shone the welcoming light,
Whose witchery
Guided me to kisses on the mouth
Of her I love the best,
In whose fond love I'm blest,—
And the fond prattle, and caressings
Of my children, sent as blessings,
And dear Angels from above.

SHE IS A DAISY

Have you seen her eye's bright twinkle,
And her face all in a wrinkle—
Have you seen her sweet lips pouting?—
Then, Oh! cease your fear and doubting:
Haste to tell her you adore her—
She will listen, naught in surer!—
"Who is she?"—Why you are crazy!
She is—Ah!—Well—she is a daisy!

Have you seen her, when she's chaffing,
And right at you she is laughing?
Have you seen her bright eyes sparkle,
And their hazel lustre darkle?—
Ah! if you have—you must assure her—
She will listen—naught is surer!—
"Who is she?"—Why you are mazy!—
She is—Ah!—Well—she is a daisy!

Have you heard her charming chatter,
And her speech of witty matter?—
Have you seen her hair in frizzes,
Or in mode for antique phizes?—
Then, for her love you must implore her—
She will listen—naught is surer!—
"Who is she?"—Why you are hazy!—
She is—Ah!—Well—she is a daisy!

BOB WHITE

Over the field,
Where the wheat shines bright
With the gold of its yield,
Comes thy song—Bob White:
'Neath the hedge and the flower,
Thy little ones creep—
Mamma makes the bower,
Where the little birds sleep;
And papa, strong and bright,
Pipes his song—"Bob White!
Bob White!—Bob White!—
Sun-light!—Sun-light!"

Soft sets the sun,
Where the wheat glows bright,—
When the day's work is done,
Comes thy song—Bob White:
From their soft, grassy nest,
The little ones peep,
And mamma loves best
To hush them to sleep;
While papa, sweet and bright,
Pipes his song—"Bob White—
Bob White!—Bob White!
'Tis night!—'Tis night!"

Glad shines the moon,
Where the wheat gleams bright,
And hushed is the tune
Of thy song—Bob White:
In their soft, downy bed,
Thy little ones rest,
With each little head
'Neath mother's fond breast;
And papa, low and bright,
Cooes his song—"Bob White!—
Bob White!—Bob White!—
Moon-light!—Moon-light!"

THE MOSS-ROSE

—"Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such."

—*Byron*

I own I love the sweet moustache
That shadows o'er thy smiling lip,
And tempts a lover to be rash
And of its Hyblan nectar sip,—
'Tis like the peach's glossy fringe,—
From which the sweetness blushes through,
When lit with morning's golden tinge,
And sparkling with bright, Orient dew.

I fain would press the soft moustache
That gladdens o'er thy pouting lip,
And, blending with thy smile's sweet flash,
Lights o'er the hovering kiss I'd sip,—
Yes, 'tis like the sweet moss-rose,
Whose beauty glows from thorny nest,
Which guards its sweetness from its foes,
And hoards its honey in its breast.

Yet, give to me the sweet moustache
That lightens o'er thy lip's delight,
'Tis sweeter than the silken lash
That guards thy eyes' diviner light,—
We dare the thorn to win the rose,
And there's supremer, holier bliss,
When, after struggles, we repose,
And conquering, steal the raptured kiss.

AND I DREAMED MY DARLING LOVED ME

To-day I wandered from the village,
To the church-yard gray and old,
Where the sun-light loves to linger,
Turning shadows into gold;
And I stood beside my darling,
In her bed of peace so low,
And I dreamed my darling loved me,
As in days of long ago:
I felt again her fond caressings,
Her smile of joy, her gentle kiss;
And the raptures and the blessings
Of her love, in days of bliss—
And I dreamed my darling loved me,
As in days of long ago.

The day-light lingered into twilight,
The birds flew homeward to their nest,
And the trees glowed in the moonlight;
And the weary were at rest;
Oh! I heard thee speak my darling,
In love's accents soft and low,
And I dreamed my darling loved me,
As in days of long ago.
I felt again her fond caressings,
Her smile of joy, her gentle kiss,
And the raptures and the blessings
Of her love, in days of bliss—
And I dreamed my darling loved me,
As in days of long ago.

Oh! I may wander from the village,
And the church-yard gray and old,
Where the sunlight loves to linger,
Turning shadows into gold;
Yet I'll ever love thee darling,
As in days of long ago,
And I'll dream my darling loves me,
As I wander to and fro:
I'll feel again her fond caressings,
Her smile of joy, her gentle kiss,
And the raptures and the blessings
Of her love in days of bliss—
And I'll dream my darling loves me,
As in days of long ago.

THE SPRING

We view with delight
Thy pure waters so bright,
That gush from thy fountain so fair,
Which Nature doth pour,
As we stand and adore,
And sip of thy nectar so rare.

Far purer than gold,
Is thy water so cold,
That flows from thy fount, lucid Spring;
Far richer than wealth
Is the joy and the health
Thy limpid libations shall bring.

Crystal fountain so fair—
Precious water so rare,
That ceaselessly gurgles and gleams:
O! the charm and delight,
We enjoy with the bright
Lustres that sparkle thy streams.

We'll visit thee oft,
When the summer-air soft
Shall breathe of thy peace and delights;
And God shall reveal
All His glories, that steal
O'er the heart, when you mirror His lights.

When old Winter shall roar,
And knock at our door,
We'll drink of thy life-giving tide:
And this toast we will pass,
As we fill up each glass—
May thy waters forever abide!

THE VETERAN'S CALL

Old sword that hangs upon the wall,
With scabbard tarnished by the years,—
I bore thee, at my Country's call,—
And sheathed thee dew'd with patriot-tears.
I bore thee high, in Sixty-five,
When flashed thy blade in Freedom's Fight—
I thank thee, Lord, that I'm alive,
To fight again for Truth and Right!

The years have fled!—again a youth,
With dauntless brow and stalwart frame,
I fight for Liberty and Truth—
And not for greed or fleeting fame:
Again, I grasp thy trenchant blade—
Alas!—my hand is weak and frail!—
Come son! our souls were never made
To falter now—we must not fail!

The gallant boy steps to the front,
And weilds the famous sword with might,
And rushes in the battle's brunt,
To fight for holy Truth and Right!
It flames afar, a gleaming star
To lead his Comrades in the fight—
A glorious beacon of the War,
We wage for sacred Truth and Right!

Down with the tyrants—free all slaves,
Where'er our starry flag shall fly,—
We'd rather grace heroic graves,
Than yield to vile autocracy!
Up with the brave, old banner, boys!—
Bear it aloft, in Victory!—
Foreswear all paltry aims and joys—
Until it glads a world that's free!

L' Envoi

—"Spirit is the Thread whereon are strung
The beads of Life."

—Bailey

—"Imagination is the air of Mind;
Judgment its Earth, and Memory its Main:
Passion its Fire."

—Bailey

—"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter—"

—Keats

—"And there were Angel looks; and sacred hours
Of rapture; hours that in a moment passed,
And yet were wished to last for evermore."

—Pollock

—"Far on the Deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard Songs in the Silence
That never shall float into Speech;
And I have had Dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach."

—Ryan

THE ROSARY

Mem'ry hath counted on her Rosary
The Golden Beads of reverence, and fame,—
Of love and faith, and each resplendent Name,
That Time hath woven on her tapestry,
In colours variant as the woof that's spun
In gorgeous hues, by deftest weavers' looms
And hands, in brilliances and sombre glooms,
And glints of rainbows, and the sovereign Sun.
O, these high things are garnered in our Souls,
The precious harvests of the glorious Past,
Whose fond influence shall forever last,
Until we stand at God's eternal Goals,
Pray take our Rosary, and as ye tell
Each jewelled Bead, yield to its mystic Spell!

—"Through many a field of moral and divine
The Muse has strayed, and much of sorrow seen
In human ways, and much of false and vain,
Which none who travel this bad road can miss;
O'er friends deceased full heartily she wept,
Of Love Divine the wonders she displayed;
Proved man immortal; showed the source of joy;
The grand tribunal raised; assigned the bounds
Of human grief. In few, to close the whole,
The moral Muse has shadowed out a sketch
Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,
In this our land of travail and of hope,
For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies."

—Young

The Galaxy

—"The purifying of wit, the enritching of memory, the enabling of judgment, and the enlarging of conceit."

—*Sidney*

—"But stay! What subtle notes are these
Borne on the fragrant Southern breeze
From out the palms?—strange witcheries
Of purest art to genius wed
Float sweetly, grandy overhead;
Most willingly our souls are led
Thro' paths of fancy and delight,
Whereon the sunshine, streaming bright,
Seems mingled tenderness and might!
Oh, golden lays! no common lyre
Outpours those strains of love or ire,
All instinct with the sacred fire!"

—*Hayne*

—"Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack breath.
For with us shall the music and the perfume that die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell!"

—*Swinburne*

—"It is Beauty maketh Poesy!"

—*Bailey*

—"Poetry is the morning dream of great minds, foreshadowing the future realities of life: it evokes the phantasms of all things before the things themselves appear; it is the prelude to thought and the precursor to action."

—Lamartine

—"Poetry is creation: and the elements of creation are—Memory, Imagination, Sensitiveness, Judgment, Language, and Harmony."

—Lamartine

—"The Light that never was on sea or land,
The Consecration of the Poet's Dream."

—Wordsworth

—"These were Poets true,
Who died for Beauty, as martyrs do
For Truth."

—Browning

—"In the Compass of the single mind
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
To make all worlds."

—Coleridge

—"Onely the Poet, disdayning to be tied to any subjection, lifteth up with the vigour of his owne invention, dooth growe in effect another nature, in making things either better than Nature bringeth forth, or, quite anewe formes such as never were in Nature."

—Sidney

—"He spake to spirits with a spirit tongue,
Who came compelled by wizard word of truth,
And rayed them round him from the ends of Heaven."

—Bailey

INDUCTION

O South! we ever gaze upon thy Skies,
And thrill beneath thy Galaxy of Stars,
And worship beauty, till our raptured eyes
Look far beyond Time's bourne, and spiteful bars
Of Flesh and Space; and, ravished by their beams,
Our Souls are meshed in fond Hesperian dreams
Of Joy, and rapt in Love's sweet mysteries:
So we, enamoured of the ecstacies,
And loves, and splendours that thy Poets sing,—
Which glorify their Galaxy of Thought,
And on thy brow flash in th' imperial Ring
That marks thy Power—love all the Lays they wrought!—
O fair Cornelia! love each Hero's name—
But count thy Bards the Jewels of thy Fame!

The Minstrel

An Invocation

—"Poets are all who love—who feel great truths—
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love!"
—*Bailey*

—"With ardent hearts, and ever open hands,
Candid and honest, brave and proud they grew,
Their lives and habits coloured by fair lands
As skies give waters hue."
—*Hope*

—"The Poet's pen is the true divining-rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling;
Bringing to light and use, clear sources which we have
Of Good and Beauty in our own deep bosoms;
And marks the variations of all Mind
As does the needle an air-investing storm's."
—*Bailey*

—"Why is Song a necessary incident of poetical language? I answer, Because Song is more beautiful than simple speech. But if you go a step farther, and inquire of me, Why is this? I tell you I know not. Ask it of him who made the senses and the ear of man to be more voluptuously impressed by the cadence, the symmetry, the measure, and the unison of sounds and words, than by discordant noises thrown out at random. I tell you that the rhythm and harmony are the two mysterious laws of nature, which constitute the sovereign beauty and order of language. The spheres move to the measure of a divine melody; the stars have each their song, and God is not only the great architect, the great mechanist, and the great poet of the Universe, but he is also the dispenser of Music. He measured the rhythm of creation—He listens to its harmony."
—*Lamartine*

—"The Poets pour wine; and when 'tis new, all decry it;
But once let it be old, every trifler must try it!"
—*Bulwer*

"Let us plant more Laurels, for to engarland our Poets' heads, than suffer the ill-favouring breath of wrong-speakers to blowe upon the cleer springs of Poesie."

THE MINSTREL

AN INVOCATION

The captive pines, when mewed in dunjon-keep,
And looks through grated bars to purple skies,
Fretted with stars unutterably bright,—
Nor yet their beauty and sweet presence feels,
Save from unmeasured distances above;—
His aspirations and his hopes confined
To narrow limits that exclude the Day,
With all his glory, and the nursing Night,
Ladened with mysteries and the marvels bright
Of solemn silence and the wondrous joys
That dwell in blisses of the waning hours,
Or pulse with sweetness from the dawning lights
That dye the Morning with the spells of Heaven.

The Minstrel, captive to a harsher Fate,
Looks from his prison-house, the stony World—
Upon the vast sterilities of men,
And turns his vision from the deeds of Time,
To hold communion with his secret Soul,
And woo a glory from his loving Art—
His heart enraptured with unfailing joy
And beauty of sweet Poesy and Song;—
The music of old lays; the homely faiths
Ensainted in fond legends of the Past—
The love-light gleaming from the roundelays
Of antique Maker and glad Troubadours,
Drunk with melodious wine, and pressed to deeds
Beyond the laud of heraldry and fame
That blazon still the missals of their Faith,
With knightly glory and high enterprize,
Like blushing vintage to the flowing cup,
Beneath the loving artifice and touch
Of laughing maidens, in the sunny time,
When art and nature kiss the rosy wine
From grapes voluptuous with the golden light
Of Summer suns and warmth of Summer nights.

He looks afar, from out the rage of men;—
The stern ambitions and the maddening lusts
That flash and burn along the ways of Life;—

The servile task and household drudgery;—
The patient fortitude that bears the sweat
And dusty struggles of our daily toil;—
The labour molding talent into coin
In dies of common use, to nourish Time;—
The blows that shape rough metal of the heart
To polished weapons and the glistening mail,
To meet and fight hot jeopardies of Days,
On clumsy stithies, set in public Marts,
Where men gaze on, or pass with sneer and gibe,
To mock a fool so earnest at his toil;—
The flaming lash of Fortune on the cheek
That Muses fire to kindle at the flash
And inspiration of the raptured Song;—
The dulling of the high, enchanted eye,
Fed with the ecstacies of unuttered lays
That leap and sparkle in the lofty Soul,
Where not a shadow darkens o'er the waves
Of its translucent splendour and delight,
To mar its lustre with the critic's frown;—
The theft of plumage from the stalwart wing
Of high Invention, and grand epic Song,
Like eagles, masterless, that ride the clouds,
And gild their crests with blazons of the sun;—
The base environment of Chance and Wrong,
That beggars Merit and parades the proud,
And makes the shows of glory and renown
A mocking farce, where jesters stalk the Stage,
Reared high for heroes, and the mighty throng
Of laurelled rulers in the realm of Fame,
Bedizened out in splendours of the great.
Yes, yes,—he looks from out his heart and days,—
And gazes on the imperishable Lights
That blaze along the bulwalks of Renown,—
The stars that wean the Soul from out itself,
To make a glory that ne'er lived before,—
A music fresh from nature and from God,
That tunes man's heart to symphonies sublime,
Taught to the Minstrel, by the Angel-Dreams,
That haunt his Soul with memories of Heaven,—
A creed and faith, uplifted by his Song,
Whose currents lighten 'neath their starry rays,
And flow forever in the hearts of men;—
Until his Harp is stilled—his Lyre is hushed—

Its golden rhapsodies forever mute
Beneath the chilling fingers of Despair.

Would'st know the Minstrel's heart? Would'st search
the deeps
Of his great Soul?—the fathomless desires
That make the currents, and the ebb and flow
Of the vast ocean of his fame-lit of Dreams,
Which mirrors still the lights and shades of Time,
Save when brief glimpses of eternal orbs
Gleam and glitter on its bright expanse
Of joy and ecstacy, and the enchanted Heart
Floats on the cadence of its mellowed Song?
Would'st hear him pipe Arcady's lays again,
In field and wood? Would'st learn great Battle-Songs
Sung on free mountains and in valleys fair,
Until the hymn's immortal as the theme?
Would'st list the jocund music of the dance,
In hall and cottage, when fair donzels glide,
With wingèd feet, on lucent melodies?
Would'st feel the roundel and the lay of love
Blossom in music from the flowering Lyre,
And weave their woofage in the willing Soul,
And mesh sweet fancies in the web of words
Spun from the golden glories of the Heart?

Then take the Minstrel to your hearts again!—
Give him the seat of honour in the hall!
Throw high the fagots on the cottage hearth,
Till ancient rafters gleam with burnished gold
Cast by its ruddy splendours on the brow
Uplifted in the light of Ecstacy and Song.
Crown him with laurels, as in days of Old,
And give him guerdon for the gifts he brings,—
The joy and glory of his magic Lays,—
Sweet innocent delights, the lofty hope
Of fame, the sacred bliss of holiest Love,
The proud incentive of an honoured name,
The love of Country, and the hardy Soul,
That fights, through blood, for Liberty and Right.
Take back the Minstrel to your hearts and hearths,
And love once more his melodies and creeds,
His Songs of Glory and his Lays of Love,—
His chastened psalms and litanies divine;

His lofty visions and grand prophecies,
That point to greatness and the laurels high,
That bloom and flourish from the Heart that's good,
And glorify the trophies of the Brave,—
In whose vast worth, and sweet, enamoured fame,
The World beholds the majesty of Time,
And spacious blessing of a promised Heaven!

THE MINSTREL'S MISSION.

The Minstrel's flowers of Thought are ne'er unfurled,
And he ne'er singeth for a carping World—
Its brief acclaims—its dissonance of praise:
His joy's the music thrilling through his Lays,
That glads his Soul with melody and light;
Albeit no lover wooes their glad delight—
But not the withered laurels and the bays
Borne by scoffers to his lofty height
Of Luminance and Power, in these vile days,
When Song's dear Voice is hushed in surly Greed,
And even Faith hath lost her holy Creed!

WILDE

—"The Heart seeks, and has forever sought,
Something that man has suffered or enjoyed;
And without human passion, action, thought,
Nature however beautiful is void:
'Tis from deep feeling Poetry is wrought,—
Such is the spell her Master-Minds employed."

—Wilde

Thou brave Forerunner of the Troubadours,
Whose luminous Songs immortalize thy South,
Thy lofty Dreams have flashed from Mouth to Mouth
And Heart to Heart, and still are proudly ours,
Pictured in thy melodious, perfect Rhyme.
Thou sang'st thy Lays attuned to thy great Lyre,
Flushed with the morning's glory, and the fire
Of Chants harmonious on the Harp of Time.
Thou, like a Maker of fresh, antique Days,
When Earth was young, and laurels green and pure,
Writ Songs, whose music shall fore'er endure,
Enwreathed with beauty, and unperished praise!
Thy South still loves and keeps thy fragrant Name,
Stoled, like a seraph, in a robe of Fame!

COOKE

—"I love the woods
In this best season of the liberal year;
I love to haunt the whispering solitudes,
And give myself to melancholy moods,
With no intruder near."

—*Cooke*

O Minstrel, gallant in thy grace and art,—
Thou tuned'st thy Harp to Rhapsodies of Love,
And wakened raptures dearest to the Heart,—
Like Seraphs' golden whisperings from above.
Thou sang'st as sang a knightly Troubadour,
In old Provence, unto fair Dulce's eyes,
As gazing on her face he'll e'er adore,
He found her lips his perfect Paradise.
Thy Orpheus-Lyre was hushed by spiteful Death,
And each delicious and melodious string
Was mute for love of thy despairing breath,—
When thy sweet Voice no more could thrill or sing!—
The laurel-flowers that decked thy early bier
Virginia jewels with a sigh and tear!

KEY

—"Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-
Rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us
a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust,'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

—*Key*

'Mid Battle's furies, and the horrent flame
Of fiery shells that hurtled o'er the sea,
In ecstacy, thou hymned'st thy Country's fame,
And lauded'st Valour and dear Liberty:
And thou did'st see her radiant banner float
O'er ramparts crimsoned with her patriots' blood,—
Its starry splendour gleaming far o'er fort
And bastions famed by their stern hardihood.
Britannia, daunted by the lusty blows
Of her own Sons, her haughty ensign lowered;
Whilst thou, erect amid thy cowering foes,
Did'st hail thy Country's banner as it soared!—
And, whilst her drums shall beat—her flags shall fly,
Thy Lay shall glow in her Eternity!

MEEK

—"Bird of music, wit, and gladness,
Troubadour of sunny climes,
Disenchanter of all sadness,—
Would thine art were in my rhymes!"
—*Meek*

Like some bold trumpeter of Charlemagne,
Whose silver clarion echoed brave and high
O'er battle-storms, and glory, and the pain
Of his famed Paladins of Chivalry:
Thou sang'st in laud of Honour and proud Fame,
Won in Danger's front, and the trophied meeds
Of Valour and Renown, lit by the flame
Of hot battle-fires; and the splendid deeds
Immortal in the mem'ry of the World!—
Anon, thou sang'st thy lady's smiles and eyes—
Thy bugles hushed—thy lofty banners furled—
And the mock-bird's wit, and the paradise
Of kisses from her lips. O, Minstrel high,
Thy South's enamoured of thy Chivalry!

PRENTICE

—"Our little life—
Born of one fathomless eternity,
Steals on a moment, and then disappears
Into an eternity as fathomless!"

—*Prentice*

Like some stout Knight on many a glorious Field,
Waved his brave banner o'er the seething Fight,
Thou bor'st thy flaming sword and stainless shield
In lusty struggles for the Truth and Right:
Yet, in the lapses of sweet-golden hours,
Thou dreamed'st of Love amid her blossoming flowers,
And sang'st of Fame, and Virtue's holy meeds;
And paladins and ladyes,—and the splendid deeds
Of Chivalry and Power. Anon, in solemn awe,
Thou sang'st of Time and Death,—and Man's decay,—
And empires crumbling to the dust,—and Law,
And Peoples fading like a gaudy day!—
The South, O Minstrel! wreathes thy pennon high
With her proud banners which shall never die!

O'HARA

—"Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honour points the hallowed Spot
Where Valour proudly sleeps."

—O'Hara

Fain, would we laud the splendours of thy Lays
In praise of Valour, and the immortal Dead!—
Fain, would be wreathe thy laureate brows with bays
That have not withered, albeit th' days have fled
Into eternal years, since thou did'st sing
Of bloody battles, and brave Heroes slain,
Who gave their lives a patriot-offering
To Love and Glory—Sacrifice and Pain!—
My lowly Muse can give no fame to thee,
For, though no more thy banners are unfurled,
Thy Song still soars, exultantly and free,
Our glories to exalt to all the World!—
Thy Country twines the laurels of thy Fame
Around the imperial grandeur of her Name!

POE

—"The ecstacies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the Stars be mute!"

—*Poe*

Ah me!—Who knows the dark and wondrous deeps
Of thy entrancing Song, which like a sea
Of Night, of far and weird immensity—
Of sacred awe and shadowed myst'ry—sleeps
Beneath the pallid glamours of the Moon:
Pale ghosts emerge from its melodious waves,
To haunt the Soul, until they pain and swoon
In ecstacy of sight!—From cloistral caves,
Veiled naiads chant the sweetness of old rimes:
Afar, from faery Minsters in the deep,
Floats elfin music of enchanted chimes—
As sweet as dreamings of Elysian Sleep!—
O, Soul of Power!—O, Lyre of Lights and Glooms!—
We wreathe thy brow with fadeless Southern blooms!

MUNFORD

—"Prayers are daughters of almighty Jove,
Wrinkled and lame, with squinting eyes oblique.
They, ever anxious to relieve the wrong'd,
Follow injustice strong and firm of foot:
She far outstrips them in her wild career,
And runs before them over all the earth,
Inflicting wounds on men; while prayers behind
To heal them slowly come.

—Munford

Thy Spirits's sphered with Homer's, and thy Lays
Relume the glories of old Greece and Troy—
Revive the splendours of Fame's ancient Days,
And deck their beauty with the lustrous Joy
And golden Raiment of thy magic Verse,
Woven from looms of Ecstacy and Thought,
As high and splendrous as the deeds they wrought,
And Homer's Epics ever shall rehearse:
For thy transfusion of the veiléd Light
And Music of his Songs into our Speech
Is as a mastro's melody's delight
Set to immortal words that thrill and teach!—
All crown thee with fair Scio's fadeless Bays,
That Genius freshens through Fame's endless Days!

HENING

—"How would our very hearts be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days."

—*Hening*

From the encloistered sweetness of thine Heart
Came thy clear Thoughts, like gentle nuns, arrayed
In the chaste beauty of thy perfect Art;
And pure as seraphs, who have knelt and prayed
At God's own Shrine. Thy magical-sweet Lyre,
Attuned its music to no maddening World,
But breathed Æolian sighs, at Zephyrus' desire,
Like fragrance from a floweret unfurled.
Sweet violets are beauteous, I ween,
As stars in azure, hid in blossoming nooks:
A modest maiden's lovely as a queen,
Though no adorer on her graces looks:
So, thy fond Songs of purity and light
Are jewels in Virginia's crown of might!

TIMROD

—"His Songs attain the common breast,
Dyed in his own life's blood, the sign and seal,
Even as the thorns which are the Martyr's crest,
That so attest his office, and appeal
Unto the universal human Heart
In sanction of his Mission and his Art."

—*Timrod*

Ah! gentle Minstrel—in thy saddened face,
That gleams from out the shadows of the Years,
Like some fair sculpture, wrought with thrilling grace,
By some old Master, 'mid his smiles and tears,—
I see the glory of thy Poet-Soul—
Thy ecstacy of sight,—thy high control
Of music-breathing Song,—sweet Love's delight,—
Thy Lyre's fond sorrow, and thy touch of light.
What, though thine eyes are veiled in Death's dark Shroud—
Thy flowers of life lie withered in the Tomb,—
Thy Lays we love,—thy Songs we sing aloud,
In field and mart,—in joyance and in gloom:
And thy own South shall soothe thee to thy rest,—
Forever, cradled on her Mother-Breast!

SIMMS

—"Could earth speak,
Prescribing laws to that Divinity,
That still smites rocks to water, we should hear
The universal voice to that one plea,
That claims for man immunity from troubles
Which make proud eyes o'erflow."

—*Simms*

O, Sage and Seer!—Thy wondrous touch of light
Gleams, like the glory of a Painter old,
Upon thy magic canvas, and delight
Laughs from its shadows and each shimmering fold,
As some fair tapestry of ancient days,
Peopled with pictures of the stormy ways
Of War and Strife, which blend with love and bliss—
Bold Warrior-Faith, and Woman's hallowed kiss.
Hark!—hear the bugles of brave Marion's men,
And Sumpter's trump, above the fiery Fight,—
The murmured prayer,—deep sighs—the sad—Amen!
Breathed by maids and mothers in their flight
From ruthless foes!—Magician!—glad our hours!—
Fill high Joy's cup, enwreathed with Southern flowers!

RYAN

—"I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day!"

—*Ryan*

Pure Priest! Sweet Bard! thou in thy perfect life
Of Saint and Hero, and of Minstrel high,
Bore thy bright Harp, amid the storm and strife,—
Above the battle-fires—in majesty:
Thou lulled'st the brow of Anguish with thy hand
Of kindliest ruth, and roused'st the Patriot-Soul:
Thou hymned'st the glories of thy Mother-Land,
And soothed'st her, prostrate, at Fame's lustrous Goal.
Love sang thy songs in days of old Renown;
Fame chants them to our hearts, with fond acclaim,—
And lauds thy Spirit, and thy Martyr-Crown,
That make thy songs immortal as her Name!
Like Israel's Seer, translated ere he died,
Thou sing'st forever, at thy Saviour's Side!

HAYNE

—"Oh, golden lays! no common lyre
Outpours those strains of love or ire,
All instinct with the sacred fire!"

—*Hayne*

Meseems to walk afield with thee, brave Soul—
Hero and Bard!—In thy Arcadian glades
And sylvan nooks of Song: the Muses' bowl
Laughs from the flowery leafage of the shades
Limned on its mirror, and my Spirit sips
Of the Castalian sweetness that thy lips
Have kissed into the nectar with the bliss
And passioned glory of thy Minstrel-Kiss!—
Hark—through the tranquil gladness and the Hour,
I hear thy trumpet sounding brave and high,
And Southern Knighthood, with its plumes of power,
Enter the World's great List, to do or die!—
O, fairest Son of our imperial South!—
Thy Songs still blossom on her loving mouth!

RANDALL

—"Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!"

—*Randall*

Guerdon to thee, O Minstrel, for thy Lay
Of noble love, and patriotic fire,
That like a lofty anthem's golden sway,
Sung, in glad triumph, by a mighty Choir,
Inspired thy Country to achievements high,
And love for thee, and thine own Maryland;
And waked a splendour that shall never die—
But shall forever sound o'er sea and land!—
Its sonorous music soared o'er serried lines
Of our Confederate Arms, in Victory's light,
In myriad battles, and still soars and shines,
To guide thy South to her immortal Right.
Thy Lay still sung, though her brave flags are furled,
Shall blazon Southron glory o'er the World!

THOMPSON

—"The cord is loosed, but lives he yet,
His star in glory's azure set,
His name embalmed in Freedom's songs,
His fame upon ten thousand tongues,
And his a triumph in the skies
Beyond all earthly victories!"

—*Thompson*

Thou wast the South's bold Troubadour, and high
Above the din of Battle and the clang
Of hostile arms; and the fierce battle-cry
Of famous Heroes, thy clear clarion rang
With hot defiance: whilst in softer mood
Thou'est sing of love and fairest Womanhood—
And Faith, and Honour, and the beauteous Truth,—
And Chivalry, and God, and the gentle Ruth:
Till all the World was mute before thy Strains
Of ampler glory and of high emprize—
And glorified thy valour, and thy pains,
And agony,—till Mercy veiled thine eyes!—
O Minstrel brave!—thy sweet, melodious Lays
Flash through thy South's Eternity of Days!

PRESTON

—" 'Tis the Master who holds the Mallet,
And day by day
He is chipping whatever environs
The form away."

—*Preston*

O, Lady!—whom the Muses loved to kiss
With lips inspired with sweetness of their bliss,
Sipped from fresh founts on Ida's odorous heights—
Enchanted by the stars of Grecian Nights—
And with their joyance kissed into thy Lays
The honey of fair, amaranthine sprays
Of flowers that Gods had wreathed around their brows
And sweetened with the passion of their vows!
Deign that I kneel in homage at thy feet,
And sing proud Chansons to thy fame complete
In lofty faith and beauty of Romance—
Like an enraptured Maker of old France;
Till on the Music of thy chastened Lays
My praise shall float through endless Southern days!

TICKNOR

—"The knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of Chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold."

—*Ticknor*

Like Guesclin brave, arrayed in shining arms,—
With plumèd helm, and spurs of gleaming gold,
Who thrilled all France, and sang his Ladye's charms
In roundels sweet,—and with the glittering fold
Of his famed pennon, flamed in Joust and Field—
His Soul as lustrous as his starry Shield:
Thou, Paladin and Poet, of our Southron-Land!
Glad Minstrel, with thy famous Lyre in hand,—
Brave Knight to guard the laurels that enwreathed
Its magic chords, and thy bright blade ensheathed
In music-blossoms from thy flowering Song:
Hark!—hear thy trumpet's stirring notes aspire!—
Till round our Hearts thy fadeless glories throng,
Like golden anthems from an Angel-Choir!

WALLIS

—"For me, kind fate, forbid that e'er
That dismal tocsin toll,
In whose sad discord I shall hear
The curfew of the Soul!"

—*Wallis*

O, Scholar! who from 'midst thy Books and Schools,
Did'st flash thy rev'ries on the sombre Screen
Of War's dark sorrows, and in hours between,
Did'st scorn the cowardice of knaves and fools,
Who dubbed thee traitor, for thy love of Truth,
And Justice, and thy South's inspiring Creeds,
Her light, and glory of immortal deeds;
And the amenities of gentle Ruth.
Like Taillefer, at Hastings, thou did'st fight
And sing, and like him still, thy Songs alive
Of all that storm and tempest still survive,
In perfect mem'ry of a perfect knight!
Thou still art reverenced by the Patriot-Band
Of Southern Lovers of thy Maryland!

JACKSON

—"The red old hills of Georgia!
I never can forget;
Amid life's joys and sorrows,
My heart is on them yet:—
And when my course is ended,
When life her web has wove,
Oh! may I then, beneath those hills,
Lie close to them I love!"

—*Jackson*

Guerdoned, O Minstrel, with thy Country's praise,
For thy dear Songs of tenderness and love,—
Thy Lays triumphant that illumed her days
Of battles, when like bolts from skies above,
War smote each vale, and hill, and famous Field,
And thou did'st rise with grand, heroic port,
Like a Crusader, God's Cross on his Shield,
And sound'd'st thy clarion with a golden note.
Thy life was pure, and gentle, and thy name
Hath soared, in peace and war, in holy light,
And whilst thy Lyre was wreathed with laurelled fame,
Thy Music thrilled with mystical delight.
Thy South still weaves thy bays around her brow,
And whilst she lives thy glory will avow!

REQUIER

—"Sleep! in thine own historic night,—
And be thy blazoned scroll:
A warrior's banner takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul!"

—*Requier*

Flag of the South that floated high and brave
O'er her stern ranks of dauntless Chivalry;
Albeit its gallant folds no more shall wave,
And bear her Battle-Cross to Victory:
O, Minstrel, thou did'st sing its grace and power,
When, far-unfurled, it shone an Oriflamme
Of glory, in her proud, imperial Hour,
And linked thy Lay with her immortal Fame!—
Thou sang'st of Love and Honour, and bright streams
'Mid sylvan dells,—the majesty and light
Of azured nights; but splendour grandly gleams
In thy high Hymn to her embannered might!—
Thy South hath weaved her laurels round thy Name,
Which flower in blossoms on the mouth of Fame!

LUCAS

—"And are they really dead, our martyred slain?—
No dreamers! Morn shall bid them rise again;
From every plain,—from every height,—
On which they seemed to die,
Their gallant Spirits shall renew the fight,
In the land where we were dreaming!"

—*Lucas*

Jurist and Statesman, 'mid thy sterile books,
Olympian Muses thrilled thy golden Lays
Of Love and Valour, and bright vales and brooks,—
The gleams and glories of sweet summer days,
And gorgeous splendours of fair star-clad nights.
Thou sang'st the grandeur of thy South's brave deeds,
And her immortal galaxy of rights:
Thou sang'st her splendid and majestic creeds
Of liberty that glorify her Name.
Thy noble Thoughts were counsellors of peace
And truth, that crowned thy laurelled days with fame,
And in thy Song's the Music of old Greece!—
Whilst angels whisper to th' enamoured Heart,
Thy South will laud thy Minstrelsy and Art!

LANIER

—"My Soul is like the oar that momently
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea:
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave."

—*Lanier*

Pale face that burns in beauty on the sight,
Like some fair star from purpling dusk of Night:
Fair brow whose Genius blossoms, like a flower—
Fame-crowned—from its enchanted Light and Power:
Brave Soul, whose splendours, mirrored in brave eyes,
Are pure and deep as Heaven's infinities:
Sweet lips, whose sweetness, sweetened by the bees
Of Hyblan hives, breathe sweetest ecstacies.
Fame sought him not, nor loved him, till his death,—
When poets whispered, with ignoble breath:
"This Flower's the fairest of our Minstrelsy—
His form is dead—his Song shall never be!"
O, South! his flute sighs on thy sweetest breeze,
And his sweet Songs emparadise thy Seas!

HOPE

—"His thoughts went forth like emperors, and all
His words arrayed themselves around them like
Imperial guards—"

—*Hope*

Bayard, bold Roland, and the splendid Peers
Of Charlemagne; Richard, brave and high—
Their pennons gleaming o'er a sea of Spears—
The haughtiest Spirits of old Chivalry—
Were not more brave nor knightlier than thou,
And not more loyal to their saintliest vow:
Yet, thou wert gentle, as a Troubadour
Of sweet Provence, with love-dreams in his eyes;
And thine was all the Poet's starry Lore
And witchery of skill, and counsels wise—
And potent Muse to sing the True and Brave—
To lure to Glory and assuage the Grave!—
Knight of the South!—Her Minstrel-Cavalier!—
Fame's fadeless bays immortalize thy Bier!

GORDON*

—"I go into a fairer land,
(Said he) than here we know,—
A country with a magic strand,
Left to me long ago."

—*Gordon*

Death veiled thy face from Light, ere thy young Muse
Had sung thy loftiest Lays, and wrest from thee
Thy golden Lyre, and mast'ry to transfuse
Thy fondest dreamings into ecstacy—
For thine was no rude Harp, O Minstrel fair,
And chivalrous, and strong!—Like some old Knight,
Thou sang'st amid the stress and wild despair
Of hostile days and battles, ever of the Light
Of Love and Ladyes' eyes, and Honour's meeds,—
With voice now soft and winning like the dove—
Now, like a trumpet soaring o'er brave deeds,—
Anon, like chastened prayers to God above!—
Thy Lyre is hushed!—And at thy bier the South,
With reverence, kneels to kiss thy precious mouth!

---

*James Lindsay Gordon.

CLARKSON

—"No braver soul e'er dared be free,
Or stood in strife more stern!
Not Spartan at Thermopylae,—
Not Scot at Bannockburn!"
—*Clarkson*

Minstrel whose muse dwells in fond, precious things
That bloom in noble hearts, and flower on lips
As pure and lustrous as bright Hebe's wings,
When from the Font of Helicon she sips
Nectarean blisses; and whose Soul's as clear
As that famed Font, in whose fresh-mirrored light
Shy nymphs behold their angel-faces, dear
Unto the hearts of Makers of delight
In Olden Rhymes. I drink to thee, to-day,
Whilst April wooes the jocund Hours with joy,
From faery founts that gem my woodland way—
Whose cup's libation's dimmed by no alloy—
I drink to thee!—the tribute's true and high!—
Virginia's Maker of sweet Minstrelsy!

TABB

—"The poet's prophet eyes a form of beauty see—
A glimpse of God,—a vision fair—
He chains it fast in measured links till we
Of dimmer sight his raptures share!"

—*Tabb*

As an old graver, by famed Adria's sea,
Carved precious stones in jewels rich and rare,
To decorate with beauteous brilliancy
Her daughters's bosoms and their Titian hair,
Long centuries ago: thy jewelled thought,
Culled from the glories of thy noble heart,—
Was by deft fancy and thy genius wrought
Into bright gems of thy entrancing art.
O, Priest! enthrilled by the high altar's light,
And worship of the Lord, thou tuned'st thy Lyre
To melodies of grace, and God's sweet right,
Breathed in thy Soul by His angelic choir!—
Thou sleep'st beneath Virginia's fragrant Sod,—
Thy fame within her heart—thy Soul with God!"

TALLEY*

—"Blessed Spirit of Poesy!
Full of light and full of gladness,
Full of sweet serenity,—
Lighting up the mists of sadness,
Till they melt themselves and flee—
As the storm-clouds darkly rolled."

—*Talley*

Ofttimes, the sweetest music's never heard,—
Ofttimes, the sweetest song is never sung:
From far, Arcadian vales the wondrous bird
Thrills his rapt Minstrelsy, on which ne'er hung
The raptured ear: for Silence hoards the bliss
And weird enchantment of its dreamy kiss.
Ah!—so the Heart, from secret fonts of Joy,
Thrills with its music, and no base alloy
Darkens its beauty. O, Singer of famed Days!—
Thy uttered Songs we love,—thy soul-dreamed Lays,
Unbreathed to other ear or soul, to us,
Who love thee and thy Muse, are glorious:
For they are censers of thine inner Light,
Whose glory's cloistered from unhallowed sight.

---

*Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss.

McCABE

—"He is not dead but sleepeth!—Well we know
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow,
And pour their music through the Courts of God!"

—*McCabe*

No pluméd Knight, with pennon far afield,—
His armour glist'ning in embannered Fight,
E'er bore more free from stain his blazoned Shield,
As Champion of sweet Courtesy and Right.
He loved Virginia, and he strove to raise
Her azure-flag, in her brave, famous days,—
And won his spurs, whilst battling for her life.
He loved his academes: and far from strife,
With lofty books and students, and the lights
Which come of knowledge, eloquence and wit,
He charmed his friends and pupils with delights
Of wisdom and rich lore. With Holy Writ
His guide, he walked erect with God and man,—
And towered in excellence—a Gentleman!

PAGE

—"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the bird for mirth,—
One's nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere on earth!"

—*Page*

Thou loved'st the Banjo better than the Lyre,
And tuned'st thy songs to racy, homely notes,
That sprang, in glee, from Negroes' golden throats,
And jigged their feet around each cabin-fire.
Thy Tales their whims, their smiles, and hearts dis-
play,
With subtle art depict their vagrant ways,—
The simple, hearty beauty of their days,—
And their quaint utt'rance, and their gladsome play:
And still they pictured an exalted Life,
Beautiful and gracious in its high control.
When thou lift'd'st up thy high, exultant Soul,
To paint in statelier Books the olden strife
And glory of thy State, thou woved'st her Fame
Around the sweetness of thy splendid Name!

RIVES

—"How golden the lyric
When sings an Immortal
In words the divinest
What long we have treasured
Unvoiced in our bosoms—
O, follow her, follow!"

—*Rives*

Fair Sappho of the South!—thy fragrant brow,
Haloed with lustres of sweet Grecian Nights,
And famous Southern stars,—and glad delights
Of flowers and waves,—is beauteous, I vow,
As thy sweet Sister-Muse's, whose pale face,
A-lit with Grecian Light, and Attic grace,
And genius of her Race, sleeps 'neath the sea
Egean, lulled by its rude melody.
Thy Heart, aflame with light and Fame's desire,
And flushed with subtle, raptured, olden gleams,
And blisses of Olympian, golden dreams—
Flowers from the beauty of thy blossoming Lyre.
O, South-born Sappho!—we would glad thy days
With myrtles woven 'mid thy clust'ring Bays!

CAWEIN

—"O Heart!
Come, oh, come and partake
Of necromance banquets of Beauty; and slake
Thy thirst in the waters of art,
That are drawn from the streams
Of Love and of Dreams."

—*Cawein*

O, dawn-crowned Darling of the Southern Muse—
Painter and Singer, in thy words and lays:
Fond Lover of fair Fields, and Woodland ways,
Fragrant with blossoms whose sweet hearts diffuse
Their sweetness in thy Songs; of streams, be-dight
With purple splendours of Day's matin-light,—
Glens lured to twilight by the vespering birds,
Whisp'ring their vows: Minstrel of music-words,
Sighed from thy Soul, like wooings of glad doves,
Who, in Arcady, coo their rapturous loves:
Singer whose heart hath dreamed the witching notes
Of forest Songsters, whose melodious throats
Thrill Eden-Melodies: thy flowering Lyre
Thrills with the South's ripe beauty and desire!

CROCKETT

—"Not where men congregate to talk of God,
And thunder forth their dogmas in His name,
But here, my heart, where silken bluebells nod
And rosy redbuds flame."

—*Crockett*

High Priest of Nature's radiant witcheries,—
The gleams and wonders of her skies and lands,—
Glad smiles of flowers; and the azured beams
Of bright-starred nights,—of th' magical-lithe bands
Of fays and sprites that dance in woodland dells,—
Of golden lays of birds that gem the trees,
And cloistered blooms that ring their tinkling bells,
When wooed for honey by the vagrant bees:
Of all the wondrous guerdons Nature gives
Unto the worshipper who loves her haunts,
And in their beauty and their lustres lives:—
O, chief of Nature's heavenly Ministrants,
With myrtles Fame shall consecrate thy Brow,
Whilst angels chant the glory of thy Vow!

DANDRIDGE

—"If thou art a poet-son of God,
Fix upon the heights thy stedfast glance;
Listen with quick ear to catch His Word—
Speak as He shall give thee utterance."
—*Dandridge*

Dainty as lithe Clio with thy Seraph-Hand
Upon the golden Lyre of Poesy—
Thy face a Muse's from the Tempe-Land
Of Grecian Song, a-glow with melody,—
Thou singest not as Minstrels of these days,
But as a Bird of Eden, when the haze
Of Heaven gladdened all its halcyon bowers,
And angels culled with rapture all its flowers,
And drank of all its streams. Thy Lay's a song
Of th' nightingale's, and deftest loveliness
Thrills through its light, save where the World's dark wrong
Dims like a shadow o'er its goldenness!
O, sweet Titania of our Southron-Land,—
Come!—weave the magic of thy faery Wand!

FENOLLOSA*

—"Lure me a lay from a subbeam's throat,
The chant of bees in a perfumed lair,
Or a single note
Gone mad to float
To its own sweet death in the upper air."
—*Fenollosa*

Spirituelle as the touch of a fairy's Wand
Thy dainty hand upon thy mystic Lyre:
Thy golden Songs are strains from Tempe-Land,
Flushed with the fragrance, and the magic fire
Of fair Arcady's sweet, ambrosial flowers;—
Thy minstrelsy's the music of a choir
Of fays and sprites, who sing 'mid blossoming bowers;
And lure the Soul to dreams and pleasures higher
Than known to common Life. O, thou singest clear
And lilting as a mermaid's faery lay,
Or enchanting lyrics of the nightingale,
Fond Nature's rhapsodist, in flowering May!—
O, Southron Muse, thy South culls laurel-blooms
To wreathe thy Harp with beauty and perfumes!

---

*Mary McNeil.

McNEIL

—"Though eager life must wait on livelihood,
And all our hopes be tethered to the mart,
Lacking the eagle's wild, high freedom, would
That ours this day might be the eagle's heart."
—*McNeil*

Thy Harp's delicious as Apollo's Lute,—
And ord'rous whisp'rings from Parnassian heights,
Exhaled by naiads, and Pan's reedy Flute,
In bloomy vales, on lustrous-silvern nights.
Thy lays are subtle as the mystic dreams
Wooed from a lyre by Zephyr's amorous breath,
And as exquisite as the moon's pale beams,
Whose lustres shroud the rose's fragrant death.
O, thy fond Songs are sweet as murmurous dove's,
In glades Arcadian: hark—they weirdly soar,
As organ-notes flushed with a myriad loves:
Now, grandly sonorous as the ocean's roar!—
Soft!—soft!—we list thy soul-entrancing Lays,
Whose strains shall thrill eternities of Days!

PECK

—"O peerless land of tears and smiles,
Of fragrant glooms and golden hours,
Where Summer's hand with endless wiles
Entwines the feet of Time with flowers,
Howe'er the tide of fortune flow,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go!"

—*Peck*

Thou Ariel of Song!—In thy bright moods,
Thou singest like a mock-bird in our woods,—
Now, lays or jests, and merriment, and glee,—
Now, songs of Passion's thrilling ecstacy:
We love thee, and thy roundels, and thy Light
Of Wit and Poesy, and the delight
Of thy love-chansons, and thy tricksey ways,
Whose lustres blossom o'er Life's dark'ning days.
We see Arcadia through thy golden maze
Of song, and Oberon and his mad throngs;
And sweet Titania and her frolic fays,
With dance and jest, troll all their faery songs.
Come, loiter with us in the fair arcades
Of thy Arcady, 'neath our Southern shades!—

WILSON

—"A fair-formed image of immortal youth
Breasting the steep hill-side of life's endeavour;
A white-robed herald of eternal truth,
Shouting a message from the gods forever."

—*Wilson*

Thou adored'st thy South with passionate desire,
As some old Prophet loved Israel and God;
And preached her glory with seraphic fire.
Thou loved'st her waters and her blossoming Sod,
Rich in large harvests, and fair flowers and fruits:
Thou loved'st the noble Souls who gemmed her Life,
In peace and war,—in sun-lit ways, or bruits
And storms of Fights, and tyranny and strife.
And thou gavest guerdon of thy wondrous Verse
These lofty powers and virtues to illume;
And all her grand, heroic deeds rehearse,
In Music fragrant as Cathay's perfume.
And whilst her rivers flow into the sea,
Her Fame shall shrine thine immortality!

LAMAR

—"How brilliant is the morning star!
The evening star how tender!
The light of both is in her eye,
Their softness and their splendour."

—*Lamar*

The wine of ancient France glowed in thy veins,
And her heroic courage in thy Heart,
And through all stress of circumstance and pains,
Thou wert a Champion both in Field and Mart.
In interludes of peace, in pleasant ways,
When not in front of storm and battle-fire,
Thy voice was tuned to sing sweet beauty's praise,
And Love wooed raptures from thy golden Lyre.
Each maid to thee was as a hallowed saint,
For worship of thy bright-adoring Muse,
And thou sang'st sweetest, when in Love's fond plaint,
Thy passion did thy melodies infuse.
O, gallant Minstrel of brave, Texan Days!
Thy South still weaves thy rondos with her Bays!

L'Envoi

—"The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The Poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung: to make the dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear and sweet, and harmless as spring water,
Welling its way through flowers."

—*Bailey*

—Poetry is a speaking Picture, and Picture a mute Poetry."

—*Plutarch*

—"By knowledge to lift up the Mind from the dungeon of the body to enjoy his owne divine essence."

—*Sidney*

—"Poets are the acknowledged Legislators of the World."

—*Shelley*

—"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere."

—*Bulwer*

—"So he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed with narrow warrant of her guifts, but freely ranging onely within the Zodiack of his owne wit."

—*Sidney*

THE POET'S TASK

He goes into the harvest-fields of Life—
Enriched and ladened with the golden grain
And blooming fruitage of the fertile soil,
And gleans a lab'rer in the toil and sun,
And thence he garners up ripe sheaves of thought,—
Of wise experience and sweet storied lore,—
And oft a floweret nursed in balmy nooks,
That had been tilled for baser husbandry,
And gives them forth to feed the soul and mind,
And deck the common usage of the world.

For this is unto him a Grainery,
Where he still hoards that which he finds to keep;
And gives to all who need the wholesome food
Of true experience, common sense, and truth—
To make them strong amid the ills of life,
And give them sight to see the wrong from right;
And follow still the teachings of the heart,
Where they are linked with charity and good:
And mark for all a text and golden saw,
To guide the mind and soul to every act,—
And arm them in a panoply of might,
To face the errours and the creeds of Men,—
And struggle in the battles that they wage,
Ere they are crowned with victory, and faith.
These precious grains he hoardeth, and he grinds
In mills of common use, and kneadeth bread
To nourish virtue and expand the soul,
In growth and beauty, till it touches Heaven,
And blossoms in the benison of God!

Partake who will!—the food he freely gives:
And pray it lift the image of a dwarf
To the full statue of a perfect Man!

—"How much in every man's heart dies away unuttered! How little of what the sage knows does the sage promulgate! How many chords of the lyre within the poet's heart, have been dumb to the world's ear! All this untold, uncommunicated, undreamt-of store of wisdom and of harmony, it may be the privilege of immortality to learn. The best part of genius the world knows not. As the neglected genius whispers to his Muse, 'Posterity shall know thee, and thou shalt live when I am no more,' we find in this hallowed and all-promising future, a recompence for every mortification—for every disappointment in the present."

—Lamartine

The Gleam

DEDICATED

TO

JESUS CHRIST

—"O Lord our Governor: how excellent is thy Name in all the World!"

—*Psalm* 8:9

—"The Light of the World!"

—*John* 8:12

—"O Lord: my strength and my redeemer!"

—*Psalm* 19:15

—"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

—*Isaiah*

—"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life."

—*John* 5:39

—"Thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

—*Psalm* 23:6

—"Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope. That we may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

—*Romans* 15:4, 5, 6

—"Offer the sacrifice of righteousness: and put your trust in the Lord!"

—*Psalm* 4:5

DEDICATION

Look down, O Christ! from Thy majestic Throne,
Upon Thy Children, and their impotence,—
Their sins, their vices, and despairing days.
O! Lord! inform them with Thy Grace and Light,—
Thy Wisdom, and Thy sweet Serenity,—
Thy Comfort, and Thy high Enlightenment.
Guide them to Truth, and in the holy walks
Of Love and Goodness toward their fellow-men.
Breathe on them with Thy Unction from above,
And hearten them for Justice and dear Peace.
Take from their hearts all bestial, foul desires
And greeds, and lusts, and vile-consuming sins.
Give them of Thy bountiful, rich Grace,
The light to see, and seeing, to pursue
The Ways of Brotherhood and Amity.
Bring them to Thy altars in reverent awe,—
Fill them with reverence of all sacred things,
And spiritual excellence of life, and power
To whip the offending demon from their side.
Cast from their Souls all bigotry and hate,
Whether in state, religion, or in schools.
Plant in them, O, Lord! the seeds of Probity
Of Comity, and righteous Sacrifice;
Whose shoots shall burgeon to a perfect Tree,
Whose love-hued leaves, like Thy rich Tree of Life,
Shall be for cure and healing of all men,
Until they build the World anew in Peace
And Light, beneath the Glory of Thy Eyes!

—"Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him."

—*Bailey*

—"Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's."

—*Shakespeare*

—"This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

—*Shakespeare*

—"Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still. Offer the sacrifice of righteousness: and put your trust in the Lord."

—*Fourth Psalm*

—"Where there is no vision, the people perish."

—*Proverbs*

—"When all men's rights and duties shall be clear,
And charitably exercised and borne;
When education, conscience, and good deeds
Shall have just equal sway, and civil claims;—
Great crimes shall be cast out, as were of old
Devils possessing madmen:—Truth shall reign—
Nature shall be reenthroned, and man sublimed."

—*Bailey*

THE GLEAM

Follow the Gleam!—The Lord shall give thee Light
To guide thy Spirit through life's darkened ways,
And Inspiration high and holy Right
To lead thee through the shadows of the maze
Of earth's dread travails, and the toil and strife,
That Souls encounter in the paths of Time:
So thou may'st climb from lowliness of Life,
To live the glories of man's golden prime,
When God was with him, and earth's shining aisles
Men walked with angels, in bright field and wood,
Who bore their burthens, and with seraph-smiles
Made sacred their most precious neighbourhood.
Follow the Gleam!—Follow the Godward Light,
And ever serve for Truth, and Love, and Right!

Follow the Gleam!—O Statesman, bold and wise,
Let not the trappings of a gaudy state
Allure thy heart to evil,—O engage,
With dauntless front, the foes, who lie await,
To strike thee from thy eminence of power
And glory to dishonouring despair:
But over self and greed still grandly tower.
Stand forth a giant, in the fiercest glare
Of scorn and hate; yet keep thy brave Soul true
And faithful to thy People. Have no fear,
Jehovah'll ever lead thee safely through
All storms and tempests. Evermore revere
The holy Truth and Honour. Wash thy Soul
Clean from all guilt. Make Heaven thy radiant Goal!

Follow the Gleam!—Brave Soldier let not fame
Lure thee to war and sanguinary crime;
Let not the hope to build a lofty name
That shall be music on the lips of Time,
Lead thee to sin for mad ambition's meed.
Put bloody trophies from thy hero-brow:
Do thou no dastard and unholy deed,
To raise thee high in glory. Ever vow
To walk the paths of Sacrifice and Love:
Still make thy Shield the mirror of sweet Peace.
Blazon thy flags with glory from above,

Until all battles shall forever cease.
Follow the Gleam, a Champion of the Cross,—
Achieve thy greatness in ambition's loss!

Follow the Gleam!—O Poet sing no songs
Of passion and of vice—no roundels sweet,
To wine and pleasure for the maddened throngs
Of men who cast their laurels at thy feet.
Lift high thy voice in chaunt of noble hymns
Of purest Love, and Virtue's lofty lays,—
Psalms that enchant God's holy Cherubims,
And symphonies immortal as their days.
Gladden thy Lyre with melodies divine,
Taught thee by Seraphs from God's Realm of Bliss,
Which from thy firmament of Song shall shine
As glorious stars illumed by Twilight's kiss.
Sound thy clear clarion, lustily and high,
To guide the Nations to Christ's Ecstacy!

Follow the Gleam!—O Woman, true and pure,
Live nigh to God. Walk in His Gospel's ways,
In Faith and Love, with footsteps firm and sure;
And dwell with Him, in hallowed, tranquil days,
Far from the noise, the tumult and the strife
Of the corrupting World,—the battle's din,—
The vile iniquities that poison Life,—
The spoils of Public Place,—the rampant sin
That rears its horrent crest to strike at Right
And Virtue, in the forum and the mart.
O seek and worship the fair Truth and Light
Of Christ's own Creed!—Assoil thy virgin heart!—
On thy chaste living, love and motherhood
The World's Hope rests,—and all things high and good!

Follow the Gleam!—O Min'ster of God's Word
Preach the pure Gospel that in Galilee
And Jewry old, the rapt Apostles heard
From lips divine, to set the whole World free
From curse of sin, and win man back to God,
By Love and Grace. Preach Man's Faith and God's Love!—
Hold not o'er prostrate man the tyrant Rod
Of vengeance, but draw blessings from above,

By prayers and holy living. Preach no hate,
Nor dogmas base, because they bring to thee
Comfort and ease, and gold and proud estate.
O ever search for Truth and Purity!—
Keep clean thy Life!—Adore Christ's Deity!—
And Follow His Gleam into Eternity!

Follow the Gleam!—O Soul, what is the Gleam?—
'Tis not mock mysteries of priest and king
To rule the World for greed. 'Tis not the dream
Of sciences and creeds bewildering
The mind and Soul in labyrinths of doubts.
'Tis not famed Minstrels' high, enchanted lays
To captivate the Heart. 'Tis not the shouts
Of pluméd Captains, when fierce Moloch slays
Myriads of slaves to build the thrones of kings.
'Tis not the love of gold nor pride of power.
'Tis not the Peoples' frenzied murmurings.
'Tis God: and all the Light that Christ doth shower
Upon the World for guidance and for Love.
Christ is God's Gleam and comes from God above!

RECOMPENSE

Alack! what boots it that men praise or blame!—
Life's but a shadow, and it soon departs
With hours illumed by fleeting lights of fame,
Or quenched in darkness of despairing hearts.
Life's but a dream,—and taken at its best
Of joy or wealth,—of circumstance or power—
Flies like a sunglint on the ocean's breast,
And's lost in sorrow in a fading hour.
What's then the fickle vision of renown—
The pomp and glory of the world's brief pride,—
The glistening splendour of a kingly crown,
For which slain millions have so vainly died?
Fame's but a vagary of a stormful night—
Blame but a shadow that hath lost the light!

Yea, murm'rer, mortal life is but a dream—
Fevered and transient as the breath of man,—
And all our boasted deeds, we fondly deem
As great and noble, but a pigmy's span.
O, this's not life!—'tis but the painted show
And pageantry of Time—the paltry play,
That we enact, ere we reluctant go
From out the bourne of earth, to greet the Day
Eternal in the Heavens, where we shall meet
With God and His dear Son,—and all the Saints,
In commune high and holy, and the sweet
Rewards of Virtue. O, why vain complaints!—
The peace of God shall overshadow thee,
In His blessed love through His Eternity!

ALLIED FLAGS

Hail Belgium!—Hail thy gallant flag!—
That floats in glory still—
That flashed defiance to thy foes,
And quelled the tyrant's will!—
We wreathe thy splendours with our own,
And rear thy banner high—
The bravest standard of the Free—
The light of Liberty!—

Italia hail!—Thy famous flag
Still guards thy mountain-heights,
And keeps inviolate thy seas,
And thy majestic rights!—
We weave thy laurels with our own;
And lift thy banner high—
The levin of the battle's shock—
The bolt of Victory!—

Hail England!—With thy lion flag,
That sweeps o'er land and sea;
And soars where'er thy roaring guns
Lead on the Brave and Free!—
We'll twine thy ensign with our own,
Where'er thy drums shall beat,
And fight for Liberty and Right—
That shall not know defeat!—

Hail splendid France!—Thy fiery flag,
With colours of our own—
Which o'er thy triumphs of the past
Hath flamed, and flashed, and flown!—
We'll blend with thee the starry sheen
Our banner blazes high;
And bravely strike for Truth and Right,
And precious Liberty!—

Hail to our flag!—Whose gleaming stars
Flame like a meteor far—
The rallying standard of the World—
The beacon-light of war!—
We seize thee, with our allied flags—
A galaxy of light;
And lift them high for Liberty,—
And Honour, Truth, and Right!—

The Christ

—"God we have
Within our hearts; for it is not hope,
Nor faith, nor fear, nor notions others have
Of God can serve us, but the sense and soul
We have of Him within us."

—*Bailey*

—"This is my belovéd Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear Him."

—*Matt.* 17:5

—"His name shall be called Wonderful."

—*Isaiah* 9:6

—"The Light of the World."

—*John* 8:12

—"O Faith of Christ, sole Honour of the world!"

—*Bailey*

—"O! perfect God, that from all yesterdays
Abidest whole with morrows perfectéd."

—*Swinburne*

—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."

—*Christ*

—"Salvation belongeth unto the Lord: and thy blessing is upon the people!"

—*Psalm* 3:8

THE CHRIST

The scoffer says Christ is the son of man:
And with this half-truth lulls his faith to sleep,—
Forgetful of the high and wondrous plan
Of God, His Father, who doth ever keep
His myst'ries in His heart, for good of men;
And His divinest favours and His grace,
To lead them unto Jesus—His Amen:
Until men see His mercy face to face.
No man can save,—no mortal hath the might
And excellence of grace, to save his soul,
Or fellow-men's. He's weak, and hath no light
From God's supernal fountains, and his goal
Is ever unto evil and base sin,
Unless by Christ he's purified within!

Christ came, incarnate of the Holy Ghost,—
The Spirit of His Father, as ordained
By God, and told by prophets in the lost
And vanished years—in a chaste Virgin, trained
In holy living, and all excellence
Of form and life,—with every virtue blest,—
Of all pure women given precedence
By God's own grace,—in love and favour best:
But not in worship,—no saint enthroned above:
For she was mortal and no deity,—
Only the chalice of God's sacred Love,
Graced and sublimed in His Divinity.
Yea, Christ became a man, albeit a God,—
His Soul in Heaven,—His flesh the dust He trod!

Jesus was born of woman,—Mary mild
And holy,—in the lowliest estate
Of penury and want. The holiest child
That e'er was born, was not among the great
And opulent, but in a manger lay,
Where cattle lowed, and breathed upon His head;
And though a God, whose high, puissant sway
Could rule the universe, He ofttimes fed
On locusts and wild honey, and was gaunt
With hunger's fangs, and had no resting-place
For His worn form; but lived in direst want:

Yet succ'ring all who sought His precious grace
And mercy,—healing their sore wounds and woes,
And blessing alike His friends and bitter foes!

For three brief years, His minist'ry sublime
Wrought wonders on the earth,—and changed the laws
And principles of men,—the ills of time
And circumstance,—the gaudy, pest'lent flaws
Of old philosophies, that men adored
And worshipped, in their loathsome sin and greed,—
And their dark ignorance and crimes, assured
By their false knowledge, and their hideous breed
Of priests and kings, whose wrongs made desolate
Their worshippers and sychophants, and slaves:
When men were scourged as puppets of harsh Fate,
And tyranny of power: and their scant graves
Were sought as sanct'aries from the swords of Hate,
Wielded by helots of the proud and great.

Years fled into the eternity of years,
Ere fled these miseries of men's estate,
Before Christ's Words, and His imperial tears,—
His Sacrifice—His ministers, who wait
Upon His altars, and dispense His Truth
And Love, and Grace, and His majestic Will,—
His lofty precepts, and His gentle Ruth,—
His Voice that bids the troubled world—"Be still!"
And through the cent'ries Christ hath grown in might
And glory, and hath swayed men's thoughts and deeds,
Until His excellence, and holy Light
Illumine all their goverance and creeds.
High in men's minds and souls Christ is enthroned,—
Whose guilt and woes His Sacrifice atoned!

And yet men doubt Him,—and some dare deride
His power, His deity, His miraculous Light
And Grace, and Mercy,—and in their weak pride
Of wit and science, scoff at His vast might
And sovereignty of wisdom,—and His Word—
Which is the Word of God,—the mighty Writ
Of Truth and Worth,—whose "still small voice" is heard
O'er the Worlds tumults,—the sweet music fit
To soothe its tempests and assuage its grief;

The sole Solace of the strickened earth:
The sure atonement of man's blest relief:
The Guide that leads him to the mystic Birth
In Christ, the Saviour, in Whose Blood he'll find
The sweet nepenthe for his soul and mind!

Christ liveth!—Yea, He hath ascended high
In majesty and power,—in strength and light,
And sitteth in His kingly Deity,
At God's right hand, to reign with love and might,
O'er all immensity—the heaven, the sea
And land,—the angels,—and the heart and soul
Of man, his mind and deeds. His Deity
Is equal unto God's: and His control
Is over Love, and Judgment,—Time and Space,—
O'er Heaven and Earth,—o'er Hell, and Life and Death,—
O'er Mercy, and the benisons of Grace,
Which are the fragrance of His healing breath.
Doubt not, O Man!—Let Jesus dwell in thee,
And by His Grace and Mercy set thee free!

THE SOUL

The shell, when torn from ocean's billowed breast,
Where it has learned the whisp'rings of the sea,—
The murmured lullaby, or wild unrest
Of the vast deep, and all its mystery,—
In light and shadow, or in day and night,—
Wheree'er 'tis borne, 'mid pleasure and delight,
Or Sorrow's darkness, murmurs constantly
The calm or storm of the far-sounding sea:
So will the heart that's true,—in light or shade,
In grief's dark shadows, or in sunny hours—
When crowned with cypress or brave laurel-flowers—
Whisper the music that its love hath made.
The Soul is like the shell, it ne'er forgets;
But ever breathes Life's splendours and regrets.

THEY SHALL NOT PASS

The battle rages round our men,
Who serve the flashing guns;
The battle flames around our boys,
Who face the furious Huns:
Hot shells are burning through their ranks,
Like fires consume the grass;
Yet shout they o'er the battle's din—
"Stand fast—they shall not pass!"—

The gallant French are swept aside
By hurricanes of shell;
The flower of England's martial pride
Is gulfed in flames of hell:
The German legions, fronting death,
Rush on in serried mass,
But in their teeth they hurl the cry:
"Stand fast—they shall not pass!"—

Firm stand our boys, with faces set
To meet the shock of Fight,
And bear our flags to victory,
Or die for Truth and Right:
They sweep the field with fiery wrath,
Through shot, and blood and gas,
As o'er the battle-storm they shout—
"Stand fast—they shall not pass!"—

They did not pass!—The German hordes
Back from the field were driven;
But many a brave soul passed away
From earth to God in Heaven!—
Oh! never will the World forget
Their battle-cry, alas!—
'Twill ring through centuries of Time—
"Stand fast—they shall not pass!"—

And Fame shall keep their deathless names,
Their glory makes so grand;
And men shall laud their matchless deeds
On every sea and land;
And in the ages yet to be,
When Freemen toast the glass—
They'll say in their proud memory;
"Stand fast—they did not pass!"—

The Liberator
Thomas Jefferson

DEDICATED

TO

THE STATE OF VIRGINIA

DEDICATION

Virginia! Peerless Mother of renown
And glory: and of great, illustrious Sons!—
Thou, Giver of rich, goldhued benisons
Of Light and Freedom! Thee the World doth crown
And rev'rence, for thy holy duties done
For Truth, and Law, and Man's free government,
And his Palladium of serene content:
And all the meeds and victories thou has won!
Thy Minstrel garlands thee with greenest Bays,—
And lauds the glory of thy choicest Son—
Thy Statesman, Patriot, Leader—Jefferson,—
Whose fame shall shine with thine through endless
Days!
Pray teach thy Children to adore his Name,
And blend his golden lessons with thy Fame!

—"Freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person, under the protection of the Habeas Corpus."

—Jefferson

—"The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven."

—Dryden

—"License which fools call liberty."

—Tacitus

—"Unless liberty be of such a kind as arms can neither procure nor take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, of justice, of temperance, and unadulterated virtue, shall have taken deep root in your minds and hearts, there will not long be wanting one who will snatch from you by treachery what you have acquired by arms."

—Milton

—"O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes have been committed in thy name!"

—Roland

—"Here the free Spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?"

—Bryant

—"Glory resembles Truth,—it has no frontiers, but shines forth for general instruction."

—Lamartine

—"Here godlike Liberty's herculean youth
Cradled in Peace, and nurtured up by Truth
To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind!"

—Moore

THE LIBERATOR

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Men dreamed of Freedom, till thy vital touch
Awoke the sleeping Goddess into life,
And made her potent in the courts of kings,—
And hurled the despot from his haughty throne;
And sweet, and gracious, with her gifts of Light,
To visit lowly cottagers and poor,
And give to them her Blessings, and her Shield
Of sure protection from the proud and great,
And base defiance of the vile and wrong:
Until she walked erect, with face illumed
With majesty and power,—her beauteous limbs
Strengthened for toil in Justice's holy tasks,
And benisons of Love to heal the sore of heart,
And lead the sorrowing from the ways of grief
Into the luminous Palace of the Free!

The Grecian in his stately Capitols,
Caught glimpses of her beauty, and was glad
To feel the comfort of her mystic breath:
Yet, he ne'er saw her face to face, in life—
Albeit he wooed her shadow for the Real,
And chased the illusive glory of her Smiles.

The Roman imaged her in visions vast
As his conceptions of imperial pride;
And worshipped her in words: and feigned he saw
Her radiant form, elate in mastery
And golden sway, where'er his Eagles flew.
He touched the veil that hid her from his eyes,—
Misdeemed her raiment for her very self,
And feigned himself a Freeman whilst a Slave!

Bold barons, high and brave, at Runnymede,
Beneath the starry canopy of Night,
And their glad pennons flaunting in the Day,
Saw visions of her loveliness and power,
And heard divinest whisp'rings from her Shrine,
Cloistered in utter darkness of their Days,
Yet saw her not, albeit she kissed their helms,
And gemmed their plumes with lustre of her eyes.

And, what of goodness and light they saw,
Were shrined in laws to guard their Commonweal,
And clip the vaunting empery of kings.
Nor saw beyond their splendour and estate,—
And held all others helots to their wills,—
And left to riper Days the glorious meed
Of luring Freedom from her hallowed Shrine,
To walk amidst the fields and marts of men,
And heal their travails by her golden touch:
To bulwalk Virtue from the strokes of Fate;
And usher in the Dawn of human Hope,
And tranquil joys of Peace and ordered State.

Fierce Cromwell, and his murd'rous Ironsides,
With canting lips, and brows aflame with fires
Flashed from the bloody currents of their wars,
Marched o'er Britannia's Crown and royal State,
And vaunted Freedom on their conquering flags.
And, prating of her loveliness and joys,
Dabbled their hands in butchery and death,—
Smote hip and thigh,—and preached and slew,
Until firm England shook beneath their deeds
Of fiendish horror, and of cruel might,
Done in her holy Name: yet wore the yoke
Of vile oppression and ignoble power:
And fell, and died beneath a despot's reign,
With Freedom in their grasp; but ne'er embraced:
And now their names are hideous in the World,
And Freedom shrieks at their inglorious crimes!

France puissant in her power and fame, and
High, sublimed renown, and beautiful in
Her loveliness of sun-lit fields, and skies
Cerulean-bright, and streams of magic gleams,—
Her snow-capped mountains, and her vernal vales,—
Her daughters fair as Venus in her prime,
And sons heroic in her fields and lists—
From Charlemagne to Capet, writhed in throes
Of despotry and death, in Bastile-Keeps:
Save when some radiant Spirit, from her Night
Of tyranny and awe, rose like a Star,
Resplendent o'er the darkness of her Days,
Which surged and lashed around her gaudy life,
Like roaring billows leaping from the Sea:

Her Bayard, with his snowy plume, and spurs
Of gleaming gold, to win the World's applause,—
Her Louis, pious as a hallowed Saint,
Who bathed her Banners with his chastened tears,—
Her Coligny with a Crusader's Soul,
And lofty dreams of Liberty and Truth,
Yet murdered for his Virtues and his Faith,—
Her Mirabeau, with lion-mein and port,
Who lashed her foes with fiery eloquence,—
Her Hugo, with his golden trump of Song,
To fright the souls of tyrants on their thrones,—
Her Foch to lead the embattled Hosts of Right,
To slay the rule of Tyranny and Wrong,
And win in victory the solemn tears,
And loving plaudits of the Nations, wrapped
In sables for the miseries of men
And women, still disconsolate in woe.
Yet, she ne'er knew, in all her mystic maze
Of high philosophy, and lofty song—
Her inane vapourings of democracy,
And theoretic glimpses of the Truth,
The inner Light, O! Freedom! of thy Soul;
Nor the sweet peace and comforts of thy reign,
Beneath the sway of Justice and sane Laws,
Upheld by Truth; and the majestic Creeds
Of Liberty incarnate in the State.
Alas! she saw thee, but she loved thee not;
For when thou cam'st, and taught her like a God,
She maimed thee, like the enemies of Christ
Slew the divinest being of earth and Heaven,—
Dipped her vile hands in thy most sacred blood,
And drank hot streams from wounds she dared inflict;
And, frienzied by th' insanity of guilt,
Scourged thee from her Councils and her Courts,
To wallow in her styes of lust and crime.
E'en yet, though she hath dimly seen the light
Flashed from the essential radiance of thy beams,
Reflected from thy golden Lamps of Truth,
Upborne by stronger, truer hands and hearts,
She hath not felt the glory of thy might,
Thy purity, and high, celestial gifts,—
But blindéd by the splendour of thy rays,
Still gropes in darkness, searching for the Truth,
And blessed reprievement from the thrall of Sin,

And Superstition vile, and anarchy,
And savage strife: she never yet hath known
The awful Rule of Justice and of Law,
That guide the tides of passions, till thy flow
Beneath thy radiance into tranquil ports
Of Astraean peace, and love and ordered State.
She imaged thee, in her Utopian Dreams,
And her wild vag'ries of Poetry and Art:
But ne'er adored thee seated on her throne—
The chieftest glory of her sovereign Power!

And lesser States, throughout the centuries,
In happier moments of their fateful years,
Strove to cast out the demons, who possessed
Their souls and bodies, in dark tyrannies;
And died on swords of hirelings and slaves,
Who slew them for the pastimes of their kings,—
Or rotted to death in dire dungeon-cells,
To feast the vengeance or the greed of foes,—
Or flamed at stakes to glut the avarice
And superstitions of self-righteous fiends.
They saw, O Freedom, all thy light eclipsed
In grief, in suffering, and devouring death!
O! all these Souls were martyrs in thy Cause,
Who knew thee not, but died for love of thee!

But thou, O Jefferson! a Joshua stood
Upon the Pisgah of a myriad years,
And, turning from the mis'ries of the Past,
The vast and cruel wilderness of Time,
That lay behind thee, in the horrent days
Of Tyranny, and Slaughter, and Despair,
Endured by millions 'neath the rule of kings,
And Priests, and Potentates, who knew no law,
Save their imperious wills, and greeds, and lusts,
And harsh devices to enslave the Souls,
And deeds of slaves, who cringed to their base sway:
And gazing from thy eminence of Mind
And Genius, and thy lofty love of men,
Into the Promised Land of Liberty
And Right, and with the will to dare and do,
In singleness of heart, and purpose high,
Thou led'st thy People into Paths of Light
And Freedom, never known to Men, till thou

Gav'st them guidance from the dark despair
And cruel jeopards of the awful reign
Of despots, and the superstitious use
Of all things pure, and noble, and divine;
And sat them glorious in the Seats of Right
And Truth, and high goverance of themselves!
And from the beacons stablished by thy Skill
And Genius, a luminance is shed afar,
To lighten all the Nations of the Earth,—
Their Thoughts, their Hearts, their Laws, their Creeds and Shrines;
Inform their Spirits, and inspire their Life.
O! Countrymen! we must forever keep
His beacons burning, with their sacred Light!
We shall not let it die! No hand shall quench
Its gladness, and its glory, and its power,
Until dear Freedom governs all the World!
We are her Children, and we must bear on high
The results and splendours of her glorious Past,
And follow her to grander Victories,
Until her Banners gladden all the earth;
And bear thy Fame and Name, O! Jefferson,
Where'er they lighten in the eyes of Men!

IT STILL IS MAY

It was in May—the glory of the sky
And Majesty of earth around me lay;
And youth was with me, and the roses fair
Breathed their sweet beauty on the golden air—
Behold, I walked with God!—It was in May!

He stood before me—raised His Cross on high:
His gentle voice I heard, inspiring, say:
"Come to My breast, and all My laws revere,
And I will wipe away each grief and tear—
Come dwell with Me, My child!" It was in May!

I followed Him,—"My soul is saved!" my cry;
And past the Vale of Sorrows, found God's Way.
It was a sweet, sweet Way, through joy and pain—
I followed Him, nor followed Him in vain;—
For now I understand!—It still is May!

THE MASTER PLAYS

—"To Thee, O God! all being is a Harp,
Whereon Thou makest mightiest melody!"
—*Bailey*

—"Worship thou God; for Deity is seen
From every elevation of the Soul.
Study the Light; attempt the High; seek out
The Soul's bright path!"
—*Bailey*

The master plays!—Soft!—through the fragrant night,
His rich Cremona's Symphonies are heard,—
Now soaring like a clarion in the fight,—
Now lilting like the love-lays of a bird.
Ah me!—how golden-sweet the seraph-notes
That thrill and rapture the entrancing hour;—
How beautiful the minstrelsy that floats
In high enchantment over tree and tower!

The master plays!—Hush!—list the sweet refrain
That floods the moonlit garden with its bliss,—
Now sighing forth its grieving and its pain,—
Now ripe with sweetness as a maiden's kiss.
His old Cremona wooes the jocund Heart,
And to the saddest Soul divinely sings,
Until the music's chastened into Art,
And we are borne to Heaven upon its wings.

The master plays!—O, mystic ecstacy
That glads and jewels the enamoured air:
Soft!—now it grieveth to a weary sigh,—
Now glooms its beauty in divine despair.
Lithe fairies dance in its melodic light,—
Weird plainings dim the glory of the hour:
We rise exultant in its brave delight—
We sink appalled beneath its sombre power.

The master plays!—Again, the witching strains
Soar and exult o'er flowered and silvered ways;
No more they breathe of sorrows and of pains,—
But peace and gladnesses, in amplier days.

Ah, soft!—they fade, they die,—they pass away,—
And e'en fond Echo keeps no memory
Of their dear dreams: and, as we kneel and pray,
The moonlight glows,—Ah!—there's no minstrelsy!

The Master plays!—Not man of mortal art,
Who charmed emotions from his violin's breast;
But He—the Master of the Human Heart—
Whose strains are bright or dim, as He wills best!—
O, Christ!—Thy touch is on each Soul to bless,
As is the artist's on each vibrant string;
Oh! May their strains respond to Thy Caress,
And blend with melodies the Angels sing!

The Master plays!—O, Christ, Thou Holy One!—
Play on our Souls, that through our fading days,
We still may know that duty humbly done
Is the sublimest Anthem to Thy praise!—
And when Thy Love hath fired each trembling string,
And thrilled each chord with purest trust in Thee,
Let their last strains, as Thou shalt bid them, wing
Their light to Thee and Thy Eternity!

THOU DID'ST NOT DIE

Thou did'st not die!—Thy Spirit that we love,
Which looked with love from out thy loving eyes,
Now shines a Seraph in God's Paradise,—
And dwells in joy with His pure Love above.
The beauteous casket of thy Soul's dissolved,
But her rich jewel is forever free
From pain and travail, in Christ's grace absolved—
A chastened gem in His Eternity!—
Thy love—our love, shall never, never die,—
But like the fragrances of posied flowers,
Shall sweeten all our separating hours,
Until they blend in death's strange mystery.
Why shall we mourn for thee, in sorrow's plaint,
When Christ hath christened thee a blessèd Saint!—

The Gentleman

—"True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart."

—*Wordsworth*

—"The grand old Name of Gentleman."

—*Tennyson*

—"He hath king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude."

—*Shakespeare*

—"Once more we meet, once more—my friend and I—
But, ah! his hand is dust, his eyes are dark;
Thy merciless weight, thou dread mortality,
From out his heart hath crushed the latest spark
Of that warm life, benignly bright and strong."

—*Hayne*

DEDICATION

These to a Gentleman!—One born, not feigned
By circumstance, or base veneer of Gold—
But true of Heart by nature and by love,
And gentle in his breeding and his ways
Of Tenderness, and Courtesy and Truth.
No buffoon, decked with ribbons and with stars,
Ne'er won by gallant deeds, but shown in pride;—
No mountebank of grimace and of bows,
With not a gleam of nature in his soul;—
No braggart, storming in the cannon's mouth
For guilty fame, embittered by his crimes;—
No sleek despoiler of the Sacred Word,
Who sneers at holy Truth and Christ's sweet Grace.
But a Gentleman!—Exalted in his faith
In Christ, and glories of His Blesséd Writ;—
Empanoplied in Honour, and the glistening arms
Of Courtesy and Truth, and Trust in God—
With rev'rence for Woman and her angel-smiles,—
With love for fellow-men, and Freedom's light,
And all that's good and lofty in our Life:
And ever lifting hands, washed clean by Faith,
In lowly suppliance, to the Throne of Heaven!

—"Nature has made man a fluctuating and varying being. Considered in this light, he is undoubtedly less imposing, but he interests us the more in proportion as he is more human."

—*Lamartine*

—"Life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

—*Temple*

—"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of Courtesy."

—*Sidney*

—"He is gentle that doth gentle deeds."

—*Chaucer*

—"That chastity of Honour which feels a stain like a wound."

—*Burke*

—"Who reverenced his conscience as his King;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her."

—*Tennyson*

—"A man may learn from his Bible to be a more thorough gentleman than if he had been brought up in all the drawing rooms in London."

—*Kingsley*

—"It matters not what men assume to be
Or good, or bad, they are but what they are."

—*Bailey*

—"Whilst Shame keeps watch, Virtue is not wholly extinguished in the heart!"

—*Burke*

THE GENTLEMAN

The Gentleman of olden, purer days,
When Honour sat serene in seats of Power,
And Love dwelt with us, and our God was praised
And worshipped at His Shrines; and Truth was glad
Among the Nations: And, in peace-girt ways,
Men walked and toiled with faces to the stars,—
Was gentle, strong, and chivalrous and brave,—
Was true to Womanhood,—was leal to Friends,—
Was wed to golden principles of Right;
And ever lifted eyes, though ofttimes dimmed
By the World's darkness, unto God's sweet light,
And washed the soilure from his chastened soul
In the pure fountain of Eternal Love!

The Gentleman was honoured and beloved
Above his fellows, who were not adorned
With his fair attributes of grace and truth,—
Of courtesy and faith—of gentleness of speech—
Of valour that disdained to boast its worth;
Yet met Life's battles with heroic might,
And bore his shield on each embannered field,
Above the stress and turmoil of his days,
Assoiled and stainless in the sight of men,—
And gleaming with the approving smile of Heaven!

He cringed to no base tyrant; and he loved
The holy Freedom that his blade had won;
And made a way for men below his height
To climb beside him in exalted State,
Guarded by Law and sacred Government,
And brotherhood of fealty, and of truth—
He and his peers had buildéd for their peace.

He loved his fields, and the feathered tribe
Of sweet birds, and gentle creatured things
That brightened hours along his path of Life:
And flowers, and cloistered woodland scenes,—
And the rich garniture that Nature spreads
O'er all her vast creation; and far mountain-peaks
That tower and raise the Soul to live with God!
He loved his books,—rich treasuries of Mind—
Of Heart and Soul—the Academes of Wit—

The Porticos of Wisdom and of Genius high—
The Gardens of Delight, whose ambrosial trees
Shed golden leaves for healing of the sore
And bruiséd spirit of the burthened Man.
He loved his Kith and Kin—the eyes and hearts
That spoke responsive to his eyes and heart—
The saintéd Mother at whose knees he'd prayed;—
The noble Father, who e'er led the way
In all the paths of Honour and of Truth;—
The Wife beloved, whose eyes were undefiled,
And ever-flowing wells of purest love;—
And the blossoming children round his hearth,
That made his home a Paradise on earth.
He loved his Country, as his flesh and blood,
And gladly died for her, and her fair fame,
And precious Liberty; and bore her flags,
In fiery storms, until he fell in death—
A martyr to his faith and her proud fate—
Or lived to wear the glory on his brow
That blooms from service and brave sacrifice!
He reverenced God, and Godward thoughts and truths
That lifted him from sordid life to touch
Diviner glories of His Sacred Writ,
And live his days in excellence of life,
With faith in God, and love for fellow-men!

He was not perfect—nay, *he was a man,*
And in him dwelt the attributes of man;
For man's no angel since the primal fall;
And's only cleansed by faith and love of God:
Yet in him mixed the elements of Truth,—
Of purity of Soul,—of light, and grace,—
True love of Honour, and high trust in Christ!
His firmament of Life was lit with stars:
Albeit the faults of flesh enveiled their rays,
Yet they were lustrous in their darkened spheres,
And ofttimes blazed through his translucent deeds
With luminance and beauty of the Lord,
And lifted him above life's common dust—
To soar with Gabriel to the Throne of God,
Or walk with Raphael in the ways of life!

Where now's the Gentleman? Has he too passed,
With much he loved and honoured, from the earth?

Are now no lofty Spirits lett to wear
The glistening armour of a blameless life,
The purple raiment of the Gentleman?
Did Goodness perish, when Sir Galahad
Failed in his Holy Quest for Christ's pure Cup?
Did noblest thoughts, set to melodious speech,
Hush their rare music, when great Daniel died?—
Did Truth and Honour die, when Bayard fell,
And France's Lily-Flag was his fun'ral-pall?
Did Courtesy expire, when Sidney's blood
Enriched the Field his valour had renowned?
Did Faith fly trembling from the startled earth,
When Stuart breathed his Knighty Soul to God?
Did Valour sink in dust, to rise no more,
When Lee walked humbly through the Gates of Heaven
To make obeisance to the King of Kings?

Nay, nay,—God's with us still! His sun still shines.
Heaven's blue dome is radiant with His stars.
The eyes of Women, lightened by their hearts,
Are as a seraph's in their light and love.
And still we look in manly faces lit
With lofty purpose and with courteous grace;
And Courage blazes in the battle-line
Against the Despot and his savage hordes;
Men die for God, and Truth, and Mother-Land,
As old Crusaders died in Palestine,
For Christ's dear sake, beneath His Holy Cross.
All is not lost! The wickéd greed of gain—
The baser usages of life and toil—
The vile indifference to the Word of God—
The sneers at Faith, and Courtesy, and Love—
The rampant sin that laughs at purity,
And madly rushes to a desperate fate—
The lust for money, and the covetous device
To grind the needs of penury to gold—
The inane clatter of loose, babbling tongues,
That scoff at virtue and God's Holy Writ—
The priestly babblers that veneer their creeds,
And gloss the Truth to catch the ears of saints,
Who worship reason in the guise of Christ—
The noise of women, 'gainst the Sacred Word,
Who ape poor man in vice as well as toil,
And strut from out the Temple of the Home;

To violate the sanctities of God;
And mutter in the streets, in sight of men,
Who gaze with wonder at their mawkish tricks,
And laugh to see them fret their little hour,
To strip their souls of decent draperies,
That God and man have fashioned for their peace.
All, all these evils have not swept away
Our sure and stedfast anchorage of Faith
In God and lofty trust in fellow-men!—
The days may darken and the nights may wane—
God reigns o'er all!—And as the sea's dark tides
Are ruled by Him, He rules the lives of Men!
The Gentleman dwells with us still, thank God!
And by him gracious Woman, ever serves—
The Angel of our hearts, and homes and lives,
To gladden days along our Way of life,—
And they are splendrous jewels, rich and rare—
Enchased in hearts of gold, unsoiled by brass—
The empty tinsel of the mocking World.

Virginia, shall thy Gentlemen depart
To dusty death, and leave no Kindred Souls
To light thy Lamp of Glory through the years?
Replume thy eagles for a braver flight!
Build their proud eyries on the mountain-heights
Of noble purpose and supremest life,
And train thy breed to fly no common flights,
But boldly win and keep the pride of place,
Among the Nations of the peopléd earth!—
Teach thy free sons to love the holy Truth;
To worship Honour as they worship God;—
To love the gentle ways of Courtesy;—
To circle gentle Womanhood with love
And holy sanctions from the ills of life;—
To keep their homes as shrines for reverence,
And the sweet graces of domestic joy;—
To bear fair Freedom as a blesséd Ark
Before their faces for the peace of men;
To raise their eyes unto the Throne of Heaven,
Till through their tears an iris shall be limned—
The pressage of Immortal Days with God:
Then each shall be a perfect Gentleman!

THE POET'S QUEST

In idle quest, I loitered, yestere'en,
Amid the shadows of an ancient wood,—
Along fair ways, untrod by man before,
Where fairies dance and hold their revelries—
In moonlit glades and violet-haunted dells,
Embowered by blossoms of sweet-perfumed flowers,
And lit with lustre of the glow-worm's beams.
Twilight had veiled the blushes of the Day
In dusky rays, as Sorrow's shadows dim
The beauty of a face divinely fair,
And make its sweetness, beautiful before,
A seraph's dream of loveliness in heaven.
Old trees towered o'er me, with Titanic girths,
And branches lifting leafy canopies,
Like vast pavilions of embroidered cloths—
Encompassing the armies of a King;
And banners shaken by the night-wind's breath:
And through the rifts, deft Fancy's hands had wrought
In their green traceries, the stars were hung—
The halcyon cressets that illumined Eden—
And shed the chastened beauty of their light
O'er leaf and branch, o'er flow'ret, and o'er sod,
Gladdened by daisies and caressing vines,—
O'er antique boles and roots, and lichened rocks,—
O'er the soft murmurs of the lapsing brook,
That sang fond roundels to the nesting birds—
The feathered Troubadours of field and wood—
Dreaming of lays trilled in the hushed delight
Of sky and forest;—and like a Spirit
Crept from the wood, through mere and sunny field—
By moated grange, and castled citadel,
To lose its gleaming waters in the sea.

Solemn with spectral mystery and awe,
And silences unutterably still,
And the felt presence of divinities,
The wood became a hallowed Sanctuary
For worship pure, deep reverence, and peace:
Like some Cathedral of the olden time,
With widows legended with fair-saintly deeds
And sanctities of God, and altared shrines,
Breathing a precious incense o'er the soul,

Lifted in blessèd orisons to heaven—
And Music's golden tongue, distilling balm
From organ's pealing notes, and choral hymns
Of laud to Jesus and His holy creeds.

I laid me down amid its aisles of Peace,
And marvelled at the glories that I saw,
Revealing God in all diviner ways:
Sleep fell on me—like a prayer of light
Whispered to God o'er eyes beloved in bliss
From Mother-Lips, when cradled on her heart:
And all my vision faded in a dream,
Golden and beauteous with Olympian light—
Fair Tempe's wonders, and God's Paradise!

GENIUS

Genius descends! 'Tis in the breed of men,—
In heart, in soul,—in spirit and in mind;
In brain, in thews; and in the master-touch
Of inspiration; and the potent skill
That fire a Race to glory-bursts of light!
As are the stars that glorify the Heavens
Reflected from the sun's effulgent globe;
Or the vast sea, with its unnumbered tides,
Fed with the freshness of a thousand streams;
The stars of Genius and of wondrous Art
Imbibe their radiance from the master-light;
The flow of matchless eloquence and worth
Sparkles with glory of the parent-fount;
And all the might and majesty of Time
Burst from the Past, with concentrated light,—
The garnered splendours of a myriad deeds,—
The clustered glories of uncounted fames;
And constellations of immortal skill.

MARY MAGDALENE

—"Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

—*Mark* 14:9

—"Faith is a higher faculty than reason,
Though of the brightest power of Revelation,
As the snow-headed mountain rises o'er
The lightning, and applies itself to Heaven."

—*Bailey*

She droops before the Lord with lowly mein,—
Dragged to His presence by the glowering priests,—
Fear in her eyes, and pallour on her cheeks,
As the fierce rabbis follow her amain,
With stones in hands, uplifted for the blows,
That shall forever mar her beauteous life,
And doom her guilty in the eyes of men,—
An outcast from her people and her God.

Her stern accusers rush upon their prey,
With words of reprobation and disgrace,
Hissed from hot lips, and riot of their hearts:
Yet their base eyes devour her lissome form
Of wondrous grace and magic loveliness,—
Her hyacinth hair, that veils her stately neck,
And gleaming shoulders, and her snowy breasts,—
The startled glory of her pleading eyes,
That shine, through lashes of the raven's hue,
With dusky splendours of an orient night,
When stars are seen through shadowed moonlit clouds;
And her enchanting mouth, whose smiles are quenched
Beneath the pallid sorrow of her fears.

Even while scoffing sin they fain would sin,
And stare upon her with their lustful eyes,
As tigers gaze upon the helpless lamb,

That they would rend to feast themselves on blood.
Behold these hypocrites, with lech'rous looks,
And bitter words, approach the sinking maid!—
They girdle her about, in wrathful guise,
And lift their arms to cast condemning stones,
And slay their trembling victim, in their ire,
Assumed to hide their lust and infamy
From one another, and the gaping crowd,—
The spiteful Jews, and Roman soldiery,
And all the rabble of the heated court,
In God's own Temple, 'neath the tropic sun,—
That idly gather to behold a sight
Of butchery and crime, that angels weep
To see enacted in the haunts of men.
Behold her sink, and fall, with piteous cry,
Upon the stony pave! The scene is dimmed to her,
By burning tears, that scald her tender cheeks,
And gem her tresses with their jewelled light.
She crouches from the pain, the shame, and death;
And moans expectant of the hurléd stones!

But, lo!—the Master stands within the way,
Confronting her accusers, with the might
And front of majesty, that show Him God,—
And the compelling power of innocence and love!—
No weapon in His grasp,—no shield on arm,—
No helmet on His head to guard His brow,—
But robed in simple garb of common men,—
Yet from His face there shines the light divine
Of Deity, aroused to do a deed,
That shall not die through centuries of Time,—
But live eternal in the hearts of men,
And angels round the sovran Throne of God!

They stand abashed before His awful brow:
Yet resolute to do their act, they cry—
"Master, this woman's taken in her sin—
The very act—and Moses by the law
Commands that she be stoned: what sayest thou?"
Thus say these hypocrites to tempt the Lord,
That they may Him accuse before the law.
But Jesus stoops, and with His finger writes
On the parched ground, as though He hears them not.
As they, grown bolder, ask Him yet again,

He lifteth up Himself, and says to them:
"He that among you is without offense,
Let him—let him the first stone cast at her!"
And as His scathing finger moves around
The circle of their faces pale with woe,
And guilt, and wrath, and vengeful hate,
Each conscience smitten to the very core,—
No stone is cast!—They tremble with affright,
And slink from out the presence of the Lord,
Like snarling beasts that cringe beneath the lash:
And Jesus lifteth up Himself again,
And sees none but the woman by His side:
And says, "O woman, who accuseth thee?"
And she, with joy, exclaimeth, "No man, Lord!"
And Jesus says unto her, "Go, in peace:
Neither do I condemn thee—sin no more!"

And ever from that day she loved the Lord,
And followed Him, in faith, and worship true
And holy, and was free from wrong and sin;
Until the Lord declared the time was nigh,
When He should die to save a dying world,
She humbly came to Him at Bethany,
And poured a precious ointment o'er His locks,
And His brave brow, predestined to harsh thorns,
That crowned His Head with majesty and light,
That still illume Eternity and Time!—
And bathed His feet with her repentant tears,
And wiped them with the splendours of her hair.
And Jesus, with His gentle words of love,
Rebuked the guests who dared upbraid her act,
And said—"Her many sins are all forgiv'n,
For she loved much." And when bold men left Christ,
And, with faint hearts, denied He was the Lord,
She stood beside the Cross on which He died,
And was the first He greeted when He rose!—
"For she loved much!"—And God forgave her sin,
And made her deed memorial of her faith!

SPRING

Soft! What unglooms the glories of the Spring?—
What mystic key unlocks her sun-hued hours?—
Not mind—not dreams—nor high imagining,—
Not perfumes from her luscious fruits and flowers:
But the divinest instincts of the Heart—
The light that God still breatheth o'er the Soul;
For splendours of the Spring are not a part
Of man's frail being, but his Spirit's goal!

We are not blind, who see through Faith's bright eyes,
For then we know that God is everything,—
Ah!—she's the Spirit robed in radiant guise—
A heavenly ministrant—whose splendent wing
Is fresh-illumined with the glorious lights
Of God's supernal majesty and powers,
And we who worship her cull sweet delights
From her fair summer stars and fragrant flowers!

Oh!—when she's with us, gladdening all our ways,
We need no higher Spirit to illume
Our blindness, and inspire our darkened gaze;
For we beneath the blossoms and perfume,—
The mysteries of the forests and the streams,—
The gorgeous glories of sweet-azured nights,
Behold the physic lustres, and the gleams
Of Spring are to us angels of delights.

When Faith dwells with us she interprets life,
And all that's sweet and beautiful in being,—
And guides us far from heresies and strife,—
Where we are blind, still blesses us with seeing:
What we ne'er see with our dimmed-mortal eyes,
She glorifies with radiance from above,
Until around us blossoms Paradise,
And Spring becomes God's benison of Love!

Aristocrats

—"Practice thy spirit to great thoughts and things,
That thou mayst start, when here, from vantage ground."
—*Bailey*

—"Greatness does not depend upon the occupation, but upon the mind."
—*Lamartine*

—"Fame is the spur that the clear Spirit doth raise
To scorn delights, and live laborious Days."
—*Milton*

—"Not light and momentary labours these,
But discipline and self-denial long,
And purpose staunch, and perseverance, asked,
And energy that Inspiration seems."
—*Pollock*

—"Lowliness is the base of every virtue,
And he who goes the lowliest, builds the safest."
—*Bailey*

—"There's a great Spirit ever in the air
That from prolific and far-spreading wings
Scatters the seeds of Honour—yea, the walls
And moats of castled forts—the barren seas—
The cell wherein the pale-eyed student holds
Talk with melodious Science—all are sown
With everlasting honours, if our Souls
Will toil for Fame as boors for bread!"
—*Bulwer*

—"All aspiration is a toil;
But inspiration cometh from above,
And is no labour."
—*Bailey*

—"From yon blue heaven above us bent
The grand old Gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent."
—*Tennyson*

—"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most,—feels most,—acts the best."
—*Bailey*

ARISTOCRATS

What makes the Worker noble in the sight
And estimation of the great and good?
Whence spring his rank and title to estate—
Far greater than the sovereignty of Kings?
Not from proud birth—for he may have no name,
Drawn from ancestral splendour and renown,
Nor antique legends of the storied Eld;
And Fame may ne'er have touched him with her light:
Not from his station high and glittering rank—
For he may walk in humblest ways of Life,
Unknown to titled pensioners of Power:
Not from the touches of the proud and great—
The soft attrition of the jewelled throng,
That crowd the gaudy avenues of State—
For he may herd with commoners of Life—
The poor, the virtuous, and the pure and good,
Unvext by struggles of the madd'ning World—
Yet kept in weal, in goodness, and in strength,
By the divinest providence of God!—

The greatness of the Worker resteth not
On paltry aids and weak supports for life;
But draws alike its being and its light
From strength of brawn and brain, and noble toil:
From greatest deeds and actions valourous,—
From virtue, merit, and the various worth,
That spring from trust in God, and Holy Writ,—
That mark the course and measurement of Fame;
And limit effort only by the Goal
Which God hath placed within the grasp of Men.

Such are the golden requisites to Rank—
By Nature made, and honoured by the good,
The pure, the wise, the generous—the best;—
And this the only gauge that Truth affords,
With which to measure Man's herculean feats
Of hand and mind, and the untiring Soul,
That proudly towers above the common Earth,
And pygmy compass of weak, purblind fools;
And, like an eagle, seeks the quenchless sun,
And makes a home and residence in Heaven!

The lab'rer is not dwarfed in fame and worth
Unto the stature of pretentious dupes,
That dub themselves the masters of the Earth;
And Virtue mock, unless she's gilded o'er
With charnel splendours, borrowed from the Tomb,
Or mouldering dust of some fictitious sire,
Whose name and place live only in a dream;
But hath the growth and might of brain and Soul,
To make the world his heritage and wealth,—
In which he lives as bright and free as heaven,—
And the high strength to make and win a name,
Carved from the adamant of hardest fate.

Fame's current flows from no enchanted Fount,
Obscured and lost in darkness of old dreams;
Nor creeps in lethean channels, marked and made
By heralds, blazoned in their motley garbs,
That show them jesters with the great of Earth,
Who take their gibes as oracles of Fate—
Whilst they but laugh to see the fools they dupe
With empty jargon of their gaudy trade,—
Their shields, their crests, their bars, and blazonry,—
Fine jugglery that suits a mountebank;
But bursts from each new difficulty met—
Each frowning barrier to the march of strength—
Like waters from the Rock, in olden Days,
When touched by Moses at the beck of God,—
And glides a stream, illumined by Renown,
And all the Stars that Glory ever gave,
Into the various minds and hearts of Men,
With light and splendour that shall never die!
His glory is no painted coat-of-arms,
Azure or purple, gemmed with starry sheen,
Portrayed with mystic blazonment and lore,
Made and won by Heroes of the Past,
Who wore the fadeless lustre they achieved—
Nor decked their follies with the badge of Worth,
Wrought from the musty titles of the Dead,—
Or dusty mottoes of old Chivalry;
But shines resplendent with the light of Fame,
And their own greatness, and the priceless meed
Of Virtue, and sweet excellence of Life.

And this is he who's an Aristocrat,
And the proud Peer, who stands above the prince
And flaunting noble, in their haughty state,
And his the government that's best assured—
The government of Virtue and of Sense.
Yea, he's a Noble; yet dependeth not
On excellence of others for his fame,—
Nor on the Past, with trophies and with deeds—
The laurelled Victory and the bannered Fight—
Done by conquerors of a loftier Race;
But in his acts of goodness and of worth,—
Sweet ministering charities and loves
That make the Heart a paradise on Earth,
And live and grow from out the present Hour.

Yet antiquarians—lauders of the Past—
Who ne'er look onward to the coming Time,
But grope 'mid tombs and monuments of Death,—
Wipe dark'ning dust from crumbling epitaphs—
And boast proud names that have become a Myth,
Save in the faery annals of Romance,
And resurrect from out the solemn Grave,
The sad remains of grandeur and of pomp,
To dizzen out a Masquerade of Pride.
Oh!—doting dreamers, why lose days in search
For that, which never liveth in a grave,
But only thrills the living Souls of Men—
And glows in hearts, in sinews, and in mind,—
In Virtue which no Heraldry can praise,
And sweet Religion, which no pomp can gild!

Merit and Virtue need no dignity,
To give them beauty in the love of God;
Nor should they need to make them beautiful
In the affections and the sight of Men!
Within themselves a patent they do bear
To give to them Nobility and Rank—
A patent, stamped by Nature and by Sense,—
Sanctioned by wise experience of the World,—
Enriched by admiration of the just,—
And made the current title to Renown:
And which each Hero with his hands can make,
Directed by a heart and brain that's pure.
Merit and Virtue know no pedigree,

Save the proud accolade bestowed by God!
The Knighthood of the lofty Heart and pure!—
They do not pass as heir-looms in a Race,—
For each aspirant wins and holds his rank!
Away with genealogies of Worth!—
Tell us no more of its descent, through Time,
From name to name, from father unto son,
And in the lineage of the rich and proud!—
Brave deeds, wise thoughts, achievements pure and high,
Religious rectitude, the lofty mind,—
And hands inured to charities and works
Are the Ancestors of the Brave and Wise,
The Good and Pure, the Sensible and Just:
And their heraldic glories are the Praise,
As their ancestral honours are the Love,
Which Earth and Heaven afford them for all Time;
And their high glories bloom with deathless Light,
When nursed by Virtue in the lap of Toil,—
And hence grow laurels Heroes justly wear,
Which while they make, immortalize their Fame!

VISION

The Genius, who achieves, hath visions high
And beautiful of what he dares to do,—
Visions of Glory, seen by Faith's bright eye,
That lure him to his destiny, and woo
Him by enchantment bravely to desire
The Conscious Daphne in the laurel-tree,
Who breathes responsive to his golden Lyre;
Or, by the marvel of his skill, set free,
Crowns him with excellence, in marts of life—
Touches his tongue with prophecy divine—
Endues his spirit to allay the strife,
And art to make his miracles to shine,
Like stars of splendour, from his radiant Soul—
Visions to guide achievements to their goal!

The Republic
or
The Light of Freedom

DEDICATED

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

WOODROW WILSON

PRESIDENT

OF

THE UNITED STATES

OF

AMERICA

—"Hopeful and generous and earnest; rich
In commune with high spirits, loving truth
And wisdom for their own divinest selves:
Tracking the deeds of the world's glory, or
Conning the words of wisdom, Heaven-inspired,
As on the soul, in pure effectual ray,
The bright, transparent Atoms, thought by thought,
Fall fixed for evermore."

—Bailey

—"All souls applaud, all hearts acclaim,
One heart benign, one soul supreme, one conquering name."

—Swinburne

—"True bliss is to be found in holy life;
In charity to man—in love to God:
Why should such duties cease, such powers decay?
Are they not worthy of a deathless state—
A boundless scope—a high, uplifted life?"

—Bailey

DEDICATION

Freedom exalts thee greatest of her Sons!—
Not as a warrior shalt thou live in Fame,
Defiled by crimes, and stains of blood and shame;
But as the Champion of the benisons
And precious solaces of dear Liberty
Unto a World, new-risen from defeat!
Thou wield'st no sword, but with high ecstacy
And noble heart, and eloquence replete
With melody and power, thou lur'st the Souls
Of Kings and Peoples from harsh tyrannies
And sorrows, and dark deeds and cruelties,
To dwell with Joy beneath Peace's sweet controls.
Thou Prophet and Apostle of the Brave and Free—
To thee is dedicate this Hymn of Liberty!

—"O fair Republic hallowing with stretched hands
Thy limitless free lands,
Where all men's heads for love, not fear, bow down
To thy sole royal crown,
As thou to Freedom!"

—*Swinburne*

—"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thy Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all our love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow."

—*Lanier*

—"Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings."

—*Burke*

—"Around the columns of thy public Shrine
Shall growing Arts their gradual wreath entwine,
Nor breathe Corruption from their flowering braid,
Nor mine the fabric which they bloom to shade."

—*Moore*

—"All thy Children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy Children. In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear: and from terror; for it shall not come near thee. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

—*Isaiah*

—"Kings
Are of the people, not the people of kings.
O! let all feel, the rulers and the ruled,
All classes and all countries, that the world
Is God's halidom; that He is King,
Lord, only owner and possessor!"

—*Bailey*

THE REPUBLIC
OR
THE LIGHT OF FREEDOM

The vast Republic of the Western World,
Kissed by the waters of the furtherest seas,
Whose radiant banners flame against the winds,—
Whose golden principles of Truth and Right
Live in our hearts and light the circled Globe,
And flash their glory o'er the souls of men—
Rears her proud Structure for the applauding Earth—
Her lofty Temple for the pure and free,—
Brilliant in glory, as she's great in power!
And all men love her institutes and creeds,
And bow before her majesty of Worth:
Whilst Truth and Honour ever on her wait,
As mighty ministers to do her will,
And guard her from the evils of her days,
And bless her grand ascendancy of Rule!

In far-off days of battle and of storm,
When Liberty was young, and her weak thews
Were yet unnerved to cope with despotry,
And helots cringed beneath the tyrant's frown,
Or sought a respite from the galling yoke,
With wreathéd smiles, obsequious as a slave's,
Or sycophantic bending of their Souls—
Our Sires arose, in our free Land of woods,
Fair streams, and rugged mountains towering high,—
And plains that billow as a boundless sea,
And struck the clanking fetters from their limbs,—
Smote the harsh monarch on his gaudy throne,
And won their freedom with the flaming Sword,
That blazed in faces of their prostrate foes;
And set their glory 'midst the quenchless Stars,
That blazon still their Standards to the World.

Then buildéd they the Fabric of our Peace
And State—our beauteous House of Truth and Law—
Our Constitution, radiant with Right
And Justice, and the strength to stand
Amidst the jarring elements of Life.
Yea, they buildèd strong to withstand the storms,

That rave in fury 'gainst our sovran State—
The subtle intrigue, and the sly device
Of demagogue or trickster in his trade,—
The hypocritic slaver of the rogue,
Who glozes o'er his charlat'ry with cant
And base assumption of austerest Truth
And awful Law, whilst striking at God's heart,
And Heavenly sanctions of His holy Right,
That sway the World from Tyranny and greed,
And selfish lusts that fester into being,
In putrid souls, that gloat and fatten oft
On crime and all the offal of the State:
And quench the lights that glow, like fiery dawns,
From God's pure fountains of supernal Love!

They buildèd better than they knew—our Sires
Of genius high, and probity and truth,
And wise experience in the ways of men,—
Lightened by light of Justice and of Right,
Fed by the lustre of God's altar-fires.
As artist-builders, of the antique Time,
Fashioned and buildèd a Cathedral strong,
And soaring to the stars,—with bases laid
Deep in the granite structure of the earth,—
With windows dight with splendours of their skill,
And towers and pinnacles resplendent in
Their grace and beauty, lifting to the Heavens
The loveliness and majesty of stones,
Sculptured and chiselled into wondrous light,
And incarnating martyr, sage and saint;
Breathing divinity and teaching love,—
Whilst Music weaved her magic o'er the soul,
And lured the spirit to the bliss of Heaven:
And crowned the whole with Christ's own glistening
Cross,
That gleamed Salvation to the desperate World:
So our great Fathers buildèd tall and true,—
And beautiful and firm, their hallowed Fane
Of Law and Justice, for the Brave and Free,—
A Sanctuary for refuge of bruisèd Souls—
With goldhued spires aspiring to Heaven's vault,
And lit with radiance of the Grace of God!
They buildèd of no ancient tyrannies—
No vile devices of old governance

To crush and rule their trembling serfs at will—
No laws of Draco graved on tablets high,
To fright the souls of dupes and flatterers—
No trophies of proud Rome to dazzle slaves,
Amidst her soaring eagles and her crimes—
No opiate drafts from Superstition's fount,
In Greece, or Egypt, or decrepit Spain,
Or fair Italia's desecrated realm—
No orgies of blood-drunken myrmidons,
Or Orient monsters revelling in lusts—
No blood-cemented treaties of base strifes
And agonies wove from old battle-fields—
No horrors from dank bastiles, and the wreck
And slaughter of the homes and hearts of men—
No deeds and crimes that devils still delight,
And gloat o'er in the burning gulfs of Hell.
Nay—nay!—They wrought this Temple, fair and pure,
Lifting its glories to the deep-blue Heavens,
Illumed with lights of Justice and of Truth—
Of all the brightest charities of Life—
The visions of divine philosophies,
Enchanted by the spells of genius and of mind—
The dreams of sages through dark centuries,
Allured from legend into thrilling life—
The stars of Liberty, obscured through Time,
Made glorious in the firmament of Right;—
And all the luminous equities of God
Incarnate in our statutes and our laws!

They buildèd for our Peace—this Home of Truth—
This lofty Sanctuary for Earth's strickened Sons,—
Its broad foundations on eternal Right;
And fitted it for residence of free
And noble Spirits,—the Democratie
And Brotherhood of men—the elect of Soul,
Who soar above the paltry hates of Life,
And win the spiritual excellence of Christ.
And in its Walls are altars where the Heart
May raise its orisons, in silent prayers,
Unto our God; and shrines where Joy may lift
Her holy anthems in the laud of Right;
And cloisters where the humble may abide,
In peace and sure security of Law;
And porticos where sages may converse,

And teach anew the principles of Truth;
And fountains whose bright waters ever flow
From God's own Oracles to cleanse the souls
And consciences of Judge and Priest from wrong,
And persecution of the thoughts of men;
And Studios where Art may limn her dreams
On canvases immortal, and sculpture forms
Diviner in their beauty than the real;—
And sacred places where the innocent are safe—
Which no polluting hands dare touch with ill,
Or guile of treachery and defiling guilt:
And on its loftiest pinnacle of light
They set our starry Banner of the Free,—
A beacon-light to lighten all the Earth!

O, fair Republic!—Mother of thy Sons
And Daughters—Children of thy Womb—
We gather round thy knees to learn of thee,—
To worship and to love thee in thy might
Of glory, and puissant power and state;
And lift our voices oft for thee to God!—
Thy beauty's as the splendour of the sun!—
Thy strength is as the billows of the sea!—
Unconquered are thy Banners, and thy wealth
Is as uncounted as the milky-way,
Whose myriad gems adorn the brow of night!—
Thy Justice is as Justice of our God;
And thy wise laws are lighted by the beams
Of Christ's pure Gospel, when He walked the Earth,
And breathed harmonious wisdom to the Soul—
Save when darkened by men's errant deeds.
Thy ways are pleasantness—thy paths are peace—
Glory encamps about thee with her power,
Her excellence and grandeur, and with awe,
Mightier than thronèd kings or trophied arms!—
For thou art glorious in the reverenced love
And worship of the Peoples of the World!

O, beacon-bright Republic of all Time!—
Shall Anarchy, in thy high Capitol,
Dare strike at thy great heart, and not be hurled
Back to its lair of infamy and crime?—
Shall Treason rear its horrent front of hate
And loathsome guilt within thy sacred Courts,

And not be scourged by Justice with her thongs
Of fiery Condemnation back to Hell?—
Shall reptiles creep within the holy aisles
Of thy fair Temple of dear Liberty,
And hiss their venom from its hallowed shrines,
And not be smitten with the Rod of Right?—
Shall vipers crawl beneath the myrtle blooms
That blossom round thy altars of the Truth,
To strike thy worshippers with poisoned fangs,
And not be slain whilst writhing in their slime
And coil malignant to thy peace and joy?—
Shall alien souls, wroth at thy thoughts and creeds,—
The vermin bred in ulcers of old states—
Mar thy symmetry of peace and bliss,
And go unlashed for their defiant vice?
Shall vile imposters climb thy starry heights
Of State and Glory, and defile with shame
And noisome lusts thy Palace of the Truth—
Thy lofty Tabernacle of the Free?
Shall thy own Children, maddened with the rage
Of ravening beasts, devour thy sacred Heart,
And rend the purple raiment of thy Power,
That decks thy beauty as a robe of gold
The loveliness of Venus in her prime—
To gorge their wolfish gluttony of greed?—
Nay—nay!—This shall not be!—Thy Sons shall rise—
Beloved Republic!—Mother of our Souls!—
Purge thy proud empire of this leprosy,
And cleanse thy robes of all polluting stains,
Until they glisten in the smiles of God;
And clothe thy majesty in radiant arms
Forged by seraphs in the Courts of Heaven!—
For God is with thee, and thou shalt not die,
But live immortal for the Peace of men!

Thy beauty is not vanquished! Thy Power supreme—
Thy wide dominion, and thy Freedom's light
Circle the Globe, as the imperial sun
Spheres with the Hours the fiery Zodiac!
Thy flag floats free on every surging sea,
Nor doffs its Fame to Potentate nor Power,
Save to the o'er-doming glory of the Lord!
It floats emblazoned with thy fadeless Stars—
Distinct and sep'rate as they sovereign States—

Whose blended glory is the galaxy
Of all thy Light, and Potency, and Peace,
That burn, like lustres of the primal rays,
That jewel the azure of the cloudless night—
Their brilliance gemmed in their refulgent lights,
That constellate the luminance of Heaven!

August Republic! In a World at arms,
And deluged with the dark, ensanguined tides,
Drawn from the hearts of patriots and of fiends,—
Thou standest poised, and opulent and free
In all the gracious sanities of Truth,
Of Liberty, of Justice, and dear Peace!
Thy soul is not impassioned with base greed,
And lusts of conquest and tyrannic power!—
Thy conscience's clean!—With young prophetic eyes
Thou look'st into the future, and relum'st
Sweet dreams and fair amenities of Life,
Divinely taught by Poet, Sage and Saint!—
Thou gaz'st o'er storm-tossed oceans of Desires
And surging Passions, unto blissful Isles
Of bright Utopias, sunned in golden Seas—
And long'st to rest within their tranquil bays!
E'en from battle-fields thou rais'st to God—
As from His altars—prayers for Peace and Love!—
At Titan thoats of armies of mad kings,
And emper'rs fierce, and their base, servile hordes,
Thy brave batallions sprang, like lusty lions,
With might Herculean, and struck down their pride,—
And o'er them towered—a miracle of Strength!—
Yet when thy conquered foes did yield—thou sought'st
Glad ways to heal the bleeding scars of War,
And lead the Nations in the paths of Peace;
And weave olive-branches with laurel-flowers,
That glorify the beauty of thy brow,
And face ecstatic with the light of Heaven,
And visions beauteous as the dreams of Christ!

Shall wicked dispoilers, in their frenzied wrath,
Destroy thy Ark of Safety and of Peace?
Freighted with riches more precious and more rare
Than borne by argosies on ancient seas,
Ladened with gems and spices from far Ind,
Fair gold from Ophir, and rich Tyrean silks,

Glistening in purple and embroidered sheen;
And gorgeous banners wooing favouring airs,
To waft their prosperous ventures into port:
Albeit it bears the freightage of all Souls—
The hopes of all the World—the anodynes
For wounded hearts bruised by despiteful dooms—
The sacred treasuries of amiable laws—
The white shekinah of Freedom's holy Light—
The stedfast anchorage of Christ-lit Faith—
Brave Spirits robed in panoplies of Right—
And sails enamoured of the Grace of God,
To guide its voyagers o'er the unfathomed deeps
Of Strife's wild ocean, lulled to halcyon Peace?

O, God forbid!—Forbid Almighty God!—
Stretch forth Thy hand of majesty and power,
And smite the miscreants prostrate unto death,
Who dare to touch our reverend mysteries
Of Liberty, of Justice, and of Law!—
Give courage to Thy Children, Lord!—Lift them up
To the full statute of a perfect Life!—
Endue them with the strength, the love—to stand
As serried legions round our Citadel
Of purest Liberty, and save our young
Republic, stalwart, and brave, and eagle-eyed—
From all dire hurts and baleful ills and wounds,
That may abate her beauty and her might!
Anoint her limbs with gladness, and put songs
Of joyance on her fair, exultant lips!

Exalt her face to shine with glorious lights
From near Thy Throne, which emanate from Thee!—
Give her the awe and bright repellant power
To exorcise all treason from her realm!—
Let Honour serve her, and Heaven-hallowed Truth
Nurse her with wisdom and Thy Holy Word;
And angel-thoughts still be her Counsellors!—
Pray she be loved not feared—her Children bless her,—
No foe arise to mar her blissful days;
Her neighbours sing her pleasant songs of Joy,
And all her Sons in safety live and eat,
'Neath their own vines and sheltered by her Peace!—
Cherish her in plenty, and in weal and love,—
And guard her with Thy glistening armies, Lord!—

Spread her broad branches, like Thy Tree of Life,
Whose leaves shall be for healing of the World!—
Advance her Ensigns, gleaming with Thy love—
No ray diminished and no star o'er-cast—
That blazon still her proud, majestic Shield—
Where'er the blessèd sun shall shine in Heaven:
And grant their clustered splendours shall illume
Her path of Glory, till their lustres merged
In Thine effulgence, through Eternity,
Shall shine the chiefest glory of Thy Throne!

THE PATRIOT

Defeat is naught
To him who's right in purpose and in aim;
For life is fraught
With chance and evil; and the game
Of battle, maddening to the Crowd,
Who rush, with plaudits high and loud,
Into bewildering strife
And storm, to him who thinks,
And, by the golden links
Of God's diviner providence, foresees
In Reason's light, His great decrees,
Bright Victory appears,
From out our fears,
And agony, and sweat, and strife;
And in her darkest hour,
Great Truth renews her power,
Like Antæus old, whene'er he touched the Earth;
And in her second Birth,
Comes forth with Glory, rife
With immortal fame!

O! we know no shame
For following thee to Right—
Thy loss comes not from thee:
No spot is on the garment of thy fame—
No taint of earth shall touch thy lofty name.

JUSTICIAR
JOHN MARSHALL
AN ODE

—"The mind of a single man is the focus of millions, and his voice is the echo of the whole creation."

—Lamartine

—"Fine reserve and noble reticence,
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace
Of tenderest courtesy—"

—Tennyson

—"For Justice
All place a Temple, and all seasons, Summer!"

—Bulwer

—"A deathless Mind which leaves when it has past
A path of Light."

—Shelley

—"The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven."

—Dryden

—"The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time!"

—Jefferson

—"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"

—Curran

—"The arguments of tyranny are as contemptible as its force is dreadful."

—Burke

Marshall,
Thy name's immortal in the love
And reverence of all!
All know thy worth,—
And knowing—all acclaim!

Thy splendent fame,
That shines o'er all the Earth—
Was heralded by no pomp of rolling drum
And bugle-notes,—
No plaudits loud from myriad throats
Of victor-hosts,—
Who make the welkin and its stars, above,
Exultant with proud boasts
Of thee,
And glorious Victory;
And conquering, come
From stricken Fields of Splendour and Renown,
To crown
Thee—Chieftain of their plumèd might
And laurelled Leader of embannered Fight,—
Whose name
And fame
Shall glow in legend and in story,
Enshrined in light and quenchless glory!

Thy majesty
Of mien;
Thy wisdom high—
Serene;—
Thy luminance of mind, which soared and burned,
In lustre like the Sun,
And spurned
All baser rays—to sanctify the Law;
Thy clear-eyed Reason, which divinely saw
Fair Truth and Right—
Majestic in their power—
And seeing, loved, and followed fast,
To grasp the chalice of their golden light,
And cast
Their bright libations, far,—
A gorgeous Shower
Of Freedom's gems,—that star
Thy Firmament of Thought, like pantens of the Night
Bestrew her azure robe of Light;
And countless lustres given
From the translucent founts of Heaven,
To splendourize the milkyway
Of thy high Genius, and supreme desire
To lead the soul to higher
Existences, and meeds

Of loftier meaning and result:—
Until their radiancy of light,
And thy might
And purity of mind
Merge in lucent splendour of thy deeds.
Exult! Exult!
Ye Lovers of the Past—
Ye Children of To-Day!
For from the Pharos of his luminous Soul
A glory hath been cast
Athwart the billows of the surging Sea
Of Despotry,
And Crime,
To sway
The haughtiest, and to guide the poor,—
The sore
Of heart, to tranquil ports
And harbours of the Free;
Where all may find
Fair Peace in halycon bays of Right,
Emparadised in Freedom's light
And sweet serenity.

Sublime
His judgment and his lustrous creeds
Shone from pole to pole,
And softly crept
O'er dungeon-moats,—
And lit dark cells where injured Virtue wept;
And gave a glory to despair.
Their Light
Passed into the hearts of men,
And blended with each prayer,
That rose, like incense, from the bloody Sod,
Where Freedom fought,
Unto the throne of God,
Beyond the ken
And vision of terrestial sight,
And, fraught
With might, when radiant with the beams
That illume bright seraph-dreams,
Again,
Descended unto earth,
And gave a newer Birth
To Right, and Justice, and sweet Liberty,
In our blessed Country of the Brave and Free!

MONROE

—"Where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far!"
—*Akenside*

With prophet-eyes you looked across Time's sea,
And saw the vision of Columbia's power
Loom majestical, in great days to be,
And far-off splendours of the golden hour,
When she should rule the world by wealth and fame
And guide the Nations unto peace and right,
By the high glory of her mighty name,
And precepts fraught with righteousness and light
Beholding this grand vision, you dared keep
The Occident from alien rule and law,—
Th' imperial waters that her navies sweep,—
The sisterhood of States you genius saw,
From hurt and soilure, inviolate to stand
From her great Lakes to Argentine's bright strand

Your wisdom visioned wondrous things to be,
As though your mind were lit by God's own fire,
As prophets were of old—the empery
And greatness of your Country, that inspire
Her Sons to fame and patriotic deeds
Of valour, and of wisdom, and of right,—
The lustrous beauty of their holy creeds,—
Their faces ever lifted to the Light.
And your brave words declare no alien feet
Shall touch this wide domain of wealth and power,—
No alien hands shall mar its peace complete
In union and in weal, in any hour
Of its high destiny, through fateful years;
No tyrants sway its people with base fears!

America

—"Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake and den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain."

—*Sir William Jones*

—"Patriotism is to Nations what the love of Life is to individuals, for a country is the Life of a Nation. The love of country has produced wonderful inspirations,—wonderful acts of devotion and heroism."

—*Lamartine*

—"Rage and phrensy will pull down more in half an hour, than prudence, deliberation, and foresight can build up in a hundred years."

—*Burke*

DEDICATED

TO

THE SOLDIERS

OF

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

Ye Knights of Liberty! in khaki clad—
Not decked with plumes and gleaming gold,
As Bayard and his Paladins of old,
Who fought for glory, and divinely mad
Of love and brave achievement, rushed to fame,
And lived and died without reproach and shame.
Ye fought for no such paltry aims and meeds,
But for your Country, and her golden creeds
Of Freedom; and her right to live, and tower
Among Earth's Peoples, in her tempest-hour,—
And her proud might to crush all despotry
From out the world, until the World is free!
Brave Knights! Columbia's banners are unfurled—
Go!—Conquer tyrants and unslave the World!

—"Her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the Patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of Memory appeals
To ancient Honour; or in act severe,
Yet watchful, raises the majestic Sword
Of public Power, from dark Ambition's reach,
To guard the sacred Volume of the Laws."

—*Akenside*

—"Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights;
She heard the torrents meet.
There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.
Then stept she down through town and field,
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fullness of her face."

—*Tennyson*

—"As fair as the moon, as clear as the sun, and as terrible as an army with banners."

—*Solomon*

—"Fair Land! by Time's parental love made free,
By Social Order's watchful arms embraced,
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be reverenced which ought to last."

—*Wordsworth*

—"Righteousness exalteth a nation."

—*Solomon*

—"May our Country ever lead
The world, for she is worthiest; and may all
Profit by her example, and adopt
Her course, where great, or free, or just."

—*Bailey*

AMERICA

No proud insignia of tyrannic state—
No paltry crown nor sceptered power—
Shall dwarf thy majesty!—Exultant and elate
In high Integrity and Right,—
In Freedom's Genius, and Divinity to see,
In this rare-crucial Hour,
With prescient vision, and prophetic sight,
The Truth, and splendrous Liberty
Of Law,—and Christ's pure Faith—stand thou erect,
The Right to win, the Error to reject!

Knowing and feeling all thy children's meeds,
Their cherished liberties and sacred creeds,—
O, guide them into halcyon ports of Peace and Joy,—
O, lead them by plenteous waters of Delight
and Fame;
And all their tyrants and their foes destroy;
Till Time shall blend thy Name
With their light and glory,
In high imperial Story,—
And Freedom's lofty empery shall be
As wide as earth—as mighty as the sea!

Fair Freedom hath not lost
Her ancient ensign of Renown
And Glory high!—
Far from hamlet, from city, and from peace-girt
town;—
From quiet country-side, and plain, and solemn
wood;—
From broad prairie, and from mountain-peak;—
From rushing river, and deep-cloistered creek;—
From the bordering seas,
Where float thy arméd argosies;
From the teeming, "Golden West,"
Fresh and envigoured from her natal soil,
And blest
By the lusty toil
That wins and conquers in thy glorious Fight;
From fair savannahs of the beauteous South,
Whose sun-lit mouth
Is lucious with her fruits, and whose wealth

Is in her sunny fields,
Whose gorgeous yields
Laugh with the reapers in their joy and health;
From the unconquered hills and plains,
Of the puissant North,
Who from her armories and treasuries,
Sent forth
Her riches to assuage our pains;
And her steel and golden might
To win thy battle for the Truth and Right;
Liberty's resplendent Host
Arise with Patriot-hardihood—
Amid a World's alarms,
And far-off roar of guns and clash of arms—
To strike down all thy foes, and bravely hurl
Them back from thy proud seats of Power,—
And bear thee, in thy supremest Hour—
Anointed and renowned,
With beauty crowned—
To Majesty and reverend State;
Whilst thou, triumphant, virile—yet sedate,
Dost thy bright-gleaming banners far unfurl,
Whose stars foretell our Grandeur, Peace and Joy:
No dastard foe thy Glory shall destroy;
For thou shall lead thy Sons, rejuvenant and free,
To happier years of Light and Fame:—
And thy immortal Name
Shall make its own Eternity!—

O wake majestic State!
O, wake exalted Land!
Arise, elate!—
All chains unbind—
Unloose all fetters of the Body, Soul and Mind!
And by thy masterful command
Cleanse and inform—and bless and guide
All People to their Right—
All People to their Might.
An unshorn Samson go thou forth and slay
Base Wrong, Untruth, and Tyranny and Greed.
Revive each olden Creed
Of Purity and Worth—of Honour and of Law.
Arouse thy children from their sloth, and strike down pride

Of money and of wealth;
Renew their strength and health
Of heart and soul, of Virtue, and their love
Of Country. Disgorge the cormorant maw
Of vile Monoply: give each man the right
To toil and win. Usher in the Light
Of a newer Day
Of the People's wisdom and the People's power—
Strike, and redeem the People in the Hour
Of their Exaltation; and from above
Draw blessings on thy children and the world!—
Relume
Thy pristine light of glory and renown,
And, exultant, dare resume
Thy crown of splendour and imperial mein—
Our Mother, and the Earth's renownèd Queen!

O God! from Thy high Seats of Light
And radiant Might,
Look down upon Thy People, in this hour
Of their dark travail and despair—
Exalt them with a newer, holier Faith and Hope
By Thy Almighty Power;
And by Thy mercy strengthen them to cope
With greed, and lust and sin,
And cast the vile infections from their souls,
And Christ's sweet Solace win—
To dwell with Thee
In the serene felicity,
Of Thy Wondrous Love,
That from the fountains of Thy Grace above
Descends like dew upon their pride and guilt.
In the lurid glare
Of the World's horrent battles let them see
The pleasant paths that lead to Thy Eternity.
Let Thy Spirit guide them, by controls
And masteries of Thy Word,
Into Thy Paradise of Faith and Joy.
Ennoble them by Thy pure Faith to see
And love fair Truth, bright Justice, and sweet Liberty;
And hearten them to fight
For Thee and golden Right,—
And all base despotries destroy.
Grasp the Mystic Hilt
Of the enchanted Sword

Of Thy Spirit, swift and bright,
And strike down harsh iniquities of Time.
O! Lord, imprison sin and crime—
Fetter grim Anti-Christ in chains,
Forged in Thy heavenly armories
Of Spiritual Power,
Till he and his swart myrmidons shall cower
Back to their native hell!
O, quell
All Earth's griefs and pains,
And dire tyrannies,
In the supernal glory of Thy Might!

Freemen, gather round Columbia's standard high
And gleaming in the sun!
Bear it afar,
Till like a fiery Star,
It shine in ecstacy,
O'er all her People; and, breaking through the dun
And sombre clouds of Strife, that darken o'er
our State,
Shall marshall us, arrayed in power, and great
In strength, defiant, and unbought,
To lordlier destinies that our Fathers sought—
To tranquil Days, and greatness, and sweet
Light—
To Justice, Truth, and God's unconquered
Might!

DEATH

Death's but transition from this transient life
Into the Life eternal, that's with God!
The Soul is not interred beneath the sod,
When man hath shuffled off this coil of strife,
Of sin, of storms, and battles on this earth;
And his frail body's cloistered in the grave:
For Jesus came his Soul to cleanse and save,
And renew its life in the Spirit's Birth
Into a newer and a nobler being,
With Christ and Saints, in God's supernal Light,
Where Faith is realized by actual seeing.
O, man! why fear the mystery of Death,
When death breathes in thy Soul God's deathless
Breath?

Warriors

—"The Soldier,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the Cannon's Mouth."

—*Shakespeare*

—"Man is a military animal,
Glories in gunpowder, and loves parade;
Prefers them to all things."

—*Bailey*

—"There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,—
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone."

—*Byron*

—"While Rights are worth
Maintaining, Freedom keeping, or Life having,
So long the Sword shall shine, so long shall War
Continue, and the need for War remain."

—*Bailey*

WARRIORS

The Pyramid of Centuries, reared by Time,
From out the sterile desert of his years,
And heaped with garnered glories from the Grave,
From which Tradition sweeps the dust of days,
Lost in the misty legends of Renown,
O'er-domes bold warriors' bones, the swords and shields
Of kings and peasants, and the mighty hordes,
Who bled and died in Palestine and Spain,
In merry England, and in jocund France,—
In fartherest Ind, and rude Liberian wilds,—
When Tamerlaine was ravaging the Earth,—
In fair Italia, and in hostile climes,
That hold no name in annals of the World,
Amid the bristling spears of myriad foes,
And lightnings flashing from the cannon's mouth,
While men stood by and marvelled at their deeds,
For Fame's dear sake; and bore their standards high
In van of Conquest, till the Nations shook
Beneath their arméd heels, and crouching Fear
Trembled before their majesty of Arms;
And their great banners, lit with light from Heaven,
Streamed in the tempests of embattled hosts,
As giant cedars of famed Lebanon,
Before the breath of storm and hurricane,—
A Wonder and a Glory o'er the World!

And, yet, their fame's a legend in the soul
Of hoary Hours, and old, forgotten Days—
Muttered by Fable to uncredent ears—
That list the marvel, but the truth gainsay.
Their names are dead—their trusty falchions rust;
Their helmets, through whose bars and steely port,
Their proud eyes flashed defiance on the World—
Hot with fierce Battle-Flames—are barren dust,
Wafted by softest sighs that zephyrs breathe,
Like downy, silken gossamers, at noon,
In Summer's garish beams. No more their Flags,
Unfold and flaunt in starry light of eyes
Whose sweet approval was the boon of Joy;
For their bright folds enshroud their lion-hearts,
In charnel splendours of the sombre Tomb.

Their battles are forgot. Their fame is lost,
Save in the sculptured memories of old graves,
Enshrined within the sanctity and awe
Of hoary Minsters, lifting to the stars
Their glory pinnacled on sacred Spires,
And hallowed with the holy light of God
And awful reverence of a thousand years;
Or lowly graves that fill the spacious Earth,
Beneath the dome of the o'er-arching sky—
The greater Temple of Almighty God,
Lit with the cresset of the burning sun,
When Day illumes its aisles, and glorious lights
Of moon and stars, when Night enchants the heart,
And spreads her splendours through the sacred Fane,
Wherein they press the dreamless couch of Death!—
In meadows, and by streams, in desert wastes—
On mountain-sides that rear their giant heads,
Crowned with eternal snows; in cities' marts,
Where men make merry with the ills of Life,
And laugh while Death is grinning by their sides;
In the vast bosom of the mighty Deep,
Which throbs with pulses from the heart of God,
Whose wide embrace engirds the groaning Globe:
Wherever Man hath suffered, bled and died—
Whether in mighty armies of the East,
Led by lust and promised joys of Heaven—
In Holy Lands, beneath the Cross of Christ,
When Warriors fell with prayers upon their lips;
In front of legions lured by glittering gold,
To wade through blood for Tyranny and Wrong;
Or hearts of Heroes fighting for the Right,
And precious guerdon of fair Liberty!—
Brave Warriors sleep, nor heed the tide of Time
That ebbs and lapses round their soulless vaults,
For they have passed to deedless Death, and Men
Ne'er name them in the legends of the World,
And all their glory is a shattered Tomb,—
A crumbling Urn, or unremembered Grave—
Their deeds forgotten, and their names a Dream;
And all their splendour as a vanished Day,
Which Night hath quenched in Darkness and despair!

Martyrs of Freedom

—"Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by Death!"

—Mrs. Browning

—"Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities if the dead;
For beautiful in Death are they
Who proudly fall in her array!"

—Byron

—"O Chosen, O True and Just;
Who counted for a small thing life's estate,
And died, and made it great;
Ye whose names mix with all our memories; ye
Who rather chose to see
Death, than our more intolerable things!"

—Swinburne

—"Ah! we should bless
Your cause as holy—strive—and having striven,
Take for God's recompense that righteousness."

—Mrs. Browning

—"Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done:
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore."

—Swinburne

—"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead!"

—O'Hara

MARTYRS OF FREEDOM

They died not for vile greed and sordid wealth,—
Nor tyranny, nor power, nor vengeful hate.
They were Crusaders for a loftier Creed,—
And marched to death, beneath our starry Flag,
And bore its glory to the heights of Fame,—
Until they fell beneath its silken folds,
Which their brave comrades grasped, and lifted high
Above th' wild agonies of th' horrent strife,
That ravaged France with woe, and blood, and crime,
And left her fields all-desolate, and shorn
Of beauty, and of gladness and delight.
They fought for Liberty, and Truth and Right,—
And Reason, and the common weal of men,—
For fire-side peace,—for homes and kindred dear,—
For mothers, children, wives—all helpless ones,—
For suffering folk, wheree'er beneath the sun,—
For stable governance, and the just laws,
That Wisdom hath ordained for rule of men,—
For ministries of Equity and Love,
And heavenly gospels of their Captain—Christ.

They in their youth, and manliness, and faith,—
Akin in spirit to the armies bold,
Who fought beneath the holy Cross of Christ,
In Jewry old, against the Saracen,
For the bright sanctities of His pure Faith,
Met the base assailers of the peace,
The justice, and the comity of States,—
The settled order of the governed world,
And hurled them back, discomfited, in shame
And anguish, to their loathsome lair.
They stood erect, as conquerours for peace
And sanity, in all th' ways of men,
Until they fell as Martyrs of their Quest
For golden principles of sacred Truth,
And all the sweetest benisons of God.

We gather now to sanctify their Faith,—
To crown their martyrdom with praise and tears:
Yea, now to build a monument of stone,
To memorize their sacrifice and worth,
Whose transient life shall crumble into dust,
As years shall fade into eternity,
While their brave deeds shall live in storied fame,
On sea and land, in legend and in song,
Until wan Hist'ry shall forget her Writ,
And ancient Memory shall mutter o'er
The gems that glisten on Fame's Rosary!

O, Men and Women!—Let no paltry aims,—
No fleeting merriment,—no laugh of joy,—
No glitt'ring pageant of the passing hour,
Abate th' majesty of their great deeds,
Nor mar the splendour of their sacrifice!—
Take this high lesson to your heart of hearts,
And make it still your guardian, and your light,
To keep and guide you in the ways of Truth
And Honour, and the beauteous paths of Peace,—
Till men shall dwell in pleasantness and joy,
In the sure Sanctuary of eternal Love!

Our Hero Unknown

—"Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honour points the hallowed spot
Where Valour proudly sleeps!"

—*O'Hara*

—"The man remains, and whatsoe'er
He wrought of good or brave
Will mould him through the cycle-year
That dawns behind the grave."

—*Tennyson*

—"So oft the doing of God's will
Our foolish wills undoeth!
And yet what idle dream breaks ill,
Which morning-light subdueth?
And who would murmur and misdoubt,
When God's great sunrise finds him out?"

—*Mrs. Browning*

—"Above or underneath,
What matters, brothers, if you keep your post
On duty's side? As sword returns to sheath,
So dust to grave; but souls find place in heaven.
Heroic daring is the true success,—
This eucharistic bread requires no leaven."

—*Mrs. Browning*

—"Alas, friend! what boots it, a stone at his head
And a brass on his breast,—when a man is once dead?"

—*Bulwer*

—"When its requiem swells with music
Like the shock of shields and spears,
And its passion is too full of pride
To leave a space for tears!"

—*Hope*

OUR HERO UNKNOWN

Unknown!
Unknown save in the infinite Mind of God,
And His celestial Cherubim,
And in the loving memory of him
In the despairing hearts
Of Mother, Sister, Sweetheart, Wife,—
And Kith and Kin, and Comrades in the strife
And battle-storms, that shook the embattled World.

His sword is rust—
His stalwart form is dust:
His gallant pennon's furled,
And shall no more be borne
By him to glory high,
And laurelled Victory!

His brave, heroic face
Was shrined beneath the encrimsoned Sod
Of old, chivalric France;
And his accustomed place
And humble name
Are lost in brightness of eternal Fame!

The gorgeous dreams and splendours of Romance,
So grand and olden,
And beautifully golden
In the Souls of Men, ne'er feigned nor knew
A braver, purer Knight,
In all its Chivalry.
Peerless he was in courage and the exultant might,
And high, ennobling parts
That make a Hero and a Patriot, true
To Country, Truth and Right,
And precious Liberty!

No monument of bronze nor Parian stone,
Erected high,
In remembrance, and th' laud of him
And his immortal Peers in grandeur and renown,
And famous Victory,
Can gild their names unknown,
And their resplendent sacrifice and deeds.

No golden speech, nor grand, exalted hymn,
In honour of their luminous creeds—
Their valour and illustrious Name,
And their might and fame,
Can re-encanonize their fiery martyrdom
For sacred Freedom and Man's holiest Rights,
As in th' wild fury of a hundred fights
They fought with flags unfurled—
Thrilled by their bugles' soaring notes,
And loud huzzas from myriad Freemen's throats,
And beat of spirit-stirring drum,—
Amid th' shrieking shot and shell,
In the fearful battles' hell,—
To die
Beneath a darkened, alien sky,
For Justice, Truth and Right,
And the unconquerable might
Of Men to live in peace in all the World,
Unslaved, and free
From hideous despotry.

These are our Paladins and Cavaliers,
Whom we have loved, and lost
From out our bold, triumphal host,
Who crossed the War-lit seas,
To keep and guard our peace and liberties!

And through the far-off days and years,
That from the Lord's Eternity shall come,
In countless Centuries of recorded Time,
We'll proudly crown
Their glory and their deeds sublime
With lordliest plaudits, and—our tears!
And at the hallowed Place,
Where sleeps our Unknown Hero, in the grace
And benison of God, and love of Men,
We'll kneel as at a Shrine, and humbly pray,
And with pious reverence, say—
Amen!

The Federation of Peace

Dedicated

to

All Peoples

—"O Lord of peace, who art Lord of righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no conterfeit!"

—Mrs. Browning

—"We pray
That all mankind may make one brotherhood,
And love and serve each other; that all wars
And feuds die out of nations, whether those
Whom the sun's hot light darkens, or ourselves
Whom he treats fairly, or the northern tribes
Whom ceaseless snows and starry winters blench,
Savage or civilized,—let every race,
Red, black or white, olive, or tawny-skinned,
Settle in peace, and swell the gathering hosts
Of the great Prince of Peace!—Oh!—may the hour
Soon come when all false gods, false creeds, false prophets,—
Allowed in Thy good purpose for a Time—
Demolished, the great world shall be at last,
The mercy-seat of God, the heritage
Of Christ, and the possession of the Spirit,
The Comforter, the Wisdom!—shall all be
One land, one home, one friend, one faith, one law—
Its ruler God, its practice righteousness,
Its life peace."

—Bailey

—"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues: be just and fear not.
Let all thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

—Shakespeare

DEDICATION

O, Peoples of the World! Ye of all Names,
And Tribes, and Tongues, and Principalities,—
Whether of near Lands, or the fartherest Seas,—
Whether in regions frozen, or where flames
The tropic sun! O, pray the Lord that ye
Shall cast away all sins, all crimes, all hate
From out your Hearts and States, infuriate
With base desires, and greeds and infamy
Of slaughters, and of wars! Kneel at God's Throne,
And seek the glorious Solace of His Love!
Pray Him to send His blessings from above,—
His Peace your ills and sorrows to atone!
Look ever unto Him: receive His Light:
Broadcast it to all Nations, with delight!

—"Saying, Peace, Peace, and there is no Peace!"

—*Jeremiah*

—"A thousand years scarce serve to form a State;
And hour may lay it in the dust; and when
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate."

—*Byron*

—"And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

—*Isaiah* 2:4

—"We pray
Above all things, Lord! that all men may be free
From bondage, whether of the mind or body;—
The bondage of religious bigotry,
And bald antiquity, servility
Of thought or speech to rank and power; be all
As free as they ought to be in mind and soul,
As well as by state-birthright;—and that Mind,
Time's giant pupil, may right soon attain
Majority, and speak and act for himself."

—*Bailey*

—"The bells of Time are ringing changes fast.
Grant, Lord! that each fresh peal may usher in
An era of advancement, that each change
Prove an effectual, lasting, happy gain!"

—*Bailey*

—"Drums and battle-cries
Go out in music of the morning-star;
And soon we shall have thinkers in the place
Of fighters, each found able as a man
To strike electric influence through a race!"

—*Mrs. Browning*

—"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

—*St. Matthew* 5:9

THE FEDERATION OF PEACE

All sigh for peace! The whole World prays for peace!
And yet o'er all the World there is no peace!
From desolated homes, and hearts despoiled
By War's dire agonies and ruthless deeds,
And vast iniquities and cruel crimes,—
All Peoples cry aloud for grace and peace!

From battle-fields, ensanguined with the blood
Of myriads slain to glut the rage of War;
From dungeon-keeps, where rot despairing souls,
Enmeshed in toils of despotry and strife;
From camps whose victims writhe with wounds to death,
And pray to God for respite from their pains;
From pillaged villages where Wrath hath breathed
And blasted peace and beauty with its flames;
From cities where the glory and the light
Of earthly grandeur and the arts of men
Had reared proud fabrics for their peace and joy,
And pride and vanity were wont to flaunt
In gaudy ease and indolence of life—
Now sunk in death and ruins, like the towers
And palaces of Babylon and Tyre,
Whose names and splendours live alone in dreams;
From Temples where Religion hath aspired
To lift Man's Heart to God and His pure Faith;
Now desolate as Sion in her woe,
When Rome's fierce cohorts wrecked her holy Fane,
And hurled her glittering palaces to dust;
From Fields where Joy was wont to sing her songs
In peace and plenty, and Contentment sweet
Smoothed the rude paths of destiny to ease,
And anthems rose to God from tranquil hearts;
From streets and marts where men have bravely toiled
In the stern struggles and hot ways of Life,
And conquered Fate by genius and by brawn,
Now silent in despair, and poverty and wreck;
From desert hills, and ancient lands and seas,
Whose glory is remembered in a myth,
Where War invaded their vast solitudes,
And smote his victims unto horrid death;
From regions torrid in fierce Orient heats,

Whose hosts of slain still fester 'neath the sun;
From frigid steppes cursed by Siberian ice,
Whose snows are crimsoned with the gore of men,
And human fiends are fiercer than their wolves;
From towering thrones now crumbled into dust
And purpled with the royal blood of kings;
From the great Globe, wherever man may dwell
And looketh to the stars and God in Heaven—
Men cry for peace,—starved children beg for peace,—
Sad women sue for peace,—saints pray for peace,—
Sages, warriors, and statesmen plead for peace;
All men of honour, and all priests of God
Lift up their pious prayers for grace and peace,
And halcyon days, untouched by War and Wrath!—
And still, O God, the wide Earth knows no peace!

And shall we have no peace? The Nations met
In Federation for the Peace of Earth,
And built a House of Comfort for the World,
They buildèd not in blood, and wrath, and sin,—
In vile deceit and treacherous device,—
In specious seeming of designing art,
With Truth entangled in a web of lies,—
In old, dead issues of decadent states,
That died in travails of the giant Strife,
That shook vast Continents with thund'rous wrath,
Until the Globe was circled with its fires,
And men stood pallid in the flames of hell.
Nay—nay!—they were Ambassadors of Peace,
To form a great Confederacy of Truth,
And in this Temple that they grandly built,
To have a Sanctuary for the peace of Earth—
They reared an altar for the Love of men,
Where they could meet in Equity and Right,—
They raised an Ark of Safety for the World,
Where all could come and worship Truth and Law,—
They stablished Courts where Nations can implead
Offence and difference in the Light of Truth,
And have ordainment of the very Fact,
Accordant with the equities of God,
And not the base Arbitrament of arms;
And o'er its pinnacles Christ's rain-bow's arched,
Presaging peace unto the peopled World,

Wrought by the Light of Justice through the tears
Of sorrowing millions of the Sons of Men,
Whose eyes are wet with agony and grief.

O, shall we have no peace!—Shall miscreants vile,
That hiss and sting like the envenomed asps
That breed in shallows of the teeming Nile,
Pollute the columns of this sacred Fane,
Which men have made the Temple of their Peace,
With slime and filth of their corrupting touch?—
Shall reptiles crouch beneath its hallowed shrines,
To smite the hands that minister its light
And holy comforts to the sorrowing Earth?—
Shall Russian boors, mad with the lust of blood,
Laugh at its sanctities with sneering gibes,
And dare defy its potency and grace?—
Shall murd'rous Turks, drunk with the base desire
To ruin and kill, through centuries of crime,
Deny its powers, and mock its glorious light,
And slay their victims in despite of right
And all the sanctions of the True and Just?—
Shall madmen, bit by Germany's wild beasts,
And all the ravenous and devouring wolves,
That rage and wallow in unhallowed dens,
And noisome lairs of infamy and sin,
Strike at its beauty, and its radiant might
To build the peace and surety of the World—
And knaves stand by, who boast their love of Truth,
And pose as patriots and the saints of Christ,
With hypocritic slaver of the times—
Seek to defile the holy hopes of Faith,
And plunge sharp daggers in the soul of Peace,—
And mangle Justice, for the sake of power
And greed, and station, and dark hate,
And we not hurl them from the Tarpean Rock,
To rot in vile dishonour at its base?—
Shall men in robes of dignity and state—
The People's ministers in public place,
Defy the People's will, and juggle truth
And right, with thin disguise of words;
And still, with brows of brass and tongues of lies,
Emit their poisons o'er the Pure and Good—
And we not strike them from the Seats of Power,
And guard our Peace from their profaning hands?

Alas!—in all the World there is no peace!—
Man's bloody hand is at his brother's throat,—
The nations stagger in the gulfs of blood,
And infamy, and crime; and laugh at God!—
Statesmen, and sages, and the wise of Earth
Scoff at the holiest sanctions of the Truth,
And gloss their deeds with leering sanctity,
Whilst slaying Virtue in her Capitol,
Girt by her worshippers, and reverent hosts,
Who'd died to set her on her throne of power,
To reign triumphant o'er the souls of men,
In a pure Age of Truth, of Love, and Peace!—
The vile assailants of the public peace,
Sweet social order, and the awe of law,
Strike at great Justice on her throne of might,
And poison all the fountains of the State!—
The People's *saints*, like augurs of old Rome,
Play their base tricks before the gaping mob,
And then in secret shake their pursey sides
With laughter, at the villanies they do,
And mock the dupes that credit their deceits!—
Through all the strong defenses of the Law,—
The barriers of Truth, the bulwalks of our Faith,—
The adamantine walls the Church hath set
Against pollution and the ills of sin;—
The base banditti of our civic wars,
Rush, to strike down our Country's peace and power,
In her own Citadel of Government;
And slaves idly stand and laud the butchery
Of all that's pure, and beautiful and true,
In our fair House of Liberty and Right,
Whilst these stern robbers mock and slay the Just,
And steal the precious jewels of our Peace!

LIFE

Dreams we are, and in our dreams we see
Naught save the circle of receding dreams:
And so from infant dreams, where angels lull
Our Souls to rest, and cradle us in dreams,
Until we sink to sleep in dreams of death,
Our Life is but the vision of a dream.

IN ARGONNE WOODS

In Argonne Woods, where sleep our Brave,
In many a lowly, hallowed grave—
Wild flowers still decorate the sod,
And breathe their orisons to God,
Where fierce artillery blazed the way,
And Heroes rushed to smite and slay—
And towered in triumph grand and high,
In Argonne Woods, with Victory!—

In Argonne Woods, they fought and bled,
And strewed the glades with German dead;
And their red volleys' scorching breath,
Like hot tornadoes, flamed with death:
Their bayonets gleamed among the trees—
Their banners flashed upon the breeze—
Their battles roared in agonies,
Like billows of tempestuous seas!—

In Argonne Woods, o'er grim redoubts,
Our Heroes strode with Victor-Shouts,
And walked into the jaws of hell,
With valour Fame delights to tell:
And German glory sank and died,
With boasters of their pomp and pride,
Before our Soldiers' dread array,—
And greed to conquer and to slay!—

In Argonne Woods, the flowers still bloom
Above each Soldier's sacred tomb,
And Vict'ry sounds her trump of fame,
When she recounts each lofty name!—
But hearts are aching for our men,
Sad eyes shall ne'er behold again,—
And all that lives of those who sleep
In Argonne Woods, our Love shall keep!—

In Argonne Woods, Knights won proud fame,
Which haloes each immortal name;
And, in the accolade of Fight,
They won for Freedom, Truth and Right:
And their wild charge, in Argonne Woods,

Is famous as the brave Knighthoods
Of Golden Days, when Champions died
For Ladyes' smiles and Glory's pride!—

In Argonne Woods, sweet birds still sing,
And chant the splendours of the Spring,—
And maids of France—no longer slaves—
Jewel with tears their Champions' graves:
And, in long Centuries of Time,
Their deeds shall glow in lays sublime,—
In Argonne Woods, their Sepulchres
More glorious are than Westminster's!—

In Argonne Woods, bold Paladins
Arose from storms and battle-dins,
More famed than Roland's dauntless Peers,
Or Arthur's Knights with princely spears:
And now they walk our streets and fields,
And boast no bright, heraldic shields—
Ah!—these brave Souls shall ever be
The knightliest of Fame's Chivalry!—

In Argonne Woods, the sun-beams shine,
And glisten o'er the conquered Rhine:
And France, erect with fame-lit eyes,
Still guards and keeps our destinies:
And they who live, and they who died,
To quell the Prussians' guilty pride—
Shall shine with the Immortal Names
That are not Times—but deathless Fame's!

VIRGINIA'S CAVALIERS

Virginia greets Virginia's Cavaliers,
More dauntless than famed Richard and the Peers
He led to Jewry, in brave days of old,
When dames were gentle, and stout Knights were bold!
On ventures high, ye braved the war-lit seas,
To heal the World's dark wrongs and agonies;—
To smite the Teuton, in his pride and shame,
And blazon Vict'ry with triumphal fame!

Virginia greets Virginia's Cavaliers!—
Ye came from vales,—and where the mountain rears
Its ancient glories to the glistening sun;—
From cloistered forests—shadowy and dun;
From sparkling waters, in whose billowed lights
Gleams the bright splendours of fair days and nights;
And rushed to battles, like bold eagles soar,
And culled your laurels 'midst the cannon's roar!

Virginia greets Virginia's Cavaliers!—
For living glory—for her dead our tears!—
Virginia hails ye bravest of the brave—
Each Knight a patriot, and no Knight a slave!—
Your glorious banners kiss Virginia's breeze!—
We greet ye Heroes, from despiteful seas!—
Ye conquered fate—and struck the Dragon down—
And won, and keep, unperishing Renown!—

Virginia greets Virginia's Cavaliers!—
With cheers and welcomes lighting through our tears!
Ye stormed the bastions of dark Argonne's Wood—
Ye, with chivalric France, at Verdun stood
Against the vaunting foe, and would not yield—
Ye swept like fire o'er Chateau Thierry's Field,
And at Saint Mihiel quelled the Tyrant's boasts,
And towered victorious o'er his conquered hosts!

Virginia greets Virginia's Cavaliers!—
Ye recked not wounds—ye knew no dastard fears!—
Ye glorified the flags your fathers bore,
In proud Virginia's gallant days of yore—
The trophies that emblazoned her white Shield,
From Brandywine to Yorktown's famous Field,
Ye sanctified with valour and with blood,
And splendours of a knightlier hardihood!

Virginia greets Virginia's Cavaliers!—
Crowns ye with Honour!—Through the countless years,
Your glorious deeds shall shine, and with her name
Shall blend in annals of immortal Fame!—
She greets ye from her heart, with love and pride—
She hails ye Heroes—all who live or died—
She clasps ye to her Soul in fond embrace,
And prays God keep ye in his strength and Grace!

ARCHERY

A fable tells—in days of old,
Sweet Cupid was an Archer;
And shot his arrows, tipped with gold,
Into each heart,
With fatal dart—
Yes—Cupid was an Archer!

And this's the truth revealed, today—
Sweet Cupid is an Archer;
And shoots his arrows every way,
Into each heart,
With fatal dart—
Yes—Cupid is an Archer!

MAGNETIC

A needle near a magnet lay,
And yielding to its strange attraction—
Found, when it sought to steal away,
That it has lost the power of action:
The needle, then, shut up its eyes,
And let the magnet slyly wheedle—
Alas!—until to its surprise—
The magnet caught the guileless needle!

Ah!—had the needle used its eyes,
And seen the magnet, at a distance,—
It could have pierced the thin disguise,
And never made a faint resistance:
But the needle's head was turned,
Though a sharp and polished needle—
With one eye out—it ne'er discerned
That tweedle-dee is tweedle-deedle!

A REVERIE

To-night, in fantasy, I sit,
In Clopton-Hall, by my ancestral hearth,
And gaze into its blazonry of fire:
With charmèd Book in hand—
An ancient folio of sweet Shakespeare's Plays,
Enchanted with the magic of Prospero's Wand,
And the seraphic music of his Lyre,
Whispered in Romeo's Dream, and Juliet's Sigh,
In Perdita's fond faith, and Hamlet's high,
Enraptured Speech; and Richard's mad Desire,
To win a Throne,—and Imogen's white Flower
Of saintly purity and exalted Love!

And as the glistening lights expire,
And dim, mysterious shadows flit
O'er walls, and pictures, from the storied Past,
And the rare glory of the antique books,
That radiate from treasured nooks
Of gleaming shelves,—
And woven tapestries, enriched and dight
With legends from great Homer's Song,
Stirred by the echoes of the Winter-Blasts:
My Spirit, lured by the mystic Power
Of glamoury and dream,
Wanders back along the resplendent Path
Of Shakespeare's rapt, and visioned Poesy;
And with delight,
Loiters beside fair Avon's stream,
And in the moon-lit ways of Stratford-Town:
Whilst far above
The fairy-haunted Wood,
Where nymphs, and elves
Throng,
Disport, and dance to elfin minstrelsy.
The famous Town, the silver river, and the down,
Far stretching, with its paths, and flowery meads,
To love-lit Shottery,—
Glitter and glow
The self-same skies, all-beautiful with light,—
The self-same stars, emparadised in night,
Our Poet gazed on centuries ago!
And I, in idle mood,

In a rude boat, now gently glide
Upon the murmuring river's tide,
And hear the waters tune the reeds
To ecstacy of musical delight:
And fond maids and boys
Advance
In a quaint, fantastic Morris-Dance,
And smile and laugh with innocence of joys;
And I revel with them in their glee,
And jocund jollity!

The lights
Burned dim, and the logs' last gleam
Shone, as its embers broke
And sparkled,—and, startled, I awoke—
And knew my Vision was a golden Dream!

WILSON

No king in state;—
No monarch robed in power;—
No Imperator of a sceptered rule;—
No stern-browed depot's tool;—
But a simple Gentleman, elate
In this glad hour,
When freemen once again declare
For Truth and Right;
And boldly dare
Defy their foes, and fight
The depotry of greed,
With souls afire, and the olden creed
Of Liberty; and bear
The People's standard, gleaming in her light,
O'er stream and valley, and the mountain-height,
Until the brave and free
Shall crush proud Wrong and haughty Tyranny.
We hail thee Leader, Tribune, and our Friend!
May God still keep thee, guide thee, and defend,—
Till, like a knight, thou bear'st thy pennon high,
The lordliest Ensign of our Victory!

—"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angels' hands to valour given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all their hues were born in Heaven!"

—Drake

FREEDOM'S ENSIGN

Float out, Oh! Flag of Freedom,
In beauty and in light!—
Float out, Oh! Flag of Glory,
For justice, truth and right!—
We love thee for thy splendour—
We love thee for thy might:
Float out, float out, forever,
For justice, truth and right!

Float out, Oh! Flag of Union,
In red, and white, and blue!—
Float out, thy stars all gleaming
O'er faithful hearts and true!—
We love thy sacred colours—
Thy red, thy white, thy blue:
Float out, float out, forever,
O'er faithful hearts and true!

Float out, Oh! Flag victor'ous,
Till all the World is free!—
Float out, float out, all-glorious
For peace and liberty!—
We love thee for thy glory—
We love thee pure and free:
Float out, float out, forever,
For peace and liberty!

L'Envoi

—"They are drawn off one way
By their passions, and drawn back again by their heart."

—*Bulwer*

—"We suffer less from pains than pleasures."

—*Bailey*

—"So it is in men,—most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their grave."

—*Sidney*

—"Even such is Time; that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us naught but age and dust,
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;—
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

—*Raleigh*

—"We are our own fates. Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen. Men's life was not made for men's creeds,
But men's actions."

—*Bulwer*

—"In all distress of spirit, grief of heart,
Bodily agony, or mental woe,
Rebuffs, and vain assumptions of the World,
Or the poor spite of weak and wicked souls,
Think thou on God!—Think what He underwent,
And did for us as man. Weigh thou thy Cross
With Christ's, and judge which were the heavier.
Joy even in thy anguish!—such was His,
But measurelessly more. Thy suffering
Assimilateth thee to Him. Rejoice!
Think upon what thou shalt be! Think on God!
Then ask thyself, what is the World, and
All its mountainous inequalities?"

—*Bailey*

GOD RULES

Man knows not when nor where he'll walk in Life:
His hour and place are in the fate of God.
He stands erect, reliant on his wit,
And self-determination, in his ways,
And thoughts and deeds: and dreams himself a sage.
He moves along his path, with eyes alert,
And Hope expectant in his glowing Soul,—
With visions bright of wealth, and fame, and love,
Gleaming before him on his onward road;
And yet, he sees no further than his nose,
And never knows the event, until 'tis done.

Man spins the threads for the rich woof he'd loom,—
God weaves them in his destined web of Life.
A kiss, a smile, a joy, a sigh, a purse,
A sin, a dream, may turn him from his course,
In which he walks with confidence at morn:
And ere the evening-shadows cross his way,
He looses light, and walks in starless night;
Or follows where a vision leads to joy,
In the fair stretches of a sweeter Day.
Each moment's God's—not Man's: each Hour is Fate!
O, learn this golden Scripture, ere too late!

—"There is a nobler glory which survives
Until our being fades, and solacing
Our human care, accompanies its change;
Deserts not Virtue in the dungeon's gloom,
And, in the precincts of the palace, guides
Its footsteps through the labyrinth of crime;
Imbues his lineaments with dauntlessness,
Even when, from Power's avenging hand, he takes
Its sweetest, last, and noblest title—death;—
The consciousness of good, which neither gold,
Nor sordid fame, nor hope of raptured bliss,
Can purchase; but a life of resolute good,
Unalterable will, quenchless desire
Of universal happiness, the heart
That beats with it in unison, the brain
Whose ever wakeful wisdom toils to change
Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal!"

—*Shelley*

A Sheaf of Sonnets

—"What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? for all things are sacred,—
the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it."

—*Timrod*

—"I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought!"

—*Hayne*

—"Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form!"

—*Shelley*

—"Poesy was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind."

—*Milton*

—"Poets are all who love—who feel great truths—
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love."

—*Bailey*

—"The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,
And natural chivalry to aid the weak.
He must believe the best of every thing;
Love all below, and worship all above!"

—*Bailey*

—"The light that never was, on sea or land;
The consecration, and the Poet's dream!"

—*Wordsworth*

—"Grant this we pray Thee, and that all who read,
Or utter noble thoughts, may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life!"

—*Bailey*

—"Scorn not the Sonnet!—Critics you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours: with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart!"

—*Wordsworth*

A Sheaf of Sonnets!—Ay,—a clustered group
Of Thoughts and Words enshrined in wingèd Song,—
Fair-beauteous Dreams, and lofty Hopes that troop,
Like faery beings in enchanted throngs,
From Bright-Hesperian haunts,—Emotions grand
That stir the Heart to aspirations high,—
Lovely imaginings from the Spirit-Land
Of God and His arch-angels,—the witchery
Of noble and heroic deeds against the Wrong.
Here is the Sheaf in which the Soul hath weaved
The golden grain of Sentiment and Song!—
Come, take the gifts that Love hath fondly sheaved,
From this Soul-given Cluster, one by one,
And wear it in thy Heart, a benison!

MY BELOVED SON WILLIS ON HIS SECOND BIRTHDAY

Two years hast thou been borne on Life's strong tide,
And joyous Hours have poured thy golden sands;
Whilst Love hath fondly led thee by her side;
And Joy hath nursed thee with her loving hands:
And, now, I never see the azure of the sky,
But I behold thy eyes' cerulean light;
I gaze not on the blushing rose's dye,
But Love be-paints thy cheek with hues more bright;
I cannot look upon the stars of Night,
But thy bright mind and star-encircled Soul
Inspire the faith that they will hold their flight
To heights of Fame, and God's etherial goal:
From these fair sybils, I would read thy fate—
As I would have it—pure, bright, good, and great!

JUSTICIA

To the Honourable Beverley A. Hancock

A wondrous Fable of the Genii old,
From famed Arabia's loom and golden woof,
Tells of a tent an acorn could infold;
Yet whose resplendent and infinite roof
Could far o'er-stretch the splendours of the World,
Like Heaven's high vault and star-embroidered cope;—
Could shelter one with comfort and sweet hope,
Yet myriad 'neath its dome. Thus should it be
With thee, O Justice!—whilst infolding one
Yet doming all with thy large benison.
Most gracious Friend!—This is the lofty Creed,
That with thee lives,—in judgment, thought and deed!

EZEKIEL

Thy eyes are dimmed beneath Italian skies,
Afar from glories of thy native Land,—
And now thou sleep'st, like some divine surprise
Of marble, that arose at thy command
And witchery of Art: asleep and white
Beneath God's artistry and wondrous light!—
An acolyte beneath the "Stars and Bars,"
Thou won'st thy golden spurs: when fiery Wars
Ravaged Virginian homes, and hills and plains,
Thou stood'st erect in pride and power of youth,
Purely unfearful of all wounds and pains,—
Her Hero and the Champion of her Truth!—
O, laurelled Artist!—Virginia mourns for thee,
Whose fame shall dwell with her Eternity!

WILSON

The Statesman's dead!—His tongue of eloquence
Is hushed and mute!—His brilliant mind, that burned
And soared, in sovereign might and luminance
Of Genius, is by men no more discerned,
In the high firmament of Fame and Light,
Where his brave star was wont to flame and blaze,
In radiance and in glory—the delight
And marvel of the Age. Men gave him praise,
Lofty and regnant, when his Genius swayed
The tides of Nations as the moon the seas;
And by his skill and eloquence he stayed,
In their vast spheres, the Nations' destinies.
Yea, still they laud him, though he's fallen asleep
In Death's dark night!—All People praise and weep!

JAMES TOWNE

Eyrie of Eagles, from whose Nest have flown
Thy Offsprings o'er our spacious Continent,
From orient seas unto the Occident
Shored by golden waters. Thy fame is known,
Wheree'er thy Children tell thy splendid creeds,
Thy lofty aims, and thy great sacrifice,
Thy iron will all hazards to despise,—
And sing thy glory, and thy wondrous Deeds!
Thy Sons and Daughters heir thy deathless fame,—
Thy hardihood, and resolute desire
To fight all jeopardies, and to aspire
To build a Nation, and the imperial Name
Of our Virginia; whose glory shall not die,
Whilst this vast Continent's beneath the sky!

THE OLD RÉGIME

Thy foes Virginia! mocked thy Old Régime,—
Thy beauty, and thy splendour in fair Days,
Serene and noble in the lustrous rays
Of thy high living, and Arcadian Dream—
Which flowed from year to year in peace and light;
When Time stood still enamoured of thy flowers;
And Love and Genius wove thy golden hours,
And crowned thy brow with glory and delight.
Scoffers acclaimed thy pride and luxury,—
Dared feign thy loss of worth and energy,
And scorned thy fame for pith and bravery:
Yet, when they touched thy Shield,—in ecstacy
Of valour and of strength, thy Knights arose,
To glad thy lovers, and o'erwhelm thy foes!

THE CONTRAST

Dear Friend, the Spring environs Life, again,
With all the sweetness of her sunlit hours,
And birds flit by me, with their glad refrain,
And flash, like jewels, 'mid the opening flowers,—
Familiar things grow beautiful and bright
Amid the ardent and intense delight
Of budding promise and glad stirring life,
That lure the heart from travail and harsh strife:
But thy kind smiles return no more to me,—
Thy face is veiled in shadowed memory;
No more I hear thy voice and counsels wise—
Thy presence's hidden from my Earth-Dimmed eyes!

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

O Friend of golden days,—the fleeting years
Have merged our hearts in loyalty and love:
Albeit they've passed not destitute of tears,
Yet God o'erswayed them: from His heaven above
His dews of pity have their wrongs assuaged:
And His large benedictions have engaged
Our Souls to verge to Him, and pray to win
Sweet solaces from jeopardies of sin.
And as we greet this Christmas-Morn, and gaze
Back o'er despiteful years, with hand in hand,
In holy Friendship, we look through the maze
Of the World's dark travails, to His Blesséd Land,—
With the pure trust our hearts are true and leal,
We live incorporate in our woe or weal!

LOVE'S LYRE

An antique legend saith by Nilus' stream—
Of yore, when Earth was in her jocund youth,
And blest with Zephyrs redolent of Eden:
Fair Memnon's image bore a tuneless harp—
Till warmed to music by Apollo's smile;
And breathed a loftier strain as clomb the God,
Unto the zenith of his sovereignty;
Yet hushed his song, when Night eclipsed his beams:
So, slept thy Lyre, O Love! in my dark Soul—
The golden chords ineloquent and mute,
Until my heart from Life's sweet Orient soared
Unto the dawning splendours of bright days,
And thy dear smile charmed Angel melodies
From its mute strings, whose sweetness cannot die!

MY VALENTINE

There is a custom olden, fond and sweet,
That he who loves should choose his Valentine,
And to his ladye-love his heart resign,
In words of reverence and duty meet.
This custom hath not vanished with our days,
But lives the bright remembrancer of bliss,
For precious love hath sweetened all our ways,
And joy is sweetest in thy chastened kiss.
Thou'st been my Valentine through all the hours
Since first in love and faith we fondly wed,
And thou the fairest of all earthly flowers,
Who o'er my Soul their sweetnesses have shed.
To thee I give this posy for a frame,
In which I set the beauty of thy name!

LOVE'S MARVEL

Love wandered far along the paths of Life,
And ofttimes trembled 'mid its stress and strife—
Until bright Hymen met him in the way,
Where Joy made dalliance with the Summer-Day,
And whispered: "Love, come—go with me and see
A Ladye fair of wondrous witchery,
Whose heart's as pure as Hebe's fond delight—
And's beauteous as fair Venus in the light
Of sweet Idalian stars." Love followed, fain
To see so rare a Wonder, nor in vain:
For Hymen joined their souls in unity
Of sweetest vows and joyous ecstacy;
And said: "Behold Love's Marvel and his Shrine,
Where my chaste torches shall forever shine!"

A FADED FLOWER

To-day, whilst glancing through an antique Rhyme,—
The high Romaunt of Tristram and his Love—
The fair Isolt—who like a star above
Shone on his Soul, and made his life sublime:
I found, encloistered in its Golden Page,
A little faded flower—a withered rose,—
And from its leaves a fragrantness arose,
Impassioned by the beauty of its age.
In days agone, My Ladye placed thee there,
And kissed thee for my sake, and love of me,—
Then folded thee away in ecstacy:
And left me, when she died, in dark despair.
Again, I see thee blossoming on her breast,
And dream anew the dream I've loved the best!

THE VICTOR

Fame lauds her hero, who in battle's brunt,
The fire-fringed bastion, bravely dares confront;
Faith hymns the glory of her martyr's zeal,
Who dies, triumphant, on the gory wheel,
Or soars in transports from the burning stake;
Yet, Valour's death nor Zealot's horrent fate,
Who dies for glory's or for Jesu's sake,
Knows not the travails that the soul await,
Who turns from eyes he loves, from lips he'd kiss,
When lost in death or in another's bliss,—
Like one who gropes in darkness, when the light
Of day is quenched in an eternal night:
Oh! dark the fate of his sad heart, in sooth,
Who yields his passion for the meed of Truth!

Yet, blesséd is the heart, in sight of God,
Who takes his inspiration from the rod
Of His sweet-chastening Love; for high the Soul
Leaps from each struggle conquered, to the goal
Of brighter conquests, spiritual and pure,
In search of sweeter faiths and fairer creeds
For Right and Christ, in energies and deeds,
Until God's paladin, with pennon high
And armour bright with heavenly blazonry,
Like a Crusader, who in Jewry old,
Wore His red-cross and won his spurs of gold,
O'erwhelms his foes, while Love bedews his crest
With Angel-Tears—the guerdon of his Quest!

PROVIDENCE

The lusty swimmer, in fair Indian seas,
Who dives for pearls, within their dark retreats,
And seeks for gems in their deep mysteries,
As bees o'er flowery meads for hidden sweets;
Puts weights upon his feet to bear him deep,
That he on shining floors may slowly creep,
And gather jewels by his vent'rous toil,
And crown him victor with the ocean's spoil:
So he whom Sorrow bears beneath Life's Sea,
Into the billows of dark misery,
Knows priceless gems he never sought above—
The precious treasures of God's grace and love:
For Sorrow's but the weight that keeps him there,
Until he finds God's jewels, rich and rare!

SOUL-LIFE

I smiled upon a rose's beauteous face,
And saw a psychic splendour in her look—
Subtile and mystic: rich, divinest grace
Suffused from her soft blushes: and the nook
Of the old garden, where her beauty grew,
Was paradised in odours from the flower:
And in my fancy fairies, frank and true,
Danced in the lustre of the witching hour,—
And drank from lilies essences divine,
Which were as chalices to their glad lips;
And sighed faint music, spirituelle and fine,
From blossoms tilted on their finger-tips.
The moonbeams veiled the scene in elfin light:
Ah! was it but the vision of the night?

Nay!—Nay!—it was no dreaming of the night,—
No fleeting gleam divine,—no passing ray
From God's great Mind, that died with dawning light,—
No phantom sweetness from the floweret's spray!—
The fragrances were sentient in the flower,—
The moonbeams argent in their vital light:
The gladness and the witch'ry of the hour
Were palpable and sens'ous with delight.
These elements were manifest and true,—
Actual and visible to my eye and ear,
And charmed my soul with raptures real and new,
As tincts the rainbow prisms through a tear.
These norms are corporate with my mind and soul,
And vivid forces in my life's control!

Is not a colour sentient to the eye
As real as is the canvas where 'tis limned?—
Is not the magic strain of minstrelsy
As vital as the harp whereon 'tis hymned?—
Is not the thought wooed into melody
By golden notes from some divina's tongue,
As living as her passioned lips we see,—
As actual as the enchanted words she sung?
Is not the love that glows from woman's eye,
Responsive to your dream of raptured bliss,
When on her mouth you kiss the melting sigh,

As soul-lit as her lips you fondly kiss?—
So through all being God bequeaths to Time,
Soul-Thrills enthrall from tender to sublime!

Yea—God's holy being's in and throughout all—
In star and flower,—in blossom and in tree,—
In the broad ocean's mighty sweep and fall,—
In His wide universe's immensity:
His being's vital in all things He's made,—
From lowly violets that glad the sod,
Up through Creation in each mood and grade—
That centre in His wondrous Life, as God!—
But man's a Soul,—his Spirit's of God's light,—
His breath's of Deity,—he's of God's Love—
Immortal—and his flesh but veils the might
And glory that God gave him from above!—
The Soul-Life is man's life,—and real and nigh,
As though we saw it with the naked eye!—

MY BOOKS

My Books are to me like a Garden bright
And beautiful with varied precious flowers,
In which I loiter in my leisured hours,
And drink their beauty and imbibe their light:
The stately rose allures the moonlight's kiss,—
The modest lily dons her chastened stole,—
Sweet violets and myrtles charm my Soul
With fragrances whose redolence is bliss:
So through my Books, I like a Gard'ner rove,
Gath'ring the sweets of Wisdom and of Light,—
The flowers of Poesy,—the visions bright
Of old Romance,—the blissful dreams of Love.
I, with my Books, forget despiteful Days,
And dwell with Spirits wreathed with fragrant Bays!

My Books to me are famous Academes,
Wherein I learn, and meditate, and muse,
Until their lights and glories interfuse
My very Soul, with their immortal Dreams.
I dwell with Homer and his mighty Song;
And Virgil's golden and renownéd Verse,—
With sombre Dante, in my mind, rehearse
The scenes of Heaven and Hell, and see the throng

That peoples them, in his imperial Rhyme.
I soar with Milton in his epic Dreams,
And walk beside his paradisal streams,
And live with his high Characters, sublime
And lofty in their loves and direful wraths:
And walk with Chaucer in his flowery paths.

With Shakespeare wander where sweet Avon gleams,
And drink the loveliness of field and skies,
That gladdened his fond Soul, and raptured eyes,—
And live anew his grand, majestic Dreams.
I walk the ways that many Poets walk,—
And hear their roundels in the jocund dance,
And see their glories in th' exalted glance:
And with exultant Spirits muse and talk:
Byron, and Moore, and the Enchanter Scott,—
And myriads, too, of lesser names and lights
Bring me their largesse of fame-kissed delights,
And by their guerdons mitigate my lot.
I with them still have sweet and rapt commune,
And hoard their laurels that forever bloom!

O Book of God! O Book supreme, sublime!
Writ by the Lord, and famous through the World:
From whose deep Thoughts all Truths are still unfurled,—
To point to Heaven, and guide us through all Time.
Thy wisdom, precepts, and philosophies,
As streams pellucid in our Souls still flow,
Whose wondrous depths no man can ever know,
Till Faith illumes their wealth and mysteries.
I read thy holy pages with delight,
And drink as at a fountain of the Lord,
That welleth ever from His Heart and Word,
And fills my being with His Spirit's Light.
O Book! endeared by Memory and Love—
In thee our God descendeth from above!

Dear Books! I've loved you since my golden youth,
And revelled in your splendours and delights,
In sunhued days, and in laborious nights,
Enamoured of your spells, in search of Truth.
You are the Genii, that have shaped my being,
And fashioned my opinions and my creeds,
And my aspirings for a Poet's meeds.
Why should I hide your gifts from others' seeing:

Why should I veil a Vase of rich perfumes,
That I have garnered from the flowers of Thought
And Inspiration; and that I have wrought
Into fair garlands of most precious blooms,—
Nor give them to the World? Ah! I'll diffuse
Their sweetness to all comers! Come, and choose!

—"Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their wingéd Genius, and the Choir
Of laurell'd science and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With good and beauty reigns. O, let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,—
O, let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike Band. And if the gracious Power,
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then, through all our paths,
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted Lyre
Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
Where summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of Soul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
And trace her hallowed light through future worlds,
And bless Heaven's image in the Heart of Man."

—Akenside

Flowers of the Heart

—"Lady mine,
Scorn not these Flowers of Thought, the fading hues
Which from its heart of hearts that plant put forth,
Whose fruit made perfect by thy sunny eyes,
Will be as of the trees of Paradise."

—*Shelley*

—"Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy Spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon Earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining."

—*Byron*

—"A twelvefold garland wrought of song-flowers nine,
Wound each with each in chance-inwov'd accord,
Here at your feet I lay as on a Shrine
Whereof the holiest love that lives is lord.
With faint, strange hues their leaves are freaked and scored;
The fabled-flowering Land wherein they grew
Hath dreams for stars and gray romance for dew:
Perchance no flower thence plucked may flower anew."

—*Swinburne*

THE SONNET

—"Hear the roundel and the lay of love
Blossom in music from the flowering Lyre,
And weave their woofage in the willing Soul,
And mesh sweet fancies in the web of words
Spun from the golden glories of the Heart."

—*The Minstrel*

What is a Sonnet?—'Tis the precious Ring,
In which the Poet sets his gem of Thought;—
The golden Urn, in which the Muses bring
The honeyed blooms by Love's fond fancies wrought.
What is a Sonnet?—'Tis the Chalice bright
From which the Poet drinks ambrosial dew
Of Love and Inspiration,—and oft, too,
The darkened draughts of Misery and Night.
What is the Sonnet?—'Tis the dulcet Lute,
Which, touched by wooings of devoted loves,
Wakes into ecstacy, or lieth mute,
As untold plainings of unmated doves.
These Sonnets are sweet Flowers, I cull for thee,
Garlanded with blossoms of Eternity!

DEDICATED

TO

MISS MAUDE HUTCHESON

—"Thou wert the Inspiration of my Song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlandèd by me."

—*Shelley*

DEDICATION

To thee some send sweet posies of bright flowers,
Which in these lush auroral springtide hours,
Bring to thy days sweet gladness, and the bliss
Of Summer's freshness and her rosy kiss:
I send this garland of impassioned Thought,
Grown in the flowering Garden of the Heart,
'Neath Love's fond tillage,—woven by his art,
With passionate blooms by Fancy deftly wrought.
Lady, which wilt thou take?—The fading blooms
Of flowers, whose sweetness is their precious dooms;
Or these fair flowers that blossom from the Lyre
'Neath Love's enaptured touch and fond desire.
Pray wear these favours in, not on thy heart,
And give the Maker guerdon for his art!

May, 1895.

FLEUR-DE-LIS

—"Fadeless bays,
And laurels high,
And lotus-flowers of Minstrelsy,
That blossom forth from Harp and Lyre,
Beneath the kindling flame and pure, seraphic fire."
—*The Poet*

In golden days, when paladins were bold
In virtuous thought and valourous emprize,
They sought their vows and deeds to symbolize
By blooms and flowers that peep from out the fold
Of Earth's vast mantle—lotus and the rose—
The laurel, daisy, and the lofty bay,
And the sweet lily that forever glows
Along our path of Life, with smile and ray.
Yet all loved most the lily's gentle eye,
And snowy garb, and gold-enhuèd heart;
And wore it on their breasts in battles high,—
In knightly throngs, in camp, in field and mart!
In loving thee, Sweet-Heart, I but relume
The love my Fathers bore lily's bloom!

THE PICTURE

—"What find we here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong his shadow,
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance."

—*Shakespeare*

I look upon thy Picture!—And I view
The charm and beauty of thy lovely face;
But in thy eyes I miss the azure hue,
And on thy lips the tenderness and grace
That shine from out thy Heart, and give to thee
The soft enchantment of sweet ecstacy;—
Yet as I look, my memory wanders back
Along Love's golden and enamoured track,
Until I stand within thy presence's glow,
And warmth of beauty beaming from thy Soul;
And gaze, enraptured, on the perfect bow
Of thy fair brow, and yield to Love's control:
I gaze upon thy pictured charms, and sigh
To know 'tis but a vision that is nigh!

THE SONG

—"Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made His prophets Poets; and the more
We feel of Poesie do we become
Like God in love and power."

—*Bailey*

Song's to the Minstrel, as Song's to the bird—
An unpremeditated flood of light,
That glows from out his heart—the golden word
Is but the note that wings its joyous flight:
And he who'd sing a Song whose fame shall live,
Must make his Song the mirror of the light
Of one fair face that is forever bright,
Whose beauty, beauty to his Song shall give.
What meed have I to win? What lay to sing—
Save thy sweet smiles—the glory of thy love—
Whose splendours flash from Poesy's bright ring,
Like stars from out the galaxy above:
Thou art the Music of my love-wrought lays:
Sweet, crown thy Minstrel with Love's fadeless bays!

THE DIAL

—" 'Tis a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they float in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day."

—*Hemans*

In old Verona—in a garden fair,
Flushed with voluptuous passions of her flowers,
And redolence of splendours, in the air,
Breathed from the sweetness of Italian bowers,
There laughs a Dial, ever in the sun,
Where flowers of various hues and changeless blooms,
Mete out the jocund moments, one by one,
With sweetest measures of their honeyed dooms:
So I would have the Dial of thy Life,
Marked by the flowering glories of the Heart,
And gentle Peace, that blossoms far from strife,
And Joy's fond ecstacies to Love impart:
And Time to write this legend, 'mid the flowers—
"Sweetheart, for thee I've none but sunny Hours!"

THE STAR

—"Who,
Ne'er chose one Star amidst the clustering hosts
To bless it in the name of some fair Face
Set in his Spirit, as that Star in Heaven?"

—Bulwer

To-night, I stand upon a heav'n-kissed hill,
And look afar upon the azure Sea
Of sky, whose cold and distant myst'ries thrill
My Soul, with light of their immensity:
And, Sweet, I view a soft, bright star appear,
Of loveliness and glory sweet and clear,—
Enraptured, I would pluck the radiant star;
But cannot grasp its lustre from afar;
So thou art to me, in thy golden Sphere,
Fair and beautiful, with serenest light;
I gaze—and love imagines thou art near;
And sighing I would stay thy fair delight:
Sweet Star, shed blessings on me from above!
Sweet-Heart draw near, and bless me with thy love!

LOVE'S MIRROR

—"Our eyes mixed, and thence sprang sweetest Love,
Whose light shall never die."

—*The Signet*

'Tis said, in ancient days of fair Cathay,
Upon her thumb each maiden bore a glass,
And, when before her eyes a lover'd pass,
And by her side she fain would have him stay,
She turned the Mirror's glory to her Heart;
But if she'd have him go,—afar depart
Without the sunny Circle of her smiles
And golden meshes of her wildering wiles;
She turned it from her Breast, and limned his face:
Dear One, pray take the mirror of my Faith,
That in thy gentle hand Love fondly layeth,
And glad its lustre with thy Heart's sweet grace:—
Let me not see my visage, as I pass—
But thy love pictured in Love's looking-glass!

THE VOW

—"Love hath no need of words: Nor less within
That holiest temple—the Heaven-buildèd Soul—
Breathes the recorded Vow."

—*Bulwer*

Needs Love a vow to make it love its love,
And though the chance and changes of all Time,
Keep its fond faith, forever, true,—sublime?—
Go ask the stars that glitter, far above,
With severed glories blending into one,
Drunk with the lustre of the fiery Sun,—
Need they a Crown to garner all their light
On the sweet, azure-veinèd brow of Night?—
Learn of the flowers that shine in field and dell,
And glad the spot they bless with spray or bloom—
When garlanded, shed they not their rich perfume,
Until in silken chains their bosoms swell?—
Nay!—Sweet—no vow may bind the loyal Soul—
The pledge of Love is Love's divine control!

THE QUERY

—"Were all the World of Song made mine to give,
The best were yours of all its flowers that live:
Though least of all be this my gift, forgive."

—Swinburne

Sweet-Heart, thou sayest I should not question thee
Of truth and faith, and Love's sweet mystery:
Ah! knowest thou not the questionings of Love
Are like the stars—that shining far above—
Gleam o'er the wonders of the darkened sea,
Yet guide the sailor to a peace-girt isle;
So all Love's fond insistence made to thee
Is as a light to lead me to the smile
And word that shall transfuse Love's soul to thine—
Dear speech through whose pure radiance shall shine
Thy sweetest thoughts,—the jewels of thy love,
As rich gems gleam from lucid tides above.
Love questions thee! Wilt answer love like this?—
Pray whisper "yes!" and crown Love's days with bliss!

THE CONFESSION

—"Love taught me first the golden words in which
The honest Heart still coins its massive ore."

—*Bulwer*

Why do I love thee?—Sweet, I cannot say!
'Tis not the gold embrownment of thy hair,
To limn whose beauty seraphs might despair:
'Tis not thy brow's soft charm; nor lustrous ray
Of thy fond eyes, from which thy Soul's sweet light
Glows like a star from azure of the Night:
'Tis not thy lips enparadised with bliss
That Love imagines in thy chastened kiss:
'Tis not the gentle glory of thy face
Enamoured with sweet lustre and the grace
Of the fair Spirit that within thee dwells,
And flowers in gracious deeds and heavenly spells.
Why do I love thee?—Ah! let Love declare:
I love thee for *thyself*—so pure and fair!

LOVE'S GOAL

—"I am no pilot; yet, wert thou far
As that vast shore wash'd with the fartherest Sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise."

—*Shakespeare*

Sweet Maiden, when I gaze upon thy face
And in thine eyes, fair mirrors of thy Soul,
In whose blue deeps there gleams a perfect grace—
Like stars on ocean lure unto the goal
The heart that's sailing on the empurpled sea
Of joyous love, and chastened ecstacy;
While fond enchantments of thy witchery
Blend with the smiles thy lips lift up to me:
I fain would look afar unto the port
To which my hope is guided by thy power,
And view o'er crests that far around disport,
The light and splendour of the golden hour,
When I shall kiss the blossoming hand that guides
My heart to thine o'er Love's impassioned tides.

THE QUEST

—"Every thought
And look of love which thou hast lent me,
Comes daily through my memory as stars
Wear through the dark."

—*Bailey*

I loved thee, Sweet-Heart, when the Spring was lush
With sheen and flowers, and dewdrops gemmed the spray;
I loved thee, when the Summer's golden day
Dawned with the heart, and slept with twilight's hush;
I loved thee, when sere Autumn's fields were red
With hoarded splendours of the perished Light,
And sad skies wept o'er Summer's cherished dead,
That passed like Pleads from the chidden Night:
Yet, love, I love thee with more love, to-day—
This New Year's-tide—when in hoar Winter's face
Gleam variant hues of tenderness and grace
Of Spring, and Summer, and the Autumn gray:
For my love's glowing with thy love for me,
And love's life's pulsing with love's ecstacy!

THE AUGURY

—"Shining sybils of a joyous Fate—
Bright auguries of Happiness and Peace."
—*The Signet*

As wand'ring in enchanted fields of Life,
'Mid myriad flowers of beauty and delight,
That gladden days of dusty toil and strife,
With their sweet presence and diviner light—
I spied a lily, cloistered in a nook,
With heart of gold, in stole of saintly white,
That gemmed the spot, like Venus gems the Night;
And on its face, I read, as from a book
Writ by a Maker of old, Godward lays,—
The Soul within is canonized and true,—
With lustre goldened in fair Summer rays,
And white robe chastened in pure Summer dew:
Love whispers: "pluck—and wear it on thy breast!"—
Doubt counsels: "Nay!"—Which mentor's rede were best?"

—"From Woman's eye this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world!
O, love, first learnéd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
Love's feeling is most soft and sensible;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?—
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs;
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity!"

—*Shakespeare*

THE GEM

—"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new!"

—*Shakespeare*

A Genie gave to me a precious Gem,
And said: "Behold! this jewel's mystic lights
Of variant hues to grace a diadem,
To crown thy lady's brow with rich delights!"—
I took the Splendour, and I came to thee,
And twined its lustre in thy sun-kissed hair,
And there it gleamed with sparkling witchery:
For I'd its beauty with thine own compare!—
I looked upon its sinctillating gleams;
Then, gazed upon the glory of thy eyes,
And, all-forgetful of the jewel's beams,
Love found in thee my Hope of Paradise!
O, Love! the magic beauty of thy face
Outshone the jewel's lustrousness and grace!

Faith's Litany

—"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer."

—*Psalm* 19:14, 15

—"Praise the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, praise his holy Name. Praise the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all his benefits: Who forgeteth all thy sin: and healeth all thine infirmities: Who saveth thy life from destruction: and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness: who satisfieth thy mouth with good things: and maketh thee young and lusty as an eagle."

—*Psalm* 103:1, 2, 3, 4, 5

—"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

—*St. Luke* 2:10, 11

O, SAVIOUR DEAR

Thou died'st for me,
O, Saviour dear,
To make me free
From sin and fear;
And now, in faith,
I look to Thee,
And beg that Thou
Wilt make me free—
From sin, O Lord,
Thou'lt make me free.

I look to Thee,
O, Saviour dear,
On Cavalry,
So dark and drear:
And, O, in faith,
I see Thee there;
And beg that Thou
Wilt hear my prayer—
O, precious Lord,
Thou'lt hear my prayer.

Thy Cross I see,
O, Saviour dear,
And pray to Thee—
Be very near:
For still, in faith,
I trust in Thee,
And pray that Thou
Wilt make me free—
O, loving Lord,
Thou'lt make me free.

I LISP MY PRAYER

At mother's knee, I lisp my prayer,—
At mother's knee;
While her fond hand is on my hair,—
At mother's knee:
And then I lift my soul to Thee,
O, Jesus dear!—
And beg of Thee to make me free
From sin and care;
At mother's knee I lisp my prayer,—
At mother's knee!

At mother's knee, I read the page,—
At mother's knee,
From her dear Bible, dimm'd with age—
At mother's knee;
And there the Words of Life I see,
O, Jesus dear!—
That soothe my heart and set me free
From sin's despair,—
At mother's knee, I read the page—
At mother's knee!

At mother's knee, I raise my eyes,—
At mother's knee,—
To gaze on Christ in Paradise,—
At mother's knee:
Ah! then I yield my soul to Thee,
O, Jesus dear!—
And beg Thee make me pure and free—
My title clear;—
At mother's knee, I raise my eyes,—
At mother's knee!

CHRIST'S STORY

O, tell the sweet Story so olden,
The Story of Christ, and His love—
O, tell the old Story so golden,
When Jesus comes down from above,
To save and to bless all His children,—
To give us His mercy and love,
To soothe us to rest on His own loving breast,—
When Jesus comes down from above.
O, tell the sweet Story so olden,
The Story of Christ and His love,—
The Story so olden, the Story so golden—
The precious old Story of Christ and His glory—
The Story of Christ and His love!

O, tell the dear Story of blessings,
The Story of Christ and His love,—
O, tell of His Spirit's caressings,
When Jesus comes down from above,—
To cleanse and redeem all His children,—
To bless us with gladness and love—
To lull us to rest on the Comforter's breast,
When Jesus comes down from above!
O, tell the sweet Story so olden,
The Story of Christ and His love,—
The Story so olden—the Story so golden,—
The precious old Story of Christ and His glory—
The Story of Christ and His love!

O, tell the old Story of glory,
The Story of Christ and His love,
O, tell us the wonderful Story,
When Jesus comes down from above,
To forgive, and to save us from sorrow,—
To crown us with mercy and love,—
To bless us with grace as we look on His face,
When Jesus comes down from above.
O, tell the sweet Story so olden,
The Story of Christ and His love,—
The Story so olden, the Story so golden,—
The precious old Story of Christ and His glory—
The Story of Christ and His love!

LITTLE CHILDREN

Saviour dear, when here, with blessings,
Thou did'st lay Thy gentle hand
On the heads of little children,
Gathered at Thy fond command.

Saviour dear, we pray Thee love them,
And with peace forever bless—
As Thou did'st the little children,
With Thy smiles and soft caress.

Saviour dear, forever suffer
Them to come to Thee in love;
And with humble hearts to offer
Praise to Thee and God above!

ALL FOR JESUS

All for Jesus, and His glory,—
Around His altars stand;—
All for Jesus!—Bow before Him,—
Obey the Lord's command.
All for Jesus and His glory,—
His blessings from above,—
All for Jesus!—All for Jesus!—
All for Jesus, and His love!

All for Jesus, and His mercy,—
Kneel at His blest feet,—
All for Jesus!—All adore Him,—
Pray at His mercy-seat.
All for Jesus, and His mercy,—
The sweetness of His face,—
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!—
All for Jesus, and His grace!

All for Jesus, and Salvation,—
Give Him your heart while pure:
All for Jesus!—Ask thy Maker
To make your calling sure.
All for Jesus!—Pray forgiveness
From all your guilt and sin,—
All for Jesus!—All for Jesus!—
And Faith's vict'ry we shall win!

GENTLE SAVIOUR!

Gentle Saviour, keep and guide us,
Through the evils of each day,
And whatever shall betide us,
Let us never go astray.

Gentle Saviour, bless Thy children,
Through the darkness of the night,
Let us rest upon Thy bosom—
Guide us in the truth and right.

Gentle Saviour, hover o'er us
With Thy arms of holy Love,—
Lead us by Thy sweet salvation
Unto Thee and Heaven above.

GOD THE FATHER

O Lord, though Thou art mighty,
And strong with wondrous power;
Though Thou canst soothe the raging sea,
And paint the lovely flower;
As our own Heavenly Father,
We look upon Thy face—
And Thou wilt hear our pray, O Lord!
And bless us with Thy grace.

O Lord, Thou art so gracious,—
Thou not'st the sparrow's fall,
And when Thy children pray to Thee,
Thou'lt heed their humble call;
For Thou a Father art to us,
To make us true and strong;
And Thou wilt bless us for our faith,
And lead us from the wrong.

O Lord, our Father and our God!
We worship Thee as God,
But pray to Thee, as Father, Lord!
To spare Thy chastening rod;
O, lead us by Thy Father-Hand
To be with Thee in Heaven,
And bless us with Thy Father-Love,
Until we are forgiven!

THE COMFORTER

Holy Spirit—blesséd Comforter!
  Lead me, by Thy counsels sweet,
From my sins, my doubts, and sorrows,
  To the gentle Saviour's feet:
Give me Thy fond words of comfort,—
  Give me Thy sweet smiles of love—
Cleanse my heart from thoughts unholy,
  Guide me unto God above!—
O, sweet Spirit hear my prayer!—
  Sweet Spirit hear my prayer!

Holy Spirit—blesséd Comforter!
  Bless me with Thy breath divine,
Lead me from Life's darken'd shadows,
  Where God's golden waters shine:
Give me Thy sweet faith to follow,
  Give me Thy sure strength to win,
Cleanse my life from deeds unholy,
  Woo me from the paths of sin.
O, sweet Spirit hear my prayer!—
  Sweet Spirit hear my prayer!

Holy Spirit—blesséd Comforter!
  Lure me by Thy loving hand
From the sinner's ways of sorrow,
  Unto God's own Promised Land:
Give me Thy sweet light to strengthen,
  Give me Thy sweet grace to bless,—
Cleanse my soul from all temptation—
  Give me Jesus' righteousness!—
O, sweet Spirit hear my prayer!
  Sweet Spirit hear my prayer!

CHRIST'S BANNER

Raise Christ's banner high,
  Let it gleam in glory,—
Raise it to the sky,—
  Tell His wondrous Story:
For He is mighty,
  And His banner's glorious,—
Wave it far and high,
  In our front victorious!

Wave Christ's banner far,
  O'er the land and ocean,—
As a guiding star,
  To lead us to devotion:
For He is lovely,
  And His banner's glorious,—
Wave it brave and high,
  In our front victorious!

Bear Christ's banner strong,—
  Proclaim aloud His Story,—
Till we crush the wrong,
  By His might and glory:
For we adore Him,
  And His banner's glorious,—
Bear it strong and high,
  In our front victorious!

ONWARD, UPWARD, EVER!

Onward, upward, ever,
  Seeking heav'nly light,—
Working, praying, ever,
  For the truth and right:
Where the Master leads us,—
  Where His banners go,
We must bravely follow,
  Fighting every foe!

Onward, upward, comrades,—
  Raise Christ's Cross on high,—
We must ever rally,
  Where His standards fly!
We are Christian soldiers,—
  And must ever be
In the Saviour's army,
  Till He sets us free!

Onward, upward, Christians—
  By the Master's side,—
We must follow ever,
  Where His love shall guide:
For we are His children,
  And He loves us well,—
And we must His glory
  And His mercy tell!

AN ANTHEM

He cometh!—He cometh,
In the beauty of His holiness!—
He cometh!—He cometh,
In His majesty—in His Glory!—
For He is mighty and glorious,
O'er Life and Death victorious;
And He loveth—He loveth ye,
If ye follow Him, and keep His commandments;
And in faith look unto Him,
With humble hearts;
And repent ye of your sins and transgressions.

Bow ye before Him,
And, with contrite hearts, adore Him:
For His great mercy,
And His loving-kindness!—
Hear Him, and He will guide ye
In the Ways of Joy and Goodness—
Follow Him, and He will lead ye
In paths of pleasantness and peace!—
For He is Holy—
His sceptre is almighty:
He is excellent in mercy,
And His power—His power is above all kings:
His words are words of Wisdom;
And His love shall heal all your wounds,
And cleanse ye from all your sins:
He loveth ye, He loveth ye,
His children—
For the sake of His most precious Son,
Jesus Christ, our Lord!—
Jesus Christ, our blesséd Saviour!

Gentle Saviour keep and guide us,
Through the evils of the day;
In Thy loving mercy hide us,
While we lowly kneel and pray:
Cleanse our hearts from all transgression,
Wash our every sin away;
As we make our meek confession—
Teach us, Saviour, now to pray!

Gentle Saviour, save and bless us,
Through the watches of the night—
Let Thy Spirit's love caress us—
Make us humble and contrite:
Give us, Lord, Thy strong protection,
In the night and in the day,—
Lead us by Thy sure direction—
Teach us how to love and pray!

Come ye unto the Lord!—
Come ye unto the Lord!—
Bow ye down before Him,
And with joy adore Him—
For He loveth ye—He loveth ye,
And giveth ye salvation!—
And His love endureth for ever,
And cleanseth from all sin.

We praise, Thee, O Lord,—
The Father everlasting!—
And Jesus Christ, Thy only Son,
Who hath redeemed us with His precious Blood!—
Alleluia, amen!—
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,—amen!—
Amen!—Amen!—Amen!—

A Valediction

—"The bard
Speaks but what all feel more or less within
The heart's heart."

—Bailey

—"Human Thought, like God, makes the world its own image!"

—Lamartine

—"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell!"

—Byron

—"All the past Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder peals
Whereever Thought hath wedded Fact!"

—Tennyson

—"Naught shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

—Wordsworth

—"I am but the echo of others; or, to use an old metaphor,
I only furnish the string which keeps the flowers together.

—Bulwer Lytton

—"All rest with those who read. A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself."

—Bailey

GOD-B'YE

Some lisp Adieu! in formal utterance,
Albeit A Dieu means God commendeth ye:
Some say Farewell! with courtly flippancy,—
With smiles dissembling, and an airy glance
Of specious guise, though it *import fare well*—
Fare well in joys, in guerdons, and God's Grace,—
In all Life's exigence and deeds, and place,
Wherein ye are: alas! they never spell
To ye th' intenser joyance of the word.
I say Good-b'ye! which is God be with ye,
And in our English Tongue, so true and free,
Commends ye to the keeping of the Lord!
O! Readers! who have deigned to grace my Rede,
I pray, with heart and lips, God-b'ye!—God-speed!

FAITH

Whate'er we believe by seeing is not Faith,
For Faith comes not by believing what we see;
But Faith is Light unto the Soul who prayeth,
Which makes the thing unseen—Reality!—
Hope is not Faith, for hope is but the act
Whose light is knowing the mysterious fact,
Which is, and hath been, though we've never seen:
Veiled from our vision by God's mystic Screen.
Faith's not a Star to guide us by her light
Along the paths illumined by its rays,—
But 'tis the unseen light concealed in night,
Our Spirits see to guide us through Life's maze.
Christ is the Light that, though unseen, we know—
Who shines behind the darkness of our woe!

—"If a fault
It be in bard to deem himself inspired,
'Tis one which hath had many followers
Before him."

—*Bailey*

—"Slight not these few words:
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art."

—*Herbert*

—"Memory is the link of unity and continuity between our existence of yesterday and our existence of to-day,—the basis of all our experience, and, by means of experience, the source of all improvement."

—*Lamartine*

—"The situation of the most enchanted enthusiast is preferable to that of the philosopher who, from continual apprehensions of being mistaken, at length dares to neither affirm nor deny anything."

—*Wieland*

—"And what is writ, is writ—
Would it were worthier."

—*Byron*

—"He saw
A few bright seeds: he sowed them—hoped them Truth.
The autumn of that seed is in these pages."

—*Bailey*

—"The thoughts we think
Subsist the same in God as stars in Heaven!"

—*Bailey*

—"Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee;
Yet not mine neither; for from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me!"

—*Herbert*

O South! I give these flowers of Love to thee,
Clustered in chalices of Poesy,—
And, raptured with their fragrant ecstacy,
Pray thee to shrine them in thy Memory!
I've culled these blossoms of thy mind and heart,—
Thy vales and mountains, gardens and fair fields—
The golden fruitage of thy harvest-yields:
O, never let them from thy Life dispart!
Riches and grandeur never made a State,—
But Virtue, Honour, Truth, and holy Love—
That o'er these paltry trophies tower above—
With Worth and Peace, serene, supreme, elate,
Create a Nation's glory! Wreathe these flowers
Around the garlanded Splendours of thy Hours!

—"Happy is the Nation whose God is Jehovah—
The People whom He hath chosen for His inheritance.
The Lord looketh down from Heaven;
He beholdeth all the children of men;
From His dwelling-place He beholdeth all the inhabitants of the earth:
He that formed the hearts of all,
And observeth all their works.
Behold! the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him;
Upon them that trust in His goodness;
To save them from the power of death,
And keep them alive in want.
The hope of our souls is in the Lord;
He is our help and our shield.
Yea, in Him doth our heart rejoice;
In His holy Name we have confidence!
May Thy goodness be upon us, O Lord,
According as we trust in Thee!"

—*Psalm* 33

WITHDRAWN